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A NOVEL OF CONTEMPORANEOUS ADVENTURE

I

'You get there at 9.23,' said Mrs. Latimer.

'Do I, my dear?' he said.

'I looked it up when I bought your ticket, and I have written Harriet to have a cold supper ready for you. I don't trust the food in the diner overmuch.' She ran an expert eye over the little heap of luggage at his feet. 'I think you have everything, — bag, umbrella, raincoat, golf-sticks, — and here are some magazines I have picked out; the right kind.' She smiled. Without looking he knew they were the all-fiction magazines and not disturbing. 'And I think I will say good-bye.'

'There's still ten minutes,' said Latimer.

'I'd rather not wait,' she said; and lifted up her face to be kissed.

He had to bend his lips to the level of his shoulders.

'My dear,' he said, 'I want to beg your pardon.'

'For what?'

'I have been hard to live with.'

'Nonsense,' she said. 'Take care of yourself. Go to bed early. Don't overeat. Walk every day, but not in the sun. Don't read except what I send you. And no excitement. Good-bye.'

She took her kiss and walked down

the platform without haste and without bravado. But there was about the parting of this elderly pair an unmistakable aroma of sentiment which drew an amused smile from the pretty young woman in a green sporting coat who was saying her modern, indifferent, clipped farewell to a young man in a paddock coat and gray spats.

All the way down the platform Latimer watched his wife's resolute, tiny figure. Then he beckoned to a porter and climbed, breathing heavily, up the steps of the car. His great, unathletic bulk filled the passageway.

II

Latimer told the truth. He had been hard to live with ever since the first of August, 1914, although that was not the reason of his banishment to Sister Harriet's place up-state. He was being sent away for his own good, as far as possible from the War, which from the first day had laid hold of his soul's peace and put it to the rack. Every campaign in the three continents and on and under the seas had been fought simultaneously somewhere in Latimer. His heart was seldom out of the trenches. The war had mobilized him more completely than if it had placed a rifle in his hands and sent him to the firing

line. It had not altered his habits; he was as fond as ever of rich foods, of wine on occasion, of his afternoon nap, of friendship, of loud and colored talk, of the buoyant, intellectual, epicurean, big-city existence in which his robust being was at ease after thirty years on a college campus. But the war had shaken the foundations of his daily practice. It would sweep upon him and empty all life of its meaning. The war would descend upon him on bright summer mornings, as he was shaving or lacing his shoes.

'Why am I doing this?' he would say. 'Over there men are flat in the mud with unseeing eyes to the sky.' He woke nights, lest Russia conclude a separate peace. He hurt his digestion by thinking suddenly of Bethmann-Hollweg.

'You are particularly fond of veal,' Mrs. Latimer would complain, 'and you have n't touched it.' Veal, she was saying; and if casualties on the Aisne continued to mount up, how long could poor France stand it?

He lost his temper frequently. To be sure, after you had called a man a scoundrel at your own table, you could always telephone to him at midnight in an agony of repentance and beg his pardon. Still, it was a strain on friendship and it was very bad for his blood-pressure. He could not deny it: as one dear old lady told him to his face, his views on the war did not show good taste. That was after she had suggested a way of combating the submarines and Latimer had shouted, 'Nonsense!'

Decidedly, if Mrs. Latimer had not been living with him for thirty-five years, she would have found it hard to live with him now. His going was by the doctor's orders. He was not sorry to go. He longed for the peace of mind that had been his before Von Kluck outflanked it. He was fond of Sister Harriet's cooking. He took his golf-clubs along as a matter of etiquette;

what he would do would be to walk — 'I am still good for fifteen miles a day, my friend.'

'Three miles a day will do nicely the first week,' said Dr. Gross. 'And only one newspaper a day, the smaller the headlines the better. No letters; as little conversation as you can live on. Work in the garden, take your good old Walter Scott along and go to sleep over him whenever you feel like it.'

'There's more life and wit in a page of Scott,' shouted Latimer, 'than in a trunkful of your Wellses and Bennetts.'

'All right,' said Dr. Gross. 'I said anything that will keep you quiet. If you can go to sleep on Bennett, I have no objections.'

'I have never read him and never will,' sputtered Latimer.

'But why shout?' said the doctor. 'And remember, if you behave yourself, you can come back in a month. If not, it's for the duration of the war!'

III

He began by obeying orders. He dozed while the train ran across the desolation of the Hackensack meadows and climbed the foothills of commuter-land. He woke in fifteen minutes greatly refreshed. Mrs. Latimer's resolution must have given way when she laid in her stock of light literature for his journey. Tucked away among the all-fiction magazines he found a copy of the *Nation*. Manfully he passed by the editorials, the foreign correspondence, the letters to the editor and the chronicle of the week, to give himself to a lengthy review on a New Syllabary of Early Babylonian, a subject of which he knew nothing whatever, but which he could always follow with interest. It was one of those conscientious bits of work in which the reviewer points out that the author has erred in rendering an obscure text, 'I, the King, have built

six temples for my glory,' and that the proper translation would rather be, 'I, the King, have bestowed six oxen on my daughters (nieces?)' He read the article through, and was on the whole inclined to believe that oxen and daughters was the sounder version. From Babylonia he drifted on to a letter on the London dramatic season by the wise and gentle William Archer. In the middle of the second page a name caught his eye and he read quickly for half a minute.

'That is a lie!' he called out; so loudly that the lady in a black velvet hat with a green veil in the next chair turned to look at him. He did not notice her. He was staring for the second time at the lines that had roused him to such swift condemnation.

'There are some things for which war destroys one's palate,' Mr. Archer wrote, 'and Mr. Shaw's persiflage is one of them. His whole habit of mind is out of place in such a crisis, and I cannot but think that an uneasy consciousness of this fact leads him to exaggerate his foibles and to assume an aloofness, not to say a callousness, which he does not really feel. He gives one the impression of caring for nothing so long as he can crack his joke. I am sure that in this he does his real nature injustice.'

'That is a lie,' said Latimer, and threw the paper from him. There was hot wrath in his eyes and his face was a dull red in its framework of close-clipped whiskers. 'Injustice to Bernard Shaw's real nature! This *is* his real nature!'

The lady in the black velvet hat made up her mind about him and returned to her magazine.

He had read much of the real nature of the author of *Man and Superman*. He had heard anecdotes of the man's kindness; the secret charities that lay behind the mask of japing irreverence. He had wished them to be true, but

this war had made it impossible. Yes, there are people who do not wear their hearts upon their sleeves. Yes, there are shy people who will scold to conceal the shame of tenderness. But there must be a limit. 'I refuse to believe,' said Latimer to himself, 'that there is a real nature which can be permanently concealed. Smith robs his employer and shoots his wife in a drunken rage. Very well, perhaps I do not know his real nature. But when Smith reveals a talent for burning down orphan asylums, when he takes pleasure in administering poison to canary birds, when he likes to jostle cripples from the sidewalk into the traffic,' — Latimer cudged his brains for specimens of Smith's iniquity, — 'please, please, don't ask me to fix my mind on the man's real nature. Or at least tell me when that real nature *will* exhibit itself. If the calvary of a world, if the blood of millions, if the dead of the Lusitania and the babies slain by the Zeppelin, if the spectacle of a world in dissolution and rebirth, is not enough to bring out the real nature in Bernard Shaw, then tell me what will. Nothing! Nothing!'

'I beg your pardon,' said the lady in the green veil. 'Were you addressing me?'

Latimer turned utterly red.

'I beg yours, madam; I was only talking to myself,' he said.

'Oh,' said the lady, and went back to her magazine.

'I am violating orders,' thought Latimer. 'I must be calm.' And he went to look for calm in the smoking compartment. It was dinner-time and he had the place to himself. He lit a cigar and watched the shadows falling on the hillside.

'The trouble with me,' thought Latimer, 'is that I have no measuring-stick for life. I have no formula. I am just a sentimental old fool. I go about saying,

"What does this mean, what does that mean, what does this whole idiotic, booming confusion of a world mean?" Because I have no standards and no formulæ to explain away things as they happen, they shatter me and keep me awake nights. Why should I always be agonizing over Russia and over General Nivelle and the submarines and American democracy after the war? The trouble is, I am a clumsy amateur of life.'

He thought of the others, the professionals he called them, the men of his own station in the clubs, the colleges, on the newspapers — thinkers, writers, politicians, reformers, stand-patters, socialists, æsthetes, revolutionists, and Satanists, — the men who had worked out their formula, — they called it creed, — who had perfected themselves in the use of their professional yardstick, which could measure everything and appraise everything.

'Lucky dogs,' thought Latimer, 'nothing can shake 'em, nothing can puzzle 'em, not even a world war. It fits into their formula, and if the war has to be clipped a bit before it fits, or the formula has to be stretched a bit, what's the odds? But most of the time the facts are made to fit the formula. For every Socialist whom the war has converted to a new explanation, there are five who have converted the war to the Socialist explanation. The Pacifist who wrote books before the war to prove that war had become economically, socially, and psychologically impossible — will he admit now that he was in error? Not at all; the war only proves his contention, though how, I have not for the life of me been able to determine,' thought Latimer. 'The man who argued that only a great standing army could have kept the United States out of war — does Europe of August 1, 1914, armed to the chin, worry him? Not at all. A little

twist to the facts here and a little turn to logic there, and the formula is as good as ever. Oh, the comfort of a good, double-jointed, collapsible, extension formula! Oh, the saving on a man's heart and nerves!'

Only one cigarette at a time, Dr. Gross had said; but the question was, when did the new régime begin. Could the train journey be properly regarded as part of one's vacation? Obviously not. Old Gross must have referred to the moment one stepped out of the train at Williamsport. But this much he would do without loss of time — he simply would not give another moment's thought to the war. And, by heavens, he would *not* have another cigarette!

He picked up a picture magazine. It was sedative. Film stars; Ty Cobb in action; multimillionairesses hoeing potatoes; drawing-room in the new 200-foot motor-yacht Aloha; Billy Sunday in action, and underneath the picture, in large type in a box, 'Billy Sunday's Own Formula: How I Keep Myself Fit.'

He did not study the formula. He lit a cigarette and thought of Billy Sunday and the vast roaring assemblies that went on in New York in the early months after we had entered the war. Surely the war should have made its mark on Billy Sunday and his gospel, if on any one. Here was a man whose concern was entirely with the soul; and what had not happened to the souls of men since the summer of 1914? The war could not help but drive some men, through despair of humanity, to take refuge in God. It should have driven others, through despair of finding a meaning in things, into a denial of God. Some change there must have come, and that change should have been registered in Billy Sunday, given the man's preoccupation with God and Satan.

Latimer smiled to recall the evangelist on the platform, as he had seen him only a fortnight ago. The mental outlook, the methods, the verbiage, all the tricks of the game were exactly what they had been during the last half-dozen years. The painfully spontaneous, piping-hot sermons were the same, except for an occasional interlude of flag-waving — the timely 'gag' with which the vaudeville performer seasons his carefully rehearsed 'act.' The show was the same. For Billy Sunday the war had not been. Precisely like the chorus-girl processions with drums and flags in the Broadway midnight theatres.

No; whatever might be the effect of the war upon our world of twenty-five years from now, for the present the old formulas held. It was Business as Usual, Salvation as Usual, Militarism as Usual, Pacifism as Usual, Socialism, Suffragism, Æstheticism, Advertising, Athleticism as Usual, Mr. Bernard Shaw as Usual, Mr. H. G. Wells as Usual; even the pictured advertisements of ready-made clothes in the back of the magazine, Distinctively Different, as usual.

The clouds were scurrying in from the west, and rain-drops spattered on the sill of the open window. He took in with parted lips, gratefully, the little puffs of cold wind. The train was laboring upwards in sweeping loops; the hills were closing in from either side — shadow, mountain, cool, and wet. Everywhere was the glint and murmur and freshness of water. It was the region from which the great city one hundred and twenty miles away gathered in its drink and its cleanliness. The country was a-brim — ponds, streams, dams, bridges, rain, shallow reaches among the boulder beds, springs, rain, wells, wells —

Yes, even though Mr. Wells, as a result of the war, did discover the Kingdom of God. What then? Wells the

materialist, Wells the sexualist, the irreconcilable critic of stale and shopworn faiths, the reorganizer of life in accordance with the latest schedules from the institutes of technology — was not the case of Wells the case of Ignatius Loyola, of Francis of Assisi, of Saul of Tarsus? Alas, no, Latimer felt. In this reaction of Mr. Wells to the war and to God, he saw only a busy professional spirit at work. It was the man's business to respond to the great question of the moment, to make of himself a sensitized plate, as the hack phrase went. Precisely as the modern, acutely alive Wells had responded to the new technical education, to the new democracy, to the new woman, to the new morality, so now, 'Hello, here is something very tremendous going on: it is a world war, it is the biggest thing yet, and I, Wells, gifted cosmic reporter, who have recorded and analyzed all kinds of social phenomena am going to tackle this huge proposition!' And the result was the Kingdom of God. Latimer did not mean to question the sincerity of the Wellsian report; but somehow it was not quite Paul, Francis, Ignatius. It was not the case of a great event seizing on Mr. Wells and wringing his entrails.

'No, I take it all back,' said Latimer. 'I apologize. What an eager, searching spirit it is, this man Wells! Suppose he does turn out answers to the world-riddle which next week go into the junk heap? They are working hypotheses. Some day he will find the right answer. While I —'

'The trouble with me is that at the age of sixty-two I am still drifting,' said Latimer. 'Too sentimental, too sincere; an ancient arteriosclerotic baby.' For the space of five minutes he was very unhappy. Then a warm current of satisfaction invaded him. He was immensely pleased with himself at being sentimental and vibrating and

utterly open-minded in a world full of shrewd, practical people.

And that in turn reminded him how hungry he was. He did not share his wife's distrust of railway food, and since it was inevitable that he should be violating her long list of instructions, there was no harm in beginning now. Only he must not do it all at once. He picked out a table all to himself, so that no one would speak to him about the war.

IV

A chill rain was falling when he left the train at Williamsport. He had thought that Harriet might be at the station, and had worked himself up into a fine emotional glow. She was not there. The disappointment, the rain, the dim lights and the mouldy smell of the archaic railway shed, made him feel suddenly cold and tired.

An elderly dignitary in best Sunday clothes of black, with a black bow under a turn-down collar over a starched shirt, climbed out of the driver's seat of a buggy and shuffled across the platform. It was old Runkle, who with Mrs. Runkle comprised his sister Harriet's domestic establishment.

At the sight of the man Latimer felt the recent evil years fall from him. Here was something of the good old solid world he once had known. Old Runkle was still wearing his heavy black worsted and starched shirt from May to October. With the first fall of snow he would put on a corduroy vest and a straw hat and so go about his labors. Why, no one had ever been able to discover. But it was good to find it so.

'Hello, Nicholas!' And Latimer's hand shot out and seized Runkle's limp fingers. 'How's my sister?'

'Hrumph,' said Runkle and turned away. He piled the luggage under the driver's seat and climbed in.

'And Selma?' asked Latimer as he buttoned the flaps of the wagon against the rain.

Now Selma was Mrs. Runkle.

'Hrumph,' said Runkle, and clicked to the horse.

Latimer laughed. He should have remembered that Runkle's attitude to newcomers in Williamsport was one of consistent suspicion. Runkle spoke to no one the first twenty-four hours after a meeting. Not even to Harriet when she came back from a visit to town, bringing with her presumably some of its taint. Strangers had to undergo a quarantine of three days before Runkle answered questions. It was good to find things as they had been, thought Latimer. He fell into a doze.

Harriet was not at home. The Red Cross local, Selma told him, was being reorganized at a special meeting in the Methodist church and she would probably be late. Latimer was not to sit up for her. His supper was waiting for him and his room was ready. Selma showed an inclination for light conversation. But he had eaten, and he was tired and a trifle homesick.

'You are looking younger than ever, Selma,' he said; 'I think I will go to bed.'

V

The sun was on the grass and in his eyes when he came out on the porch next morning — the first one to stir in the house. He opened his mouth to the quickening breeze from the hills. He made no haste to renew acquaintance with his surroundings. Rather, like an elderly epicure, he let the savor of the familiar scene swim in upon him. Lazily, but with a friendly smile, he identified it bit by bit — the trees in their places, the outbuildings quite where they ought to be, and all the minute geography of the garden. He went down to the lawn to let his eye run

over the old house; and finding it quite itself from cellar-window to chimney, nodded his greeting to it.

He let himself out of the gate and strolled down Main Street. The village was asleep. The ancient chairs on the porch of the general store were waiting for their daily load of sages and loafers. Behind the closed doors of the post-office lay the promise of a day's emotion for an entire community. To Latimer there came across the years a whiff of the cool and awe which summer mornings used to bring to a lonely little boy in a small town. He would get up with the sun, slip on his clothes, and wander through such a street of drowsy shop-windows and barred doors, a street of dreams and poetry. Then, of course, he had no words to clothe the peace and wonder that encompassed him. And now that he had the words, he would often try to bring back the miracle of those fresh mornings; but it would not come except at unbidden moments and as a dissolving mist that vanished as he snatched at it.

He turned off from Main Street and into an unpaved road where the houses, close set at first, thinned out into open fields. He peered over fences into small garden-beds whose primitive colors were still wet with the dew. He stopped to listen to sleepy, metallic noises from back kitchens, where the altar fires of the common life were being lighted for the day. He smiled over the scattered childhood casualties of yesterday — a rag doll abandoned in the swinging chair in the garden because of an enforced retreat to bed; a pair of horse-reins with bells on the porch-steps; a bonnet with ribbons dangling from the door-handle.

A furious scandal-mongering was under way in the tree-tops, where the business of the day had been going on for some hours.

And then, above the chatter of the birds at their front doors, Latimer heard a squeal of pain. It came from close to the ground, apparently a few steps away, under a barbed-wire fence which enclosed a vacant lot. The sound was repeated, and Latimer, stooping close to the ground, discerned commotion in the grass under the fence. He ran to the spot, plumped down on his knees, and parting the grass with his hands, nearly let his fingers fall on a little, twitching mass of reddish-brown hair under the bottom strand of the wire. Brown eyes looked up at him in pain and fear.

'Poor little devil!' said Latimer. 'Out to see the world, and seeing it with a vengeance.'

The guinea-pig, trying to slip under the wire, had caught its pelt in the prongs and succumbed to panic. It insisted on twitching forward, and so drove the barbs in deep, and as it struggled it squealed. Latimer laid a firm hand on the palpitating little body, and with the other snapped the wire upward. The little beast gave one loud cry of pain and relief, and with a squirm was out of Latimer's grasp and scurrying back to a hutch in the neighboring garden, which it never should have left.

Latimer remained on his knees, and watched the adventurer out of sight. He saw blood on the finger of his left hand and the wire was brown with rust. For a minute or two he sucked his finger before twisting his handkerchief around it, his mind nevertheless engrossed with the departed stranger. And while he was still cording the handkerchief around his finger, with his knees in the grass, he found himself thinking aloud.

'O guinea-pig under the barbed-wire,' said Latimer, 'dumb brother now licking your lacerated fur, deeply humiliated, in the sympathetic family

circle, take no shame for your misadventure. If you must whine, whine; but those are honorable scars, won against the hereditary enemy. More splendid reputations than yours have been ripped and torn by barbed-wire — Von Moltke and Viscount French of Ypres, Ian Hamilton and Von Kluck and Nicholas Nicholaievitch. Some have been more fortunate than others, but none has escaped from the barbed-wire with a whole skin. Lick your fur without undue shame, dumb brother of the back-garden. Joffre, Friedrich Wilhelm, Kuropatkin, and Sir Douglas Haig are licking theirs.

'Only you are greater than any of these. Who are you, you ask? I will tell you, silent brother of the back-garden and the research laboratory. You are the ultrascientific guardian of life, and the barbed-wire is our perfected formula of death, and the encounter between you two is the tragedy of man in this our twentieth century.'

(Latimer observed a stirring in the grass at the other end of the vacant lot. A blunt nose was thrust out from under cover and a pair of brown eyes peered across the zone of safety. The guinea-pig was fast recovering from its wounds and succumbing to curiosity.)

'Not in vain, inarticulate brother,' went on Latimer, 'has nature bestowed on you and your mate a bounteous fertility. You and yours are the cannon-fodder for the General Staffs of bacteriology. Your regiments are perpetually mobilized for the defense of our race. Into your veins we inject all the ills and poisons of our higher civilization — anthrax and diphtheria, cancer, small-pox and tuberculosis, leprosy, meningitis, pneumonia, typhus and typhoid, and all the infections of the eye and ear, of nose and throat, of bone and muscle and cartilage and nerve and gland, which humanity has accumulated in its march upward. All these

bitter questions we put to you with the hypodermic needle and the scalpel, and you give answer. You react positively or you react negatively, but always to the full measure of your ability, and most often at the cost of your life. So it is your tiny paw which falls cool on the fevered heads of little children, and mothers counting the red lines on the clinical thermometer give thanks to you, O guinea-pig, who, strictly speaking, art neither pig nor from Guinea, but only six inches of wild rabbit, the friend of man, the martyr and scape-goat of humanity, and the close associate of little boys and girls.

'Yes, you do your best, silent brother. And when with your aid we have saved a million little children from diphtheria and meningitis, and they have grown into strapping, clear-eyed young men, the barbed-wire takes them.'

(The guinea-pig had launched himself into a sudden dash across the field, with the mad intention of trying a second bout with the wire, but came to a stand-still at the sight of Latimer, a few yards away.)

'Take no shame in your wounds, little snub-nosed Field-Marshal,' continued Latimer. 'He is no mean opponent, this barbed-wire. He is a snake in the grass and a mighty rampart. By driving stakes into the ground and stringing thin threads of steel, we have created ten thousand miles of fortress and made a jest of Jericho and Troy and Camelot, of Vicksburg, Plevna, Metz, and Verdun. It is well for Cæsar and Napoleon that they are dead before the age of barbed-wire. Their fame would now be hanging in shreds on its teeth. It is the mightiest instrument of death we have invented, the most portable, and the most economical, showing the heaviest returns for every dollar invested.'

(With the same unreasoning impetus

that had brought him forward, the guinea-pig whirled about and dashed off to his house across the field.)

'You do right to be wary of your enemy, silent brother,' said Latimer. 'Do not give in to him, but do not despise him. There are difficult times before you. For after this barbed-wire age there may come the age of barbed-wireless. A machinist may press a button and a hundred thousand men will be impaled on a network of flesh-eating vibrations. To-day it is a tie between you two. But you must look to the future, to the casualties of the barbed-wireless age, and the greater supply of life for the growing demand. Give heed to preparedness. Multiply your kind for the test-tube and the microscope, O crown of brute creation, mightier than Behemoth, more conquering than the lion of Judah, guinea-pig, brother, fulcrum of our scientific universe!'

(Latimer paused, held his nose to the wind, and quickly got to his feet. From the kitchen giving on the back-yard to which the guinea-pig had retired came the delightful fragrance of frying bacon.)

'I feel much better already,' said Latimer as he made his way back through Main Street, which was just starting into life. 'How lovely the old place is! I must come back more often.'

And if some reader should object that the preceding discourse, because of its measured cadences, should properly have been set down as free verse instead of as prose, I would point out that the guinea-pig, listening without the text before him, would not have known the difference.

VI

Harriet, the night before, had triumphantly reorganized the Williamsport Red Cross by having herself elected president and treasurer, and she was

now hurrying to catch the 8.59 for Bloomingport, to make extensive purchases of cotton and gauze. Hence she considered it a very happy suggestion of her brother's that he load a knapsack and start out for a few days in the hills.

Latimer teased his strong-minded, capable, crisp-tongued sister.

'But you are under instruction from Lucy' — Lucy was Mrs. Latimer — 'to take particular care of me.'

'I am,' said Harriet; and ran for her train.

At the gate Latimer was accosted by Nicholas Runkle, whose suspicions of him had softened sufficiently overnight to permit conversation.

'When d'ye think now this war of theirs will be over, Professor Latimer?' said Nicholas.

'You know as much about it as I do, Nicholas. A year perhaps.'

Nicholas looked around to see if he was overheard.

'I don't believe there's goin' to be any fighting,' he said. 'I don't believe we are goin' into the war.'

'But we are in it. Half a million men are drilling.'

'So they say,' said Nicholas, with an ironic upward twist of the lips.

(Ah, thought Latimer, the old fellow is suspicious of the war. He is determined not to be imposed upon.)

'One thing I can tell you,' said Latimer; 'America won't stop till every German helmet has been cleared out of Belgium.'

'How do I know the Germans are in Belgium? I have to take their word for it,' said Nicholas.

Latimer grew angry, slammed the gate behind him, laughed out loud, and returned.

'Nicholas, —' he said.

Nicholas Runkle believed that Doctor Cook discovered the North Pole

and that Admiral Peary was an impostor. He believed that Congress was forced to declare war by the secret machinations of the Catholic Church. He believed that Kitchener did not perish off the Orkney Islands, but is alive to-day, a prisoner in the Tower for having sold military secrets to Germany for the sum of \$100,000,000 and the promise of the British crown under German suzerainty. But he had his doubts as to whether President Wilson really wrote his messages on a typewriter, and he was convinced that the city of New York had nothing like the population credited to it in the Census reports. In no case would Nicholas take 'their' word for it, 'they' being various gigantic conspiracies for disseminating false information — the Catholic Church, which Nicholas thought of as meeting at midnight in subterranean places for the framing of mischief; the newspapers, which received their orders every morning in a sealed envelope from the office of J. P. Morgan and Company; the colleges; and the book-publishers, who were the worst conspiracy of all.

As against the books published by such publishers associated for the deception of the people, Nicholas had in his attic room a very impressive library that really told the truth. They were books in paper covers, put out at the author's expense, in a job printing office that evidently dispensed with proofreaders. The authors had plainly frustrated the evil conspiracy of the public schools for the dissemination of the elementary rules of grammar. They usually began with the Seven Circles of Existence and the Universal Law of Vegetarianism as developed by the sages of India; and from these premises went on to prove that Cook had discovered the North Pole, that Mr. Roosevelt had Japanese blood in his veins, that the Catholic Church was

responsible for the failure of the wheat crop, and so forth.

'Nicholas,' said Latimer, 'do you believe the earth is which — round or flat?'

Nicholas twisted his lips to a point and would not answer. Flat, of course. And if people believed otherwise it was because the school-book-publishers had to make a living.

VII

Harriet had pointed out that for the purposes of mountaineering Latimer's wardrobe was overstocked in starched collars and red cravats, and deficient in rough foot-gear. She directed him to the General Store.

'Dekker's Emporium,' Latimer read on the sign. 'Except for the word Emporium, which shows the urban influence, there is about the primitive aspect of this store sufficient evidence that the old spirit is maintaining itself. Dekker is an ancient name in this region. It harks back to the Palatinate and the year 1700, when the sturdy German farmers first made their way into the valley of the Delaware. That there should still be a Dekker keeping store argues the persistence of the past.'

From behind a wall of packing-cases piled up to the ceiling at the back of the store, an elderly, quick-eyed person with a closely cropped red beard came forth at the sound of the door-bell. His alert manner in the presence of a customer was not of the rural shopkeeper type. Latimer tried to identify in his features the traits of the eighteenth-century Palatines, and was puzzled. He believed he had stumbled right at the start upon a remarkable example of eccentric racial development.

'Mr. Dekker?' said Latimer.

'This used to be Dekker's, yes, sir, said the proprietor. 'My name is Rosenbaum.'

'You are new here?'

'Three years this June,' said Rosenbaum.

'I should like a pair of shoes.'

'Certainly. Our new line is just in. Something about —?'

'The price hardly matters,' said Latimer. 'I want a pair of comfortable shoes.'

Before Latimer had composed himself to his ethnological discovery, Rosenbaum was holding up a shoe by the latchet for his approval. It was in patent leather, and Latimer thought it extremely attractive; but he recalled what Harriet had said about comfort as the first requisite.

'No,' he said. 'Show me something that will stand hard wear.'

Rosenbaum flashed behind the counter and returned.

'Our best-seller,' he said. 'The cloth top comes in three shades, but this is the most popular.'

'You don't quite follow me,' said Latimer. 'I want a plain, all-leather shoe, broad toe, heavy soles; the kind all your people here buy.'

Rosenbaum looked up in dismay.

'This is what they all buy. I have n't had a call for any other kind for a month.'

'Let me understand you,' said Latimer. 'You assert that the demand for shoes in this community is confined to patent leathers and cloth tops?'

'Well, now and then, some of the old fellows from up the mountain will ask for the other kind.'

'That is the kind I want,' said Latimer. 'See if you can find a pair.'

And something of the kind was found among the discards in the storage room behind the packing-cases.

'Anything in the line of socks?' said Rosenbaum.

'By all means.'

'Silk? Half-silk? Lisle? I can show a first-class assortment.'

'No,' said Latimer, 'cotton. Double-soled if that is possible, or wool if they are not too heavy.'

Rosenbaum made a second trip to the back room and after a search brought back two pairs of heavy, blue cotton socks. Latimer proceeded to change his foot-gear. The act of stooping put him into a perspiration and he bethought himself of flannel shirts.

'We have them in madras, pongee, silk,' said Rosenbaum. 'Soft cuffs or laundered.'

Latimer lost patience.

'A couple of gray flannel shirts of the kind that the people around here wear about their ordinary occupations.'

'But they don't,' said Rosenbaum. 'They never wear rough flannels. The summer visitors do. Only this is early in the year.'

Latimer made shift with a plain gray sweater, which Rosenbaum hunted up in the limbo behind the partition, after his customer had rejected a white sweater, in half silk, with scarlet facings round the collar. Rosenbaum would charge only a nominal price for his derelict stock, and this led to a friendly argument which passed by natural gradations into a discussion of Biblical literature, into which it is not my purpose to enter. It seemed that Rosenbaum believed that the Old Testament was written by Moses, punctuation marks and all; whereat Latimer sighed, shook hands, and set forth on his journey. It was now well on toward nine o'clock, and the village was alive.

(To be continued)

SOCIALISM AND INTERNATIONALISM

BY JOHN SPARGO

I

THE ideal of internationalism is older than any existing nation; it is older than the Christian religion; but as the *credo* of a great movement, the inspiration of millions, it is a modern phenomenon. It is the great merit of Socialism — grudgingly conceded by its bitterest opponents — that it has implanted in the breasts of millions of earnest souls in all lands a passionate love for all mankind, a sense of international fraternity.

Even before Marx, Socialism in its utopian form was deeply impregnated with the spirit of internationalism. Saint-Simon, whose Socialism was profoundly religious, identified it with international solidarity. And while it is impossible to conceive of two thinkers more unlike than the gentle French mystic and the stern German realist, Marx was greatly influenced in his thinking by the author of the *Nouveau Christianisme*.

Marx made internationalism the religion of a class in revolt, thus infusing it with a burning passion. Thanks to Marx, international solidarity became the object of impassioned faith: —

C'est la lutte finale!
Marchons tous, et demain
L'Internationale
Sera le genre humain!

So the protesting millions, the grimly earnest soldiers of social revolution, have sung in all the tongues of civilization.

No one who knows anything of the
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great Socialist movement can doubt that in this passionate faith in international solidarity, in the oneness of all peoples, there is a great spiritual quality, a visioning of the universal brotherhood of man. For the revolting proletariat seeks freedom, not as a step to the mastery of others: its aim is the destruction of all rule of class by class — freedom for all mankind.

The spiritual quality of this proletarian internationalism differentiates it from the mechanical economic internationalism of commerce and finance, and from the intellectual internationalism of science and learning. Unlike these, it has the sacrificial spirit and passion which are essentially religious and which inspire martyrs. For this reason men have respected and honored the Socialist movement for its internationalism, even while opposing it on account of its economic and philosophical teachings and its social programmes. That is probably why, in those fateful days and hours of the summer of 1914, the world rested its faith on the sincerity and integrity of the Socialists, and believed that they would somehow avert the dread catastrophe of war. It was not to organized Christianity, the religion of the Prince of Peace, that the hope of the world for peace was turned, but — suggestive irony! — to the 'irreligious' Socialist movement.

The outbreak of the war revealed the fact that proletarian internationalism was a frail wand, not the sturdy staff we had believed it to be. Once again

it was shown that a great movement had been inspired by a shibboleth which it had never closely scrutinized. The watchwords of internationalism have been of incalculable service to the Socialist movement. To declare one's belief in internationalism gives one a sense of exaltation, a feeling of the imminence of the Kingdom of Human Brotherhood. But when the war came, it was apparent that the shibboleths of internationalism so fervently chanted for two generations had lacked intellectual significance because they had never been precisely defined.

Amid the agony of the war and the bitter humiliation of failure the Socialists in all lands are now engaged in the task of defining the old terms. They have discovered that two may say the same words but have meanings as far apart as the poles. To the non-Socialist the controversies which have arisen within the ranks of the Socialists upon this matter of definition appear as manifestations of the ancient struggle between instinct and reason — instinct leading outward to the vision of world-brotherhood, reason holding down to the national need. That there is this conflict between spiritual romanticism and the prosaic realism of life it were idle to deny. That is the experience of every great movement, as it is the experience of every sincere and thoughtful mind. How few there are among us who have missed the despair that comes from trying to keep our feet upon the mud and clay of earth the while we hitch our wagons to far-off stars!

II

For some Socialists internationalism is a synonym for antinationalism. They adopt the view of that sinister figure, Michael Bakunin — that 'the social question . . . can be satisfactorily solved only by the abolition of frontiers.'

They reject not merely the baser patriotism whose motto is, 'my country right or wrong,' but that natural love of country which has none of the elements of chauvinism and is compatible with an intense love for all mankind. They declare that the internationalist can recognize no special obligation to a particular country; that the true Socialist must be 'a citizen of the world.' Some go so far as to say that the working people can have no rational choice between despotic and democratic governments so long as the present system of capitalism prevails.

This is the doctrine of anarchism. It is not consistent with the Socialist philosophy. That it should be accepted by many who call themselves Socialists is only another illustration of the manner in which the clear stream of Socialist thought is muddled by the infusion of anarchist and syndicalist elements. The very nature of the Socialist philosophy requires the preservation of national unities — a fact which has guided the international policies of the movement from the founding of the first International.

A radical clergyman in New York City, obsessed after the manner of his profession by a passion for symbolism, places all the flags of civilized nations in an iron pot over a fire and 'melts' them. He then pretends to draw from the pot a red flag, symbolical of international Socialism, and unfurls it to the breeze amid the cheers and plaudits of his hypnotized followers. This much-exploited ceremonial was intended to symbolize the passing of nations and their replacement by a world-organization undisturbed by the lingual and cultural distinctions which divide the world into national groups. This is not anti-national perhaps so much as it is a-national, the negation of nationalism. It is certain that this is the gospel which inspires many Socialists to-day.

Its acceptance, however, necessarily involves the abandonment of the distinctive policies of historic Socialism.

The name and authority of Marx — *Pontifex Maximus* — are invoked in support of these views so alien to the spirit and history of Socialism. The fact is that Marx in his youth proclaimed views which are essentially at one with those of Bakunin, already quoted. Thus, in the famous *Communist Manifesto* we find the idea that 'the working classes have no fatherland.' Marx argued with force that the development of international industry and commerce tends ever to bring about identity of industrial processes and, consequently, of 'uniformity in modes of life.' This, he prophesied, would lead inevitably to the disappearance of national peculiarities and contrasts, of national feeling and patriotism.

This prophecy has its hold upon many Socialist minds to-day, notwithstanding the fact that Marx later advocated policies which implied the abandonment of his youthful generalization. The appeal of systems of international speech like Volapuk and Esperanto to a certain type of Socialist mind depends for its strength upon the desire to accelerate the coming of the sort of internationalism we have been discussing.

As a matter of dull drab fact, the romantic generalization of Marx has not been fulfilled. National consciousness has persisted and even flourished. The Frenchman is as much a Frenchman to-day as was his grandsire of the Napoleonic era. The Briton remains as truly a Briton as any of his ancestors. Capitalism has indeed developed an internationalism, rudely interrupted by the war, but it is not the kind of internationalism which extinguishes national feeling. And there is an internationalism of Labor. For the moment we are engulfed in a wave of reaction: blind hatred rules the hearts of mil-

lions. But the most significant fact in the world of international politics before the outbreak of the war was the growing solidarity of the working classes in all lands. But this international solidarity of Labor does not eliminate national consciousness, that natural patriotism which inspires each man with a special attachment for the land of his birth and for its institutions and traditions. It has come to be the belief of the responsible leaders of Socialist thought in all lands that national feeling will not disappear; that it is, indeed, a very precious thing. The best of civilization has its roots in nationality. 'The Socialist who cannot be a good patriot cannot be a good internationalist. I tell American Socialists clearly and emphatically that a man can simultaneously be both a good Socialist and a good American,' stoutly declared M. Camille Huysmans, the able secretary of the International Socialist Bureau, during the much-discussed Stockholm Conference.

In his maturity Marx recognized the fact that nationality is an enduring thing, and not in itself an evil. He was twenty-nine years old when he wrote the *Communist Manifesto*; forty-four when the International Workingmen's Association was formed. That his thought upon the subject had undergone a great change in the fifteen years intervening is evident from the policies which, under Marx's guidance, the International adopted. It was one of the cardinal features of its policy to defend the rights of peoples struggling for national independence, as, for example, the Poles. And from that time onward it has been an unquestioned policy of the movement to champion the cause of oppressed nationalities, and to oppose every movement looking toward the subjugation of peoples. The Socialist International has championed the cause of the Irish, the Finns, the

Poles, the Armenians, the Bohemians, the Hindus, and all other peoples struggling for national independence and freedom. This policy it could not have taken with sincerity and honor if it had regarded nationality as an evil thing and believed its extinction desirable.

Internationalism is not a synonym for a hatred of nationalism. Rather, internationalism presupposes nationalism. It is the interrelation of free and independent nations, their union by fraternal ties. The life of individual nations is a precious thing to be preserved. Just as the individuality of the separate human beings comprising society must be preserved if we are to have a great and a worthy social state, so the life of individual nations must be preserved if we are to have a great and worthy internationalism. As Georges Renard, one of the clearest of Socialist thinkers, has said, 'The end which Socialists are seeking to attain is not the disappearance of national unities: it is the grouping of nations in great peaceful federations, which shall gradually draw closer so as to embrace the whole civilized world; it is the gradual elaboration of international laws which shall organize humanity, as state laws have organized nations. But that great structure which we wish to build — vast enough to contain the whole human race — will have nations as its pillars: it will rest on their strong foundations, which have been cemented by the labors of ages, and whose destruction would bring about its own ruin.'

This conception of internationalism — fundamental, let me repeat, to Socialism — cannot be abandoned without sacrificing the very soul of Socialism. If the dreamy visionaries whose hostility to individual nations is as marked as their hostility to the capitalist system are permitted to gain their ends, and to determine the future policy of the Socialist movement, their

triumph will mean the ignominious end of historic Socialism. It cannot be too strongly emphasized that the Socialism of Marx must rest upon the ever-growing union of free and fraternal nations, not upon the suppression or 'benevolent assimilation' of small nations by larger ones. Many an earnest Socialist has fallen into the error of reasoning by analogy: if it is well that small business units should be crushed or absorbed by bigger ones, in order that there may be greater efficiency and less friction in the industrial world, why would not the absorption of small states by big ones, and the elimination of innumerable causes of friction which would result, be a good thing? With this philosophy more than one ardent Socialist has condoned the rape and spoliation of Belgium! During the South African War a number of English Fabians argued similarly, that Socialists should welcome imperialism as a form of internationalism, since it was opposed to the separatism of small nations.

According to the principles which we have outlined, the invasion of Belgium was an assault upon the foundations of internationalism. No Socialists could support their government in its attack upon the integrity and independence of a friendly neighbor state without being disloyal to proletarian internationalism. And the Belgian worker, fighting to defend his fatherland and to repel the invader, was fighting the cause of internationalism. In truth the cause of his fatherland and that of internationalism were one and indivisible. For there is a patriotism that is coincident with the highest internationalism. The patriotism that is braggart and chauvinistic and narrow leads away from internationalism to imperialism and war. But the patriotism that is brave and generous, and noble leads away from imperialism and war to fraternalism and peace.

III

What, then, must be the relation of the Socialist internationalist to the nation of which he is a citizen? In times of peace this is not a very difficult question to answer. To use whatever powers are available to bring the nation to the acceptance of Socialism, and to conduct its international relations with justice and friendship to all nations, is the obvious duty of the Socialist. It is in times of war that the answer to the question becomes difficult and perplexing. At several international congresses before the outbreak of the present world-war the Socialists of the world tried to lay down some principle or set of principles by which the different Socialist parties might be guided in times of war and threatened war. This subject was last discussed at the Copenhagen Congress in 1910, when it was referred to the next congress, to be held at Vienna in 1914. The war made the holding of that gathering an impossibility. Events moved with such cyclonic rapidity in the summer of 1914, that the attempt to hold the congress at an earlier date and at some other place than Vienna utterly failed. Had it succeeded, the whole course of events might have been materially changed.

At the Stuttgart Congress, in 1907, there was a memorable debate in which the principal participants were August Bebel, the great leader of the German Social Democracy, Jean Jaurès, the eloquent apostle of French Socialism, and Emile Vandervelde, president of the International Socialist Bureau, now a Belgian Minister of State.

Jaurès proposed a radical policy: in the event of a war-crisis arising, the workers must take action to prevent the war by means of public agitation, the general strike, and insurrection. This course, if it were energetically

pursued in the belligerent countries would, so Jaurès argued, effectually prevent war.

Bebel would not countenance this policy. He supported a resolution which declared, in substance, that capitalism is the cause of war and Socialism the only remedy, and advocated the avoidance of military service and refusal to vote any money for the support of armies, navies, or colonies. When Jaurès demanded to know specifically what course the German Socialists would adopt in the event of war being threatened between France and Germany, Bebel made no response. There is much food for thought in the impassioned questioning of the great French orator:—

‘If a government does not go into the field directly against Social Democracy, but, frightened by the growth of Socialism, seeks to make a diversion abroad; if a war should arise in this way between France and Germany, would it be allowable in such a case that the French and German working-classes should murder one another for the benefit of the capitalists, and at their demand, without making the extreme use of their strength? If we did not try to do this, we should be dishonored.’

Vandervelde begged the Germans to answer the question of Jaurès, pointing out that by their refusal to do so they were practically destroying all hope of international proletarian action for the prevention of war, and forcing the Socialists of other countries to be reconciled to militarism. ‘The majority of the Congress finds that it would be an evil thing if the French plunge into an anti-military agitation, while the Germans oppose it as much as they possibly can,’ said Vandervelde, with pointed candor.

Bebel took the position he had taken earlier at the German Party Congress

at Essen, that Socialists could never support a war of aggression, but should always support wars waged in defense of their fatherland.

This position Kautsky, the great theoretician, opposed with vigor. He argued against the position of Bebel, that to adopt the principle that Socialists must defend their fatherland and support their governments in wars of defense, opposing them only in waging wars of aggression, would be a surrender to the capitalist class. It is not always possible to tell with certainty which power is the aggressor, and it will always be a simple matter for the government of a country to persuade its citizens that its policy is purely defensive.

To this Bebel replied that such deception of the workers may have been possible in the eighteen-seventies, but not to-day.

Kautsky argued further against Bebel, that in certain circumstances Socialists might welcome an attack upon their country because it weakened their government. 'If, for example, Japan had attacked Russia, were the Russian Socialists obliged to defend their nationality, to support the government? Certainly not.'¹

What, then, is the principle by which Socialists should be governed in times of war? Kautsky answered that question by saying that, because the workers' interests are never opposed to the interests of other nations, the Socialists should determine their policies, not by the criterion of defensive war, but by that of proletarian interests which at the same time are international interests. According to this view, in the event of war Socialists must ask themselves, 'What is best calculated to advance proletarian interests?' and

shape their policies in accordance with the answer.

Soon after the outbreak of the present war Kautsky abandoned the criterion of proletarian interest as being quite as unreliable as that of the differentiation between aggressive and defensive war. Experience has shown that French and German Socialists, while accepting the principle in good faith, arrive at opposing conclusions. The French Socialists identify the victory of France with the interests of the proletariat, while the German Socialists identify the victory of Germany with the interests of the proletariat.

Is there, then, no principle upon which a clear and binding policy, valid for the Socialists of all countries, can be based? To this question Kautsky makes affirmative reply: —

'One may dispute who is the attacker and who is the attacked, or which threatens Europe more — a victory of Germany over France or a victory of Russia over Germany. One thing is clear: every people, and the proletariat of every people, has a pressing interest in this: to prevent the enemy of the country from coming over the frontier, as it is in this way that the terror and devastation of war reach their most frightful form, that of a hostile invasion. And in every national state the proletariat must use all its energy to see that the independence and integrity of the national territory are maintained. That is an essential part of democracy, and democracy is a necessary basis for the struggle and victory of the proletariat.'

According to this view, the sole aim of the Socialists must be the protection of their country from the enemy, not the punishment of the enemy or his humiliation. Although he does not say so, presumably Kautsky would protect only the actual territory of a nation, not its ships at sea, for example, though

¹ The reader will bear in mind that this refers to the Russia of that period — 1907. — THE AUTHOR.

these are, alike in law and logic, part of the national domain, and attacks upon them may be a very serious form of 'invasion,' menacing the very existence of a people.

The Stuttgart Congress decided upon the following policy: If ever war threatens, the Socialists in the countries affected must take all possible steps to make the outbreak of war impossible. If, despite their efforts, war actually breaks out, they must strive to bring it to an early conclusion and use all the opportunities offered by the economic and political crises produced by the war to further the Socialist programme. This resolution was reaffirmed at the Copenhagen Congress in 1910.

IV

This was the status of Socialist opinion and policy upon this question when the First Balkan War brought the Socialists of the leading European countries face to face with the grave peril of a general European conflagration. That a war in the Balkans would be exceedingly likely to embroil the whole of Europe had long been recognized, not only by Socialists, but by all thoughtful students of international politics. A special and extraordinary congress was held at Basel, Switzerland, in November, 1912, to consider what the various Socialist parties must do. This was the last important international Socialist congress prior to the fateful events of 1914. Unlike previous congresses, which had been able to confine themselves to statements of general principles, the gathering at Basel had to deal with the reality of war. It was confronted by an actual condition, not a theory. Its declarations are, therefore, of cardinal importance.

In addition to confirming the Stuttgart resolution already referred to, the Basel Congress emphasized the threat

of actual revolution as an effective weapon in the hands of the Socialists in their efforts to prevent war. 'The fear of the ruling classes that a revolution of the workers would follow the declaration of a European war has proved to be an essential guaranty of peace. The Congress therefore requests all Socialist parties to continue their efforts with all means which appear to them efficacious.'

The warning to the European governments is plain: 'Governments must not forget that, in the present frame of mind of the workers, war will not be without disaster for themselves. They must remember that the Franco-German War resulted in the revolutionary movement of the Commune; that the Russo-Japanese War gave an impetus to the revolutionary movement in Russia; and that the competition in armaments in England and on the Continent has increased class-conflicts and led to great strikes. It would be madness if the governments did not comprehend that the mere notion of a European war will call forth resentment and fierce protest from the workers, who consider it a crime to shoot each other down in the interest, and for the profit, of capitalism, or for the behoof of dynastic ambition and of secret diplomatic treaties.'

The caution of this statement and its lack of revolutionary fire indicate a state of mind little likely to adopt heroic measures.

In the midst of a war affecting the independence of the various Balkan nations, and likely to lead to a general European war, the Basel Congress took the historic position of international Socialism, that the independence and integrity of nations is an essential condition of internationalism. It affirmed the right of each of the Balkan nations to full autonomy. It urged the Socialists of the Balkans to struggle for the

establishment of a democratic federation of the Balkan states as the only possible basis for their peaceful development. The Congress clearly recognized that the people of the Balkan states might be called upon to defend themselves against powerful aggressive nations, and that it would then be the duty of the Balkan Socialists to assist in that defense. The Congress laid upon the Socialists of the Balkans the duty of promoting fraternal goodwill among the workers of Serbia, Bulgaria, Roumania, Greece, Turkey, and Albania, and of opposing vigorously all attempts to deprive any state of any of its rights.

The programme which the Congress set before the Socialists of Austria-Hungary is comprehensive and far-reaching. Not only must they especially oppose all attacks by Austria upon Serbia, but they must work for the liberation from Austrian rule of the various subject Slav nations. They must coöperate with the Socialists of Italy to protect Albania and secure her autonomy.

In the opinion of the Basel Congress not only does internationalism require the freedom and independence of all peoples, but it imposes an obligation upon all Socialists to make the liberation of suppressed nations their concern.

The Socialists of Austria-Hungary, Croatia, Slavonia, Bosnia, and Herzegovina must continue with all their strength their successful efforts to prevent any attack of the Austrian monarchy upon Serbia. They must *continue to resist in the future as they have done in the past any attempt to take by force from Serbia the fruits of war or to transform that country into an Austrian province*, and thereby to embroil the peoples of Austria-Hungary and other nations of Europe in conflict in the interests of the ruling dynasty. The Social Democratic parties of Austria-Hungary will also have to struggle in the future to secure democratic auto-

nomy for all the southern Slav nations within the frontiers of Austria-Hungary and at present governed by the Hapsburg dynasty. The Socialists of both Austria-Hungary and of Italy will have to give special attention to the Albanian question. The Congress admits the right of the Albanians to autonomy, but recognizes the danger that, under the guise of autonomy, Albania might become the victim of Austro-Hungarian and Italian ambitions. This would not only constitute a danger for Albania herself, but might in the near future threaten the peace between Austria-Hungary and Italy. *Albania can become really independent only as an autonomous unit in a democratic federation of the Balkan states.* Therefore, the Congress calls upon the Austro-Hungarian and Italian Socialists to combat any action of their respective governments which aims at drawing Albania within the sphere of their influence, and to persevere in their efforts to consolidate the peaceful relations between Austria-Hungary and Italy.

The duty of the Socialists of other countries was clearly set forth: In the event of any warlike policy being undertaken by the Russian government, whether by attacks on Constantinople or on Armenia, even for the avowed purpose of protecting the Balkan nations, the Socialists of Russia, as well as those of Russian Poland and Finland, must immediately inaugurate a revolutionary fight against Czarism, to bring about its downfall. The Socialists of Germany, France, and Great Britain must demand that their governments abstain from intervention in the Balkan trouble and refuse all support to either Austria or Russia. The workers of Germany and France must recognize no secret treaties making it necessary for their governments to interfere in the Balkan conflict.

The Congress expressed the opinion that 'the greatest danger to European peace is the artificially fostered animosity between Great Britain and Germany,' and directed the Socialists of

those countries to work for an understanding between the two nations upon the limitation of naval increases and the abolition of the right of capture of private property at sea.

v

The declarations of the Basel Congress seemed to provide an adequate and satisfactory policy of internationalism for the guidance of the Socialist parties of the world. In place of the hortative generalizations of earlier declarations there was now a comprehensive programme of specific measures. Throughout it was emphasized that internationalism rests upon nationalism; that the maintenance of the independence and integrity of nationalities is essential to the realization of internationalism. And yet within less than two years Europe was plunged into the greatest war in all human history, and the international solidarity of the Socialist movement was broken and destroyed.

Supported and inspired by Germany, Austria-Hungary rejected all offers of mediation and arbitration. The Socialists of Austria at once fastened upon their government responsibility for the war. The German-speaking parliamentary representatives of the Austrian Social Democratic party declared: 'We are convinced that the Serbian government would not have been able to offer any opposition to these demands of Austria-Hungary, which are sanctioned by international law, and would, in fact, have offered none. We are convinced that all that Austria-Hungary demands could have been obtained, and can still be obtained, by peaceful methods.'

The German Socialists on the eve of war placed the blame at the door of Austria-Hungary. The proclamation of the party, issued on July 25, declared

that the war fury was 'unchained by Austrian imperialism.' While condemning the behavior of the Greater Serbia Nationalists, the proclamation especially condemned 'the frivolous war-provocation of the Austro-Hungarian government' whose demands were characterized as 'more brutal than have ever been proposed to an independent state in the world's history, *and can only be intended deliberately to provoke war.*'

Notwithstanding their appreciation of the guilt of their governments, the majority of the Socialists in the Central Empires decided to support those governments once war was declared. In Austria-Hungary the Socialists took the position that they were justified in this policy by reason of the Russian peril, and that it was for them a defensive war. They were opposed only to Serbia and Russia; they were not directly in conflict with the democratic nations of Western Europe. Moreover, they were not called upon, as the Germans were in the case of Belgium, to support the invasion of any neutral nation. For these reasons the conduct of the Socialists of Austria-Hungary has been more indulgently regarded than has that of their German comrades who supported their government against France and England and in spite of the outrageous crime against Belgium.

The position of the Belgian Socialists needs no explanation or defense. To have refused support to their government in its efforts to repel the invader would have been a base betrayal of all that Socialist internationalism has represented in the world.

But what of France? How came the Socialists of all sects and factions to unite in supporting the Republic in its alliance with Russia? The Basel Congress had enjoined upon the Socialists of France the duty of repudiating the alliance with Russia, and Jaurès and

other French Socialist leaders had denounced that alliance in unmeasured terms. The Congress had likewise laid upon the Socialists of France the duty of using their power to prevent their government from supporting Russia, just as it had declared it to be the duty of the German Socialists to prevent their government from giving support to Austria. And yet in the decisive hour all sections of the French Socialist movement united in support of their government and in defense of the Republic.

Under the magnificent leadership of Jaurès the French Socialists loyally observed the rules laid down for their guidance by the Basel Congress. They brought pressure to bear upon their government to withdraw from the alliance with Russia if (a) Russia did not consent to mediation and arbitration, or (b) if she took the initiative in declaring war. There is ample evidence that the French government honestly and bravely acted in accordance with these principles. On the 30th of July, at the great peace demonstration in Brussels, Jaurès announced with deep conviction, 'The French government is the best peace ally of that admirable government of England, which took the initiative toward mediation. And it is influencing Russia by its counsels of wisdom and patience.' A few hours before his death at the hands of a cowardly assassin Jaurès had an interview with the highest officials of the French government and received convincing assurances of the sincerity with which the course suggested by the Socialists was being followed. The act of the government in ordering the withdrawal of the French troops ten kilometres from the frontier was an indubitable pledge of its good faith.

Germany declared war upon Russia and France, and rejected all attempts at mediation. She also attempted to

induce Belgium against her will to lend her assistance in an attack on France, yet it was apparent that the German Social Democrats would not make any effective resistance to the action of their government. Under such conditions the French Socialists must either give up all idea of defending their country, and so abandon the very basis of internationalism, or they must accept as a temporary necessity of the war the alliance with Russia.

As soon as the war broke out the Socialists of Italy began a vigorous agitation demanding that the country remain out of the war and that the alliance with Germany and Austria-Hungary be repudiated. Sincere in their advocacy of neutrality, they were not by any means neutral in their feelings. Their sympathies were all on the side of the Entente Allies. At the end of July, 1914, the Socialists served notice upon Premier Salandra that any attempt to lead Italy into the war on the side of Austria would be met by revolution. 'We can assure you that, if Italy mobilizes her army and commands it to march to the direct or indirect support of the Germans against France, that very day there will be no need of any effort on our part to make the Italian people revolt.'

While from the first the Socialists of Italy sympathized with the cause of the Entente Allies and wished for the defeat of the Central Empires, they strove hard to keep their nation out of the war. Though some of the most distinguished leaders of the movement favored the entrance of the nation into the war on the side of the Entente, the party stood for neutrality. Soon after the war began, the German and Austrian Social Democrats sent a mission to Italy, ostensibly to explain their attitude but in reality to influence the Socialists of Italy in favor of the Triple Alliance.

The Italian Socialist party issued a statement which was a scathing denunciation of Germany and Austria and of the German Socialists. It described the mission as 'an offense against the dignity and independence of Italian Socialism,' and declared that by its support of the German and Austrian policy of aggression the German Social Democratic party 'forfeited the right to the title of International Socialists.' The statement proceeds: 'We express our desire that this infamous war may be concluded by the defeat of those who have provoked it — the Austrian and German Empires. For the Empires of Austria and Germany form the rampart of European reaction, even more than Russia. . . . If the German and Austrian Empires emerge victorious from the war, it will mean the triumph of military absolutism in its most brutal expression. . . . In this war is outlined on one side the defense of European reaction, on the other the defense of all revolutions, past and future. . . . And because of this we must affirm that there remains for us only one way of being internationalists, namely, to declare ourselves loyally in favor of whoever fights the empires of reaction, just as the Italian Socialists residing in Paris have understood that one way only remains to be anti-militarist — to arm and fight against the empires of militarism. . . . This is our answer as Italian Socialists to the German Socialists.'

It will readily be understood why the opposition which the Italian Socialists offered to the proposed entry of their nation into the war on the side of the Entente Allies, in May, 1915, while undoubtedly sincere, was not characterized by the vigor and intensity with which they had in the previous year opposed the entrance of their nation into the war as a member of the Triple Alliance. The party has been serious-

ly split on account of the differences which have manifested themselves on the question of the policy to be followed with relation to the war.

It is difficult to make a satisfactory brief summary of the position of the Socialists of Great Britain, owing to the divisions of the movement in that country. The oldest organization, — the orthodox Marxist British Socialist party, — with all other sections of the movement, opposed entering into the war. When the British government declared war on August 5, the day following the invasion of Belgium, the British Socialist party took the position that the fundamental principles of internationalism were being defended by the government and that the duty of Socialists to support it was clear. The Fabian Society soon came to the same conclusion, as did the Labor party, the political organization of the trade-unions. The Independent Labor party, popularly known as the 'I.L.P.,' the Socialist wing of the Labor party, continued to oppose the war with great bitterness. It has conducted a vigorous pacifist campaign, taking the position that England was not justified in entering the war. The British Socialist party and the Labor party have assisted in recruiting, but have not refrained from criticizing the government for its failures in matters of social policy.

VI

With the exception of small and relatively unimportant groups, all the Socialist parties of the world, including those of the Central Empires, have based their policies upon the conception of internationalism as the friendly interrelation and union for the common good of free and autonomous nations. Even the extreme 'patriots' among the German Socialists who have defended the invasion of Belgium have

attempted to justify it only on the score of that necessity which knows no law. At the opposite extreme, the English I.L.P. has never taken the position that armed defense of the nation's right to exist would be wrong; that the working-class has no interest in the preservation of the national independence. It remained for the Socialist movement in America to adopt a position so far at variance with the historic Socialist position.

The Socialist party of America is the most cosmopolitan of Socialist parties, as this is the most cosmopolitan of nations. Inevitably, therefore, the war gave rise to many controversies within the party. In the circumstances it might reasonably have been expected to keep to the old international ideals, and it is probable that it would have done so but for the preponderance in its membership of national groups whose sympathies were naturally with the Central Empires, as in the case of those of German and Austrian birth or parentage; or national groups opposed to those of the Entente Powers, as in the case of the Russian Jews and the Poles, bitterly hostile to Russia, and the Irish, equally hostile to England. Largely, perhaps by reason of the domination of the movement in this country by German influences, it has never appealed with any great degree of success to French, Belgian, Spanish, or Italian workers. The small representation of these nationalities in the party membership probably accounts for the fact that the policy adopted by the party has, almost from the beginning, coincided in a remarkable manner with the interests of Germany.

Germany protested against our insistence upon our indisputable right to sell munitions to belligerents. Her demand in the name of 'Humanity,' that we place an embargo on munitions of war, was in reality a demand that we

revise international law in her interest. Such a revision of international law would admirably serve to enslave the world to militarism, for it would place the world in subjection to the nation best equipped with arsenals. It was, in a word, a demand entirely inconsistent with a policy of true internationalism, yet it was urged by the Socialist party of America as energetically as by the German Foreign Office. At the very time the German Ambassador was urging that the government of the United States warn its citizens to keep off ocean-going steamships, the Socialist party was making an identical demand; and it offered the excuses of Potsdam for the Lusitania outrage as well as for the invasion and spoliation of Belgium. For the ruthless violation of those limitations upon warfare and militarism which constitute such an important part of the fabric of internationalism, — such as the protection of hospital ships, the immunity of non-combatants at sea, and so forth, — Potsdam and American Socialism offered the same vain excuses and explanations. Never once was there any condemnation of Germany's conduct. Even the deportation into the worst kind of slavery of many thousands of Belgian workers called forth no protest. When President Wilson was urging Germany to respect the rights of all neutral nations, the official party organ, in big black headlines, called him 'The Maniac in the White House.'

It was quite proper that the party should oppose our entrance into the war. That was a legitimate exercise of the prerogatives of citizenship. But Socialist opposition to participation in the war by this nation did not need to be cast on the same model as the propaganda of the German secret service, and to adopt the excuses and sophistries of German diplomats and statesmen.

Following the declaration by Congress that a state of war existed between this nation and Germany, the Socialist party, at an Emergency convention attended by some two hundred delegates, adopted a resolution which cannot be regarded otherwise than as a repudiation of Socialist internationalism and an adoption of anarchist a-nationalism. Ignoring the assaults of Germany upon the fundamental rights of this nation, it declared our declaration of war to be 'a crime against the people of the United States and against the nations of the world.' It placed our entrance into the war on a lower scale than Austria's war upon Serbia or Germany's upon Belgium: 'In all modern history there has been no war more unjustifiable than the war in which we are about to engage.' It declared that no single government was to blame for the war, and that the war was 'not the concern of the workers.' It made no distinction between the Belgian workers fighting to repel an invading foe and the German workers fighting to subdue a neutral and friendly nation. Utterly disregarding the great moral issues involved, which are of fundamental importance to any true internationalism, it called upon 'the workers of all countries to refuse support to their governments in their wars,' the Belgian as well as

the German! It warned the workers 'against the snare and delusion of so-called defensive warfare,' and declared that 'the only struggle which would justify the workers in taking up arms is the struggle of the 'working-class of the world to free itself from economic exploitation and political oppression.' In other words, only the Social Revolution justifies the workers in taking up arms.

This is the antithesis of historic Socialism. In the circumstances any successful propaganda in this country based upon this doctrine would be worth many army corps to the German military machine. Considered apart from the existing circumstances, simply as a statement of principles which should guide Socialists, the resolution is remarkable for its abandonment of the principles of internationalism which from the days of Marx have guided the movement. It places the Socialists who accept it in direct opposition to all uprisings and wars for national independence. According to this declaration of principles, no people can be justified in arming itself to repel invasion by barbarian hordes. Such a doctrine is subversive of civilization and morality, and no movement based upon it can ever gain the support of the best elements of mankind.

NARRATIVE OF CAPTAIN SILAS JONES¹

FROM THE LOG OF THE AWASHONKS

ON the 28th of December, 1833, I sailed on the ship *Awashonks* of Falmouth, bound to the Pacific on a sperm-whaling voyage. The *Awashonks* was one of the first-class ships in the whaling business, owned by Captain Elijah Swift and others of Falmouth, and commanded by Captain Prince Coffin of Nantucket. The first officer was Alexander H. Gardner and the second William Swain, also from Nantucket. I joined the ship in the capacity of third officer, and belonged to Falmouth.

The ship's company consisted of twenty-eight men, including the officers. A young man named Daniel Wood and a lad named John Parker were from Nantucket, and one lad named Thomas Gifford belonged to Falmouth. The remainder were from almost every section of the country.

During the first part of our voyage nothing of importance occurred, except that ill-fortune seemed to accompany us while pursuing the object we sailed for. We doubled Cape Horn after an ordinary passage, cruised down the western coast of South America and stopped at a port in lower Peru for refreshments. After leaving that port, we ran westerly, and whenever we had occasion to go to any port during the remainder of the voyage, it was to some of the islands in the middle and western part of the Pacific Ocean.

In May, 1835, after having made several unsuccessful cruises, we set sail

from the island of Tahiti bound to the northward, soon reaching the Equator. We cruised westward, and for three months were favored by fortune, having obtained in that time about four hundred barrels of sperm-oil. We had touched in the mean time at a number of islands in the King Mills group, and were accustomed to seeing many natives on board. At one time, in particular, while near one of the group, we captured three whales, and took them in; and the next day, while passing the islands, the wind fell away and left us becalmed about two miles distant.

The natives came off in great numbers, and I presume that at one time the number on board would exceed one hundred. They were the most destitute, degraded set of beings I ever saw, taking every piece of meat they could get hold of and eating it raw with as much eagerness as carrion hawks. But we never received any harm from them, always keeping men on station ready to suppress any assault from them.

After leaving this group, we experienced a very strong westerly current, — on some days setting the ship a distance of sixty miles in twenty-four hours.

On the first of October we were in 168 degrees of east longitude, on the Equator. Captain Coffin had determined to leave the ground, proceed to the northward to the coast of Japan, thence to the Sandwich Islands. We had been a few days on the passage when one evening he observed to me, while I was on my watch, that we

¹ This narrative is transcribed verbatim from the record of Third Officer, afterward Captain, Silas Jones. — THE EDITOR.

should probably see an island before morning, and gave me orders to keep a sharp lookout for it through the night. I asked him some questions about the island, but he had no knowledge of it except what he received from the chart. It was there called Baring's Island, in latitude $5^{\circ} 35' N.$, longitude $168^{\circ} 13' E.$, not inhabited.

The next morning, on the fifth of October, about sunrise, the man from masthead discovered the island ahead, about twenty miles distant, bearing N.N.E., wind from east. We made a course directly for it until night, when a squall came over and obscured the island till ten o'clock, the wind in the mean time being near southerly. We had expected to pass to windward of it, but when the clouds had passed off we found that we could not weather it with safety. Consequently we ran before the wind near the south shore to pass under its lee. The south shore extended from east to west about six miles, where it terminated in a sharp point around which, on the west side of the island, was an opening to a large lagoon, which extended a distance of four or five miles, leaving but a narrow belt of land or sea-wall of coral formation, no part of which would exceed half a mile in crossing.

When running down the south shore, we noticed among the rich foliage, which gave the island a very interesting appearance, many cocoanut trees and plantains. We also saw many natives running along the beach in the same direction as ourselves. When abreast of the entrance of the lagoon, three canoes were seen approaching. The captain then observed to the third officer that he would stop there an hour or two and endeavor to get some fruit, and gave directions to heave the ship to, headed from the land, a half-mile distant, with the main topsail to the mast.

The three canoes came alongside directly, each with three or four natives on board. Their contents, which was not more than three or four dozen cocoanuts and two bunches of plantains, were passed on board by them, they receiving in exchange pieces of hook, iron, ivory, and the like. They appeared satisfied with their trade and were all allowed to come on board.

The first who came up the side was their chief, as we supposed, by his seeming to exercise some control over the others and by his personal appearance. He was decorated with a string of teeth of some fish which he wore around his neck as beads are worn; his hair was done up in a peculiar style, and the lobes of his ears had been bored and the holes extended to the enormous size of two inches in diameter, in which was placed, on either side, a roll of yellow plantain leaf, not unlike a scroll of parchment. Around his loins he wore a string of grass which extended to his knees. The other men were in precisely the same dress with which nature had clothed them.

We endeavored to converse with them, but could not understand a word of their language, although we had natives of Tahiti on board. They were all well-formed, muscular men, of somewhat darker complexion than South Sea islanders generally, but in features and complexion approaching the Malay.

Directly after their coming on board, the captain ordered dinner although it still wanted a few moments to noon. He then, with the first two officers, went below to dine, ordering me to remain on deck, keep a lookout, and get an observation as the sun passed the meridian. The decks were left except by the helmsman and myself.

While I was engaged in getting an observation, the natives appeared to be somewhat frightened by the quad-

rant I held in my hand. It was new and shone very brightly. I presume they took it to be an instrument of warfare.

In a very few minutes the officers came on deck. I then went below. I told the captain other canoes were on their way to the ship. He then went on deck also. In the course of ten or fifteen minutes I went on deck and found that their number had increased to about thirty.

From the first of their coming on board, they appeared to give much of their attention to the iron work about the ship, and seemed to covet the articles in any form whatever. Attached to spars over the quarter-deck was a box containing fourteen cutting-spades, which it would be well here to describe. A cutting-spade is formed of a thin plate of steel, triangular in shape, having a long socket on the end, in which is inserted a pole. When completed it is about fifteen feet in length. When used for cutting whale overboard it is brought to a fine edge, and the mode of use is by a thrust, the same as a spear is used. As these spades were highly polished, the natives' eyes had rested upon them, and the captain, to gratify their curiosity, took one down and by signs showed them its use and placed it again in its box, which was about seven feet above the deck.

When I saw so many on board conversing in a tongue unknown to us and apparently much excited, I felt somewhat uneasy and placed myself in a position to watch their movements. I soon discovered one of their number bringing a war-club up the gangway, and immediately told the captain. He then addressed the first officer, giving orders to drive them off the deck. As the club came above the railing, I seized it, and after some struggle took it from its owner. I then saw them bringing another directly abaft me. I threw

the first overboard, and endeavored to secure the second. While I was contending with the savage, my attention was arrested by much noise behind me. Looking around, with much astonishment I beheld the natives making a rush for the spades, a number of them having secured one. Among them were the first officer of the ship and one of the seamen.

I instantly left the savage with the club and sprang for a spade also, and was fortunate in securing one and making my way out of the group unhurt, which I have since considered a miracle, as spades were flying in every direction.

As soon as I was clear of them I passed over the main hatches on the opposite side of the quarter-deck, which was entirely clear. As I ran aft I thrust my spade at one who stood in front of the cabin gangway. His eye was fixed on me, and he dodged the blow and the weapon fastened itself in the woodwork behind him. Before I could secure the use of it he had gained a hold upon it. Another soon came to his assistance, and the two having hold upon one end of the staff and I the other, they forced me aft to the stern. We were then brought to a stand as the weapon was too unwieldy to be turned in any other direction by two parties. In that situation I drew up to the near one, still holding the spade in one hand, and gave him a few severe blows in the face, and, although he was as desperate as a tiger, he made no resistance but left me and went in pursuit of another weapon. I suppose it was a method of warfare he was entirely unaccustomed to.

Before I could repeat the same process upon the second, I noticed on the lee side of the deck a native, who had just stepped on board, advancing toward me with a spear in his hand. At this time there was not a living man of the ship's company abaft the windlass

on deck. I then left the spade and ran forward. When passing the mainmast, another spade came for me from the opposite side of the deck. As I ran I looked around and saw three in pursuit. My feelings were much excited. I hardly knew where I was going until I saw one of the hatches off. I made a spring and landed on the lower deck in the forehold, barely escaping my pursuers.

In the forehold, I found three or four seamen making preparations for defense, with Mr. Gardner, the first officer, who addressed me, saying, 'Oh, dear Mr. Jones, what shall we do? Our captain is killed and the ship is gone!'

I do not recollect having made any reply to these remarks, although he was an officer whom I esteemed very much as a kind friend and a worthy man. My strength was completely expended. I seated myself; and then, having partially recovered, the thought occurred to me that, if we could get possession of the fire-arms that were in the cabin, there was still a chance for us. The distance between us and the steerage was stowed with large casks standing on end. The space between these casks and the upper deck, about two feet, was filled with a variety of articles such as barrels, lumber, wood, and so forth.

I immediately commenced breaking a passage, and in the space of a very few minutes reached the steerage, where I found the blacksmith, who was sick and had been off duty for a month or more. He was partially aware of what had happened and joined me in breaking through a door; and, to my great joy, we found the cabin free of natives. We then went directly to my room, which was at the foot of the cabin-stairs. In my chest I had a pair of large pistols and a few charges of ammunition, which the captain had given me some time previous, when we

had touched at other islands. It was the only ammunition I could readily lay my hand upon. After loading the pistols I placed them in the hands of the blacksmith, with orders to remain where he was and prevent any one coming down while I was getting the muskets ready. After looking in various places, I found a large tin coffee-pot filled with powder and a bag containing a few pounds of large buckshot. After charging the pieces, I called the blacksmith to me from my room, but received an answer from a young negro boy whose name was Charley who had, in the mean time, come from the forehold by the same passage as myself and said that, as he was passing the door, the blacksmith called him in, gave him the pistols, and had now gone between-decks.

At this time the natives were rejoicing over the victory they had won, the greater part having collected on the quarter deck; and such a noise as they were making over our heads would baffle all description. Some were singing, others were dancing, yelling, and pounding on the deck with poles and oars, and we thought at the time they were scuttling the deck; but such did not prove to be the case. They had discovered us in the cabin, and five or six were standing in front of the gangway with spades in hand. I fired the first charge through their midst, and if they had all been struck by lightning from heaven they could not have ceased their noise quicker than they did. The one who received the charge was helped to a seat in one of the boats which hung to the davits, and there he remained as long as he was on board.

We continued to fire a number of charges in quick succession, and every time they threw something in return; sometimes a spade, at others a harpoon, and once a spy-glass. We now numbered three in the cabin, the third being a

boy named John Parker, who had come from the forehold on hearing the reports of our pieces. With the assistance of these two boys, who deserve much credit for the coolness and dispatch with which they executed my orders, we could fire quite rapidly.

Looking out from the stern windows, we saw many canoes passing to and from the ship and the shore. Presently one approached within the distance of twenty yards of the ship's stern, with three natives in it; and although they all sat facing and looking directly at me as I leveled my piece, I was much surprised that neither of them manifested the least sign of fear whatever, not even changing their course, but came directly headed toward me, which convinced me that they were unacquainted with the kind of weapon I held in my hand. From the stern windows we kept up an effectual fire and stopped every canoe from reaching the ship, which was a great advantage gained by us.

While thus engaged, the fourth person, named Lewis, now entered the cabin. As he entered, he took from one of the boys a loaded piece and discharged it up the gangway, receiving, at the same time, a spade-wound severing one of the knee-joints. The smoke was so dense in the cabin that I was not aware of his presence until he called for help. I assisted him to a seat and placed a temporary bandage around his leg, and in that condition he assisted, voluntarily, in loading pieces for the remainder of the engagement. Lewis, an active able-seaman, possessing a happy, cheerful disposition, had gained the good-will of the whole ship's company, and his conduct here deserves notice. When the action commenced, he was on the lookout at the fore-top-gallant-head, and remained aloft until he heard the report of arms, when he came down within a few feet

of the deck. Seeing no possibility of reaching the cabin by the upper deck, he sprang from the rigging over the heads of the natives and landed on the fore-deck in the forehold. In the fall he was violently ruptured, and before he could recover himself received several slight spade-wounds, one of which divided one ear in two parts at right angles. Nothing daunted, however, he advanced speedily to the cabin, and although, after the loss of one leg, he was in a shocking condition, yet, for nearly an hour in which he was actively engaged, I never heard a murmur from him or saw in his countenance the least sign of pain. On the contrary, he imparted cheerfulness and animation to those around him.

Our situation in the cabin at this time was full of interest to ourselves, and the responsibility resting on our efforts appeared to stimulate each one with strength and vigor. We were armed with four muskets, two pistols, and two good boarding-knives, to be used in case they should make a rush upon us.

We now heard a violent crash on the starboard quarter, and looking out the stern window to ascertain the cause, I saw a boat lying in the water, bottom-up, which they had cut from the davits. We waited patiently until it cleared the stern, the ship now going one and one-half knots, when we saw two natives sitting astride the keel, one assisting a third who was in the water apparently crippled. We discharged a piece or two in that direction and they toppled off.

The fifth person, named Daniel Wood, now entered the cabin in a crippled condition. When the decks were cleared he had been driven forward with the ship's company on one side of the fore-castle, and when I left the deck was retiring abaft on the other. I saw him at the end of the windlass,

and he followed me directly into the forehold, not, however, until he had received with full force the blows of those weapons by which I had been driven forward. When this young man entered the cabin his strength was so exhausted by the loss of blood that he could render us no assistance whatever. By him I was told that the first officer was lying a lifeless corpse in the fore-hatchway, having received a mortal wound in the chest.

The next object called to our attention was the security of the helm. When the ship was hove to, the helm was put a-lee. The wind being very light and the sea perfectly smooth, it had remained in that position. Now we were convinced that some one was disturbing it, by the rattling of the chains which were used in place of ropes. I brought the breech of my gun to bear on the cabin floor and endeavored to discharge it directly through the deck; but owing to its vertical position and the inferior quality of the powder, I did not succeed until I had repeated the trial two or three times.

While I was thus employed, another person entered the cabin, who was no other than the blacksmith, who had deserted his post in time of danger, but now, when our party had become quite formidable, had returned to join us. He, perceiving my motions, took a loaded piece and brought it to as much of a level as he could in the binnacle. Both pieces were discharged at the same time and both were random shots, it being impossible to see the steering-wheel from the cabin. We thought our object gained, however, as we heard nothing more of the chains, and, looking from the stern windows, could see that the position of the rudder had not been altered so as to affect the ship's course materially.

When the natives had gained possession of the decks, they dispatched all

the canoes from alongside as fast as they came, with one native in each to bring reinforcements from the shore, and when we gained the advantage which the stern-windows afforded us, we completely stopped all communication between those on board and the shore. Those on deck, being much reduced in numbers, were now somewhat wary in presenting themselves to our view. We had occasionally fired from the skylight, which was open on the forward side; but this was now blocked up by the carpenter's tool-chest which they had thrown before it and secured in such a manner that we could not easily remove it. In this state of things I held a consultation with my confidant, Lewis, the result of which was the decision to go on deck.

Our number amounted now to six, but only three, besides myself, were able to walk or stand, and only two of these, young Parker and Charley, I could rely upon in time of danger. I gave them directions how to proceed and, placing about my person the two pistols, took a gun in my hand. The others were armed, each with a gun. We advanced up the gangway. When on the stairs, I heard the sound of feet in shoes on the deck, and paused. The next moment the muzzle of my piece was grasped by one of the boat-steerers named Perkins. I called his name. He exclaimed, 'Oh! Mr. Jones, I did not know you were alive.' He then said, 'They are all gone. They are all gone.'

I told him to take a piece from one of the boys, and we all mounted the top-rail. In a few minutes the natives appeared at the surface of the water in a compact body about sixty yards distant. We discharged all our pieces at them, and, wishing them a speedy passage to that port where so many of their friends had been consigned, we parted.

In narrating events thus far, I have

confined myself, with a few exceptions, to those that came directly under my own observation, and it will be necessary here to record those facts which subsequently came to my knowledge.

By such facts it would appear that only half or two thirds of the ship's company were on deck at the time the attack was made, the remainder being in the forecastle and one at each mast-head on the lookout. When the natives secured eleven out of fourteen spades, they drove all before them. Their first act was to kill the captain, which was instantly effected by nearly severing the head from the body. The first officer, who had a spade in his hand, thrust it through the one who had inflicted the blow on the captain; and before he could recover the use of it, was forced to retreat, and with him all those around him. The second officer, being further forward, did not notice their movements in time to make any resistance whatever, and, when the decks were cleared, he joined the others and all rushed forward together. The first officer and two or three seamen dropped down the forecastle, the second officer and three seamen went directly overboard, where they were soon destroyed, and others went aloft by the headstays. Such was the consternation caused by the attack that every one only thought of fleeing from danger and seeking safety for the moment.

Among those who were on the lookout was a boat-steerer named Perkins, who, being an experienced seaman, assumed command of those aloft and gave orders to brace the main-yard, which was easily accomplished by those forward as the main-braces run to the foretop, and by cutting many ropes a great portion of the sail was trimmed to the breeze, which was very light, however, giving the ship only one and one-half knots headway. He had watched the movements of the natives

closely, and when he saw them making preparations to leave, he descended; and the moment the last was gone he was on deck where, as I have before observed, he reported to me their departure. Before leaving, each native took some one or more articles, which were chiefly of iron. When ready, all leaped overboard together and swam as far as possible before rising to the surface. I was told by Perkins that they had thrown all their dead overboard, among whom was their chief, who was shot at the helm. It appeared that when the blacksmith and myself fired at random for the helmsman, the shot fired by him had the desired effect, which was quite remarkable, the shot passing through five different boards before it struck its object, in which it entered the right side and passed out the left breast. He dropped dead instantly and was thrown overboard. One of the lookout, being in the mizzen-top, saw distinctly the manner in which he was disposed of.

Soon after we came on deck from the cabin, I was told by Perkins that the second officer had been killed overboard. Finding that the command had devolved on me, I gave directions to keep the ship before the wind, one of my party going to the forecastle to give the joyful news that the ship again was ours. I would here observe that the condition of those in the forecastle had been a very hopeless one. By those who left the deck it had been reported that I was killed while in conflict with the two natives on the quarter-deck, and they also knew the fate of the master and the other officers. On the deck in the forecastle, there lay, weltering in their blood, four wounded men who were completely helpless, and they had no knowledge whatever of any means being used to liberate them from their prison, which was well guarded. Owing to the constant

yelling of the savages, the report of the firearms could not be heard by them. When they came up and saw me standing on the quarter-deck, they ran aft and in the height of joy exclaimed, 'My God! Mr. Jones, we are glad that you are left us!' and many expressions of praise to me, which it was impossible for them in the fullness of their joy to suppress. I mention this incident to show by what sudden impulses the mind of the sailor is often turned, as I was well aware that one or two of those very men who were the most lavish in bestowing praises on me and showing gratitude to their Creator for my preservation, would but a very short time before this have swung me at the yard-arm with pleasure. And these different feelings all sprang from the same cause, which was my endeavoring to do my duty. Perhaps I do the sailors, who often possess noble hearts, a grave injustice, to couple such characters with them. The well-bred seaman will always show the highest regard for the officer who in the discharge of his duty is guided by justice regardless of consequences.

When the ship's company had all collected, I ascertained that six had been killed or lost. Only two of these were on board, however, the captain and first officer. The other four had gone overboard. One of these, the second officer, was soon killed; another, being no swimmer, was immediately drowned; and the other two were last seen by the lookout at a distance of about sixty rods, still swimming; but there is no doubt that they were soon destroyed.

The first object that now claimed our attention was the care of the wounded. We brought them all into the cabin, and as there was no surgeon on board, I was compelled by necessity to perform that duty personally. Upon a close examination of their wounds I

came to the conclusion that out of seven wounded we should probably have to bury four in the course of a few days. I had never witnessed anything so shocking to my feelings, and their cases appeared to me as if beyond the reach of any skill which I could bring to their aid. Among them was a young man who had received the smallest cut of them all but the most immediately dangerous. A branch of the jugular vein had been severed and we were obliged to try many different methods before we succeeded in stopping the flow of blood; and when we had effected this, it was difficult to ascertain whether he was dead or alive. The wounds of the others were longer, varying from three inches to a foot in length and in most cases requiring the use of the needle, which operation I had to perform alone a part of the time, owing to my assistants being unaccustomed to such scenes. It was impossible for them to remain with me more than a few minutes before it was necessary for them to seek fresh air.

Toward morning, I had completed my task and consoled myself with the idea that we had done the best in our power for their welfare, except in the case of Lewis, whom I have before noted. I was fully satisfied that it was requisite that he should undergo the process of amputation immediately, and endeavored to convince him of the fact; but he preferred trusting to the chance of reaching port, where the services of a skillful surgeon could be obtained.

At the close of day we all assembled to perform the last and not least painful duty, that of committing to the deep blue sea the remains of our captain and first officer. It was both solemn and impressive. I know of no event calculated to impress one with the uncertainty of life more than such an occasion under such circumstances.

If one were there who did not sincerely thank his Creator for the preservation of his own life, he deserves not the name of man.

While the day lasted we had been steering a westerly course, although, it being near calm, we had as yet made only five or six miles from the land; and as soon as the shades of evening closed upon us we changed the course to the north, to elude them in case they should attempt to attack us in the night, for which event we were well prepared. All continued calm until two A.M., when a fine breeze sprang from the eastward, and before sunrise we had left the island far behind us.

The next day was the sixth of October. The breeze continued fresh and every preparation was made to proceed to the Sandwich Islands with all the speed possible. I had appointed two of the boat-steerers to act as officers and we sailed along finely until late at night, when the cry of 'Land,' was heard. I ran on deck and found it was very near us, and we put about and lay by until morning, when we saw a number of islands called the Elmore Group. This group consists of about twenty islands, varying from one half to a mile in length, thrown upon a coral bank which extends from north to south a distance of twenty miles. The space between them is very shallow water, with a fine clear bottom. As we ran past them under their lee, with a good breeze, smooth water, and all sails set, we saw many canoes put off for us, a half dozen or more from each island. They all fell short of us except one, which came quite near us; and as we could not converse with them I made signs for them to return to the shore; upon which they appeared much displeased and endeavored, by holding out some articles which they had brought with them for trade, to gain a passport on board. As they could pull

their canoes much faster than we were sailing, they made repeated attempts to gain the side, but were as often warned off. They finally became very angry, showed us some frightful grimaces, and gave up the pursuit. My men, who were standing around me with loaded arms, were very impatient, and would have cheerfully disfigured their countenances when they were grinning at us so horribly, had I given my consent; but I did not wish to injure them without cause, well knowing that they would seek revenge at the first opportunity that presented itself.

The tack upon which we were now sailing was somewhat dangerous, and under ordinary circumstances it would have been imprudent to run during the night. But, as the weather was excessively warm, it was necessary for the preservation of the lives of those who were wounded to change the temperature of the air as soon as possible by running to the northward; and, depending upon a sharp lookout, we proceeded on our course. The next night we saw land again and lay by until daylight, when a large cluster of little islands appeared before us, somewhat similar to the Elmore Group, except that there were more of them and they were much smaller, some of them being only a few hundred yards in length. The navigator must have been deeply impressed with their similarity to a swarm of those little insects, when he so appropriately named them the Mosquito Group. This group is all located on one coral bank which stretches far to the northward of the islands and on which the sea breaks constantly. While we were passing these islands many canoes put off for us, but as we were sailing with a good following breeze they were unable to reach us. The next day after leaving the Mosquito Group we passed in sight of a long chain of islands extending from

north to south a good distance. As we had no occasion to go very near them we did not ascertain their limits. They were called the Rodick Chain.

We had now fallen in with land so often when we wished to avoid it, that the confidence which the ship's company had placed in me as a navigator became very much diminished. But I did not wish to establish myself in their opinion in that respect, knowing that our safety during the night depended very much on a good lookout, the charts of this part of the Pacific being of little or no use to the navigator. Perhaps one reason for their doubting my qualifications as a navigator was my want of experience, as I had performed only one sea voyage prior to this, and that as a seaman before the mast. Also, at this time I was but twenty-one years of age.

One night, while passing not far from a group of islands called the Piscadores, I had remained on deck very late. Thinking we were about clear of all danger, I went below to seek repose, leaving orders with the officer of the watch to call me at a stated hour. I had only time to get in a comfortable doze when he hurriedly called me and said that land was close aboard. I ran on deck and found the ship's company, who had received the alarm and many of whom had forgotten their toilets, all on deck forward. I coolly asked where the land lay, when a dozen men at once said, 'There it is,' pointing about two points off the weather-bow. I said I could see nothing that appeared like land. They thought it very singular when they could see it so distinctly. Some of them could see the breakers heave up on the sand beach, and others, whose imagination was still more expansive, could distinctly discern lights. The ship continued on her course, and had any land been visible we should have lessened the dis-

tance more than half. Finally they were forced to acknowledge that their eyes had deceived them, and I for the first time noticed this as one of the many instances which show how far the imagination will extend when aided by fear.

After leaving these chains of islands, we continued on our northerly course, free from danger, to the latitude of 32 N. and longitude 165 E., and although we had been many days on our passage, we were yet over two thousand miles from our port of destination. The wounded men were doing well, except Lewis, who continued to decline until mortification set in, and that soon carried him off. He died in forty days from the time that he was wounded.

The next day after he was buried, I discovered that mortification had begun on the person of a young man named Wood, which was a cause of much anxiety to me, as I could think of no means within our reach to prevent its extension. It was seated directly by the side of the spine, below the shoulders. After spending much time in consulting different authors, who all recommended amputation as the only sure preventative, and thinking that the process of amputation when applied to the spine would not produce very favorable results, I came to the conclusion that burning would be the only available means. As he was not aware of his dangerous condition, I waited until he had dropped asleep; then, securing him firmly to his bed and waking him, I applied a red-hot iron to the part affected. Although the operation was a short one, it was extremely painful; but it had the desired effect and he finally recovered.

On the twenty-fifth of November, after a passage of fifty days, we arrived at the port of Oahu.¹

¹ Old name of Honolulu.

HAUNTED LIVES

BY LAURA SPENCER PORTOR

I

It is my increasing belief, to which the careful observation and study of years give strength, that all lives may be said to be haunted in a greater or less degree by certain recurrent thoughts or influences or impressions or realizations, which, visiting and revisiting the chambers of the mind, probably from earliest years, come at last to dwell persistently with us, returning again and again like the French ghostly *revenants*, making free to haunt those long-closed rooms of the memory where once, it may be, they moved in the full daylight of consciousness and realization, as delights or dreads, joys or terrors of the soul.

'Two ideas,' says Pater, in writing of Leonardo, 'were especially fixed in him, as reflexes of things that touched his brain in childhood beyond the measure of other impressions — the smiling of women, and the motion of great waters.' And later on, 'He became above all a painter of portraits; faces of a modeling more skillful than has been seen before or since, embodied with a reality which almost amounts to illusion on dark air. To take a character as it was, and delicately sound its stops, suited one so curious in observation, curious in invention.'

So we seem to see Leonardo possessed always by the interest and beauty and meaning of faces, fascinated by the individuality, the infinite variety, the delicately interpretative meanings of them; reminiscent of the

charm of them; visited by a hundred recurrent lovelinesses of them; pre-occupied by their mystery; and above all, it seems, haunted and summoned by the lovely and enigmatic smiling of women.

To recognize this is to know much of Leonardo and his work; and even if we read no more of Pater's memorable essay, he has succeeded in these three sentences in bringing before us some impression of the essential man which is not readily forgotten, and has admitted us as it were to a partial knowledge of that great and diverse mind.

But all this is rare, very rare in biography. We write biography, for the most part, as we write history — with a leaning toward dates and successions of events.

M. Taine in the introduction to his *History of English Literature* makes a strong protest, it will be remembered, against this method of writing history. He cites Carlyle's *Cromwell* and Sainte-Beuve's *Port Royal* as examples of the opposite and more modern method. In these event and happening are given but secondary place; in these it is always rather the subtle underlying causes which are touched on with particular insistence. It is the tragedy of the soul of Cromwell which is so memorably recorded by Carlyle; and by Sainte-Beuve it is the intricate psychology of an entire institution which is laid bare.

It is according to this method, Taine argues, not only that history should be written, but also that we should study

the literature of any nation. He then proceeds through his several volumes to his memorable consideration of English literature, dwelling repeatedly on the psychology of the English people as it manifests itself in their literature. He calls attention again and again to certain recurring ideas or ideals which manifest themselves persistently in this particular race, which haunt it almost as an individual is haunted by certain not always definite, yet strongly formative influences.

All this is not very new in substance, yet in application it belongs distinctly to modern times. It falls in with the spirit of research and inquiry so active in the past half century, and announces as with prophetic voice — for it was written as much as fifty years ago — the psychology of nations, of which we only lately begin to speak with real seriousness.

We have long admitted, it is true, a certain psychology of eras — a kind of 'soul' of certain times, or 'spirit' of certain ages, manifesting itself diversely in diverse periods. And, quite as the name of an individual not alone summons to the mind that individual and no other, but connotes a particular personality, so such wide phrases as 'The Elizabethan Age,' 'The Renaissance,' 'The Homeric Age,' the 'Age of Chivalry' do not alone designate certain ages, but in each case connote some essential quality which went to render that particular age memorable and significant. This quality is found to be in every instance dependent upon some idea or ideal which, drawing its power often from unremarked and not always discoverable sources, moulds and fashions the thought and motives of the times.

So the art, the science, the religion, the philosophy of any given age, all these do but flower from causes that have their roots deep under the sur-

face; and he who would acquaint himself with any notable period must study, not so much the outward and obvious facts and happenings of that period, as the hidden and subtle forces lying beneath all these.

But if the true history of a people cannot be given, or the true spirit of an era be revealed by a mere citing of events, however important or carefully chosen, what shall be said of the futility of studying that infinitely more delicate thing, the history of a human soul, by method of index and compilation? Yet that is precisely what much of our accepted and well-credited biography amounts to, and we have little of what might be called the more modern method. One looks in vain in the average Lives of great men for any careful consideration or analysis of the remote causes or springs of personality.

Certain biographical facts are, it seems, expected and provided. These the average biographer sets out in a perfectly conventional order, somewhat as the host of the conventional inn (I hope I may be forgiven the comparison) sets out the usual *table d'hôte* in certain courses time-honored and anticipated. If the biographer is a well-known man, — if this be at the sign of Chesterton, or Colvin, or Birrell, or Gosse, — there will be added, without extra cost, the sprightly light wine of easy style.

In a well-known biography of Hawthorne we have for chapter titles the following: 'Early Years'; 'Early Manhood'; 'Early Writings'; 'Brook Farm and Concord'; 'The Three American Novels'; 'England and Italy' 'Last Years.'

In an equally well-known life of Keats, — and in lieu of something better it is perhaps the least unsatisfactory of them all, — we have, among other page and chapter headings,

'Leigh Hunt'; 'Determination to Publish'; 'Poems of 1817'; 'Margate'; 'Winter at Hampstead'; 'Doubts of Success'; 'Northern Tour'; 'Absorption in Love and Poetry'; 'Haydon and Money Difficulties'; 'The Odes'; 'The Plays'; 'Recast of Hyperion'; 'Last Days and Death.' It is true that there comes a whole chapter at the very last, under the promising title, 'Character and Genius'; but reading it hopefully, one finds but talk of 'self-control,' 'sweetness of disposition,' 'sympathy,' 'good sense,' 'honor,' 'manliness' — with a somewhat hackneyed reference to the Greek purity and the mediæval richness of imagery which characterize Keats's poetry, and a few words concerning his influence on a later age.

Now, considering the vivid and marvelous personality of the man, if these be not the bare bones and laboratory skeletons of biography, then I do not know bare bones or skeletons when I have sight of them.

No one questions that these are helpful if one is studying anatomy; that they may even be admitted necessary to an understanding of that timely temple of abode in which the fiery spirit for a while took up its residence; but to call this a 'life' of the man, which gives so little knowledge of his spirit's habits of living!

If I turn to a little volume of Shelley on my table, where only eighteen small pages out of five hundred and ninety-two are devoted, as it happens, to the same subject, and only at that to the closing incident of Keats's career, — his untimely death, — I find him spoken of in somewhat more adequate fashion.

I shall not quote the words metred out in verse, as they stand in the volume, but shall ask to be allowed to set them down as if they were mere running prose, as follows: —

For he is gone where all things wise and fair descend.

So much for the sense of shining and resplendent peace that comes with the going of so large a spirit! But let us read on. It is Urania now who is addressed concerning the poet: —

Thy youngest dearest one has perished; thy extreme hope, the loveliest and the last. The bloom whose petals, nipt before they blew, died in the promise of the fruit, is waste; the broken lily lies — the storm is overpast. The quick Dreams, the passion-winged ministers of thought, who were his flocks, whom near the living streams of his young spirit he fed, and whom he taught the love which was its music, wander not, wander no more. . . . And one with trembling hand clasps his cold head, and fans him with her moonlight wings, and cries: 'Our love, our hope, our sorrow is not dead; see on the silken fringe of his faint eyes, like dew upon a sleeping flower, there lies a tear some Dream has loosened from his brain.' . . . And others came, — Desires and Adorations, Winged Persuasions, and Veiled Destinies, Splendors and Glooms and glimmering Incarnations of hopes and fears and twilight Phantasies . . . all he had loved and moulded into thought from shape, and hue and odor and sweet sound, lamented Adonais. . . . He is made one with Nature; there is heard his voice in all her music, from the moan of thunder to the song of night's sweet bird; he is a presence to be felt and known in darkness and in light, from herb and stone, spreading itself where'er that Power may move which has withdrawn his being to its own; . . . he is a portion of the loveliness which once he made more lovely; . . . he is gathered to the kings of thought who waged contention with their times' decay, and of the past are all that cannot pass away.

And this further, this little bit about the poet's grave: —

Here pause, these graves are all too young as yet, to have outgrown the sorrow which consigned its charge to each; and if the seal is set, here, on one fountain of a mourning mind, break it not thou! . . .

From the world's bitter wind seek shelter
in the shadow of the tomb. What Adonaïs
is, why fear we to become?'

It will be objected that this is not biography at all, but poetry, and very famous poetry at that. I am aware, full aware of it. I have only to remark that, since there is a beating upon the gates and the starved people demand bread and there is none, 'Why then, let them eat cake!' There is perhaps more pure essence of biography in lines like these, which purport not to be biography at all, than in any pompous three-volume 'Life,' which comes decked in scarlet, and heralded by the trumpet-blasts of publishers well versed in the psychology of advertising.

Or take all these supreme lines away and leave me but that one by the same hand, 'The soul of Adonaïs like a star,' and I am not sure that I am not richer by that, than by many biographical chapters.

II

It has always seemed to me that the best possible biographer, even including the immortal Boswell, would have been Horatio. Ophelia might have been better still had she kept her poor senses. Even having lost them, she seems to do no less than draw back a shimmering veil from the soul and life of Hamlet in the few remarks she makes concerning him: 'Where is the beauteous majesty of Denmark?'

Horatio, never having dreamed, certainly, of writing an account of Hamlet's life at all, yet seems to set forth in his few words more of Hamlet than is to be found in all the commentaries. What is there not revealed in his 'Here, sweet lord, at your service,' and his 'O my dear lord!'

There is further evidence of his qualification, of course, in Hamlet's unforgettable words concerning him:—

'Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man
As e'r my conversation coped withal.'

and, at the very last, —

'Horatio, I am dead,
Thou livest; report me and my cause aright
To the unsatisfied.'

But that which fits Horatio more than all, it seems to me, to bring report to others concerning the life, the motives and character of his 'sweet lord,' is that he had long been aware of those fearful and familiar hauntings of his lord's mind — hauntings which, for the purposes of the play, must be dramatized into the very form of a ghost, but which were in reality something far subtler still, and less bodied. It was of these delicate and awful visitings that Horatio was, more than the rest, aware and sensitively expectant.

It is such an eagerness, such an expectancy, and such an ability as well, I take it, that are needed by him who would understand the life of any great man and would hope to interpret it to others. He who would give us an adequate study of any life whatsoever must, it would seem, reckon on and investigate those subtle hauntings of mind and spirit of which the biographers have, as yet, apparently, taken so little account, having left such investigations to be followed, and that only along somewhat morbid lines, by the psychiatrists and psycho-analysts.

For these, it is true, have recognized clearly that there are such hauntings, though they do not call them such. It is recognized by them that there is frequently an unconscious retention by the mind, and a repression within the unconscious self, of former striking and formative experiences. Freud and his followers tell us that an unpleasant or shocking experience, long dead to the conscious memory, may nevertheless return to haunt and newly shock and distress us when consciousness sleeps.

In dreams it is, they tell us, that morbid fears or hateful repressions or unlawful desires of all kinds return to move where they will, unhindered and invulnerable. In whatever scientific or psychologic terms we speak of these things, it all sounds very ghostlike, and the more so when one recalls that these haunting manifestations vanish at the awaking to consciousness, as ghosts at the crowing of the cock; then, be it ghost or old repression, 'the extravagant and erring spirit hies to his confines' once more.

The avowed task of the Freud school is the anticipation, the expectation, and at last the careful analysis of these morbid hauntings, these repressions and forbidden desires. It is the self-appointed task of the psycho-analyst to watch for these things, to recognize them, speak with them, and examine into their meanings and purposes, as Hamlet with the ghost of his father on the battlements of Elsinore. All this has been looked upon — rightly, no doubt — as epoch-making in the history of psychology, and more especially as it applies to the study and treatment of nervous and mental disorders.

But to deal only with the morbid hauntings of the mind is to look upon the gloom and night of things only. For, by the same token, it would seem there must be other presences not morbid; other haunting influences, not dreadful, but lovely. There must be without doubt many an exquisite or startling experience or impression, long since passed over into the world of our dead memories — perhaps the frail beauty of flower or leaf, some unearthly delicacy of laced moonlight on the floor of the forest, the spaciousness of dawn, the beauty of women, the kindly clinging touch of hands — some impression which found in us, in early youth it may be, a congenial abode,

and returning to us again and again (never in the full daylight of consciousness, but in a dim and twilight fashion, in some delicate haunting form 'as the air invulnerable'), obtains at last a ghostly possession of some chamber of the mind, holds from there a kind of subtle occupancy of our thoughts, in time a sort of dominion over our personalities, and even at last, it must be, exerts a definite influence upon our characters.

For it is precisely the exact and delicate response to such subtle visitings, whether it be a visiting of fear and dread or of beauty and delight, which, expressing itself in the individual's manner of living and taste for life, we call personality; which, manifesting itself in his art, we call style; which, exhibiting itself in his purpose and action, we call character.

It is in this sense, then, that the lives of all of us, and very especially the lives of the great, may, without fantastical imagery, be said to be haunted. And if this be true, then it is obvious that, without reference to such hauntings, no so-called 'lives' or biographies of great men can be complete.

III

It seems likely that the new criticism must more and more take into account these delicate and psychological reckonings; but meanwhile how shall we, the unelect, seeking unacademically among the lives of the great, become aware of these subtle influences which forever haunt the characters and the works of great men? How shall we put ourselves sensitively in touch with that which is so essentially characteristic; with those mysterious influences of personality which, working together, make, for instance, a poem of Arnold's a poem of Arnold's unmistakably, and a painting of Raphael's so much his

own that we are wont to speak of it as 'a Raphael'?

Again I turn to Horatio. There must first of all be in us, I believe, a deep love of the men whom we would know — 'O my sweet lord!' There must be on our part all that loyal and watchful friendship which would make any hearsay or report concerning them a matter of interest to us; further, there must be that full intimate companionship to be had, not by hearsay at all, but only by living day after day with these men and their works; and lastly, there must be in us a sensitiveness to spiritual and haunting presences in their lives — a patient and sensitive watching as it were upon the battlements of Elsinore.

If we turn from Leonardo, as Pater presents him to us, to another notable and equally strong type — to Isaiah; if we ignore all those facts usually insisted upon in biography; if we dismiss as less important the kings and rulers of his age and the dramatic yet negligible circumstances of his times; and if we give our attention rather to the subtle predilections and preoccupations of this great mind, we find Isaiah visited again and again, haunted unceasingly it would seem, by certain effects and meanings, and lovelinesses and memories of light.

Again and again we see him sensitive to its manifestations. Here and there throughout his writings we find him noting and delighting in its return, greeting it with relief and rejoicing, as after a long night's watching; calling to his people passionately to arise and waken from the darkness of their sins, holding up his own streaming torch, as it were, across their night, in shining prophecy of the better luminary already on the way, which was to be the light of the world.

'Arise! Shine!' he cries, 'for thy light is come and the glory of the Lord

is risen upon thee. . . . The People that walked in darkness have seen a great light; they that dwell in the land of the shadow of death, upon them hath the light shined Then shall thy light break forth as the morning. . . . And the Gentiles shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising. . . . The Lord shall be to thee an everlasting light, and thy God thy glory. . . . The sun shall no more go down, neither shall thy moon withdraw herself.'

His mention also of trees and their boughs and roots and branches is even more frequent still. Here, likewise, 'two ideas' seem 'especially fixed in him as reflexes of things that touched his brain in childhood beyond the measure of other impressions.'

When we study Dante carefully and watch with him also, we find him to have been, hardly less than Isaiah, haunted by the same loveliness, the beauty and meaning of light. For him not less, light would seem to have had a most insistent and spiritual appeal. Far too many to quote are his innumerable exact and sensitive descriptions of it, his careful and repeated observations of its gradations and delicate alterations. Memorably, too, he has it in mind in speaking of Saint Francis of Assisi, that sun of righteousness risen out of the mediæval night. 'Call it not Assisi,' he cries; 'if you would truthfully name it, call it the East because of the sun that rose there.'

Likewise, one who watches patiently and devotedly with Homer cannot but become sensible at last how his mind entertains constantly the thought and moving beauty of the various air. Perpetually, it must have been, he was haunted by the freshness and loveliness of it as it moved across the Ægean and the windy isles of Greece. Pure and awful, in the semblance of the blue-eyed Athena, it was the air which

passed among his Greek hosts at eventide, or went stirring among the serried ranks, reviving with a touch the old spirit in them; or in the tent of Achilles took him by the yellow hair, and directed him, a spirit and a presence.

Again and again throughout the Iliad and the Odyssey, the sensitive and watchful will note this persistency and preoccupation, this recurrent observation of the air in its manifold behaviors, as of something dear or memorable, from the swirling, snatching Harpies to the clean-breathed morning; from the sullen sultriness of Achilles' wrath — a stubborn heat that will not stir — to the swift flight of windy arrows cleansing the banquet-hall of Ithaca. So too, that divinity to whom he paid his most constant homage was Athena, goddess of knowledge and of the air, exquisitely typifying, not alone wisdom, but, as almost one with wisdom, the most moving and yielding of the elements.

How well by these things have we come to know Homer — who yet know not by seven chances even so much as the city of his birth! The bare facts of biography seem poor when compared with these preferences, these preoccupations and predilections of the very man himself.

So, too, though we knew little else about him, it were possible to take the full measure of St. Francis of Assisi by his haunting persistent love of brotherhood. Nothing else in all his deeds and words is half so strong. One even comes to believe that his devotion to his beloved Lady Poverty was — doubtless unknown to himself — rendered solely because it made him one of a larger fraternity and brother to a greater number of men. The fire that burned and seared him was his brother, even as was the beneficent luminary that warmed him. From his triumphant

salutation to his radiant 'brother the sun,' on down to the delicate and gentle admonishings of his 'little brothers' the birds and fishes, the thought of an unlimited and unfettered fraternity perpetually dominates his loving spirit.

In like manner I have noted in my many readings of Matthew Arnold that his mind seems to have responded with a peculiar sensitiveness, and been often subject to the sound and meaning of moving waters, and to the high destiny of stars. It would seem that 'the unplumbed, salt, estranging sea' came in time to have a definite power over him in the ordering of his images and even in the determining of his philosophies; that rivers flowing silver under the sun, or, unguessed, in subterranean chambers, became to him interpretative of life itself, and their course and channel and ultimate end a promise to his soul. It is not alone in his poetry that one finds the 'incognizable sea,' and hears so frequently of its coasts and beaches and sands and watery wastes and isles; of voyages and charts; the 'swinging waters and the clustered pier'; the ebbing and flowing of tides; and the still stars: one comes upon these in his prose not less, very especially and memorably in his *Study of Poetry*.

It may be argued that these might be mere favorite figures and symbols; but it is hardly thinkable, after a careful study of them, that they are not rather haunting influences and impressions having long a familiar access to the chambers of his mind, now taking him with his forsaken Merman, —

Down, down, down!
Down to the depths of the sea!

or with the Neckan beside the green Baltic, pointing out the sounding deeps, and the starry poles, and interpreting life's meanings by them.

So too, — to pass but lightly from one to another, — we can hardly read Chaucer devotedly without at length becoming aware how this poet seems to have been haunted by the idea of the freshness and loveliness of the day's awaking; his very heroes and heroines again and again seeming to partake of it, and to be like dawn themselves upon the hills.

Up rose the sun and up rose Emilie.

The 'yonge Squire' too, of 'twenty yere of age': —

Embroded was he, as it were a mede
All full of fresshe floures, white and red.
Singing he was, or floyting all the day.
He was as fresshe as is the moneth of May.

In his most delicate descriptions one feels the presence as of a breaking light, and the birds seem forever to sing in his green coverts.

It is the dawn and early morning of the year not less which is dear to him — and which he has chosen, perhaps by an election not wholly his own, as the season in which to order and assemble his famous pilgrimage.

When that Aprille with his showres swoote
The drought of Marche hath pierced to the roote

Then longen folke to gon on pilgrimages.

And so, out into the dawn of the year they go, making an immortal morning of it.

IV

Two more lives suggest themselves as especially rich in the testimony they bring of haunting influences which permanently moulded them — those of Keats and Rossetti.

It is well known how completely the early life of Rossetti came under the influence of the Florence of the Middle Ages, and how from the very beginning there fell athwart his life and across his very name the shadow of her greatest son. It is doubtful whether we gain

as much knowledge of him by a study of the modern times in which he lived, as by turning our attention to the history and ideals of the Florence of the time of Dante and Lorenzo de' Medici.

It has been said [writes Pater] that all the great Florentines were preoccupied with death. *Outre-tombe! Outre-tombe!* is the burden of their thoughts, from Dante to Savonarola. Even the gay and licentious Boccaccio gives a keener edge to his stories by putting them in the mouths of a party of people who had taken refuge from the danger of death by plague, in a country house. It was to this inherited sentiment, this practical decision that to be preoccupied with the thought of death was in itself dignifying and a note of high quality, that the seriousness of the great Florentines of the fifteenth century was partly due; and it was reinforced in them by the actual sorrows of their times.

A careful study of Rossetti reveals him also, like them, early and profoundly preoccupied with death. The richly lighted chambers of his mind are in their dark moments visited repeatedly by its pity and its melancholy. Space does not admit of citing here the many evidences; but if ever a mind was visited, preoccupied, and at last mastered by a strong idea, a dominant persuasion, the mind of Dante Gabriel Rossetti was so haunted — so dominated — by the idea of death.

When we turn to Keats's life and writings, they offer examples hardly less notable. For as Rossetti was haunted by the idea of death, so Keats would seem from the first to have been preoccupied by the idea of beauty. By his own memorable confession he had worshiped the spirit of it in all things; he has not the slightest feeling of humility, he says, toward anything in existence with three exceptions only: The Eternal Being, the Memory of Great Men, and the Principle of Beauty.

There is further and ample evidence

throughout his writings that he was perpetually possessed by certain definite forms of beauty; by the beauty of mead and moon, the wash of waters at their priestly task, the splendor of the night's starred face; but very especially and more often, it would seem, was he haunted by that most intimate and tangible of all lovelinesses — the loveliness of flowers.

There is constant reference to them, a constant recurring delight in them. Their influence again and again visited him and pervaded his most delicate observations. The memory of flowers again and again laid a detaining hand upon him, and must have ministered to him unrecorded in how many a night hour, mindful, reminiscient, with what gentle ministrings!

They bloom in his lines everywhere, familiar as the name of the beloved on the lips. It will be recalled that they stand among those things of beauty which he names with so much devotion as 'joys forever': 'daffodils, with the green world they live in' shedding an ethereal sunlight across the more sombre beauty of 'the dooms we have imagined for the mighty dead.'

So, too, 'hushed cool rooted flowers, fragrant-eyed,' touch his memory with an ever-freshening sensibility. The greatest pleasure he has experienced in life, he tells us, is in watching the growth of flowers; and to him — Hazlitt recalls — Hebrew poetry was faulty because it made so little mention of them; and for the converse reason, it would seem likely, Chaucer and Spenser were forever his delight.

What he specially longs for now, he writes, — he has been ill, and is within a year of his death, — is 'the simple flowers of Spring.'

In the same letter we get a glimpse of certain early personal associations not fully followed, which would seem to lend an added loveliness to flowers

which he had always found in themselves so lovely.

How astonishingly [he writes] . . . does the chance of leaving the world impress a sense of its natural beauties upon us! Like poor Falstaff, though I do not 'babble,' I think of green fields; I muse with the greatest affection on every flower I have known from my infancy — their shapes and colors are as new to me as if I had just created them with a superhuman fancy. It is because they are connected with the most thoughtless and happiest moments of our lives. I have seen foreign flowers in hot-houses, of the most beautiful nature, but I do not care a straw for them. The simple flowers of our Spring are what I want to see again.

He did see them once again, and then no more.

In the account of his drive to Rome, he who reads sympathetically must enjoy most, it seems to me, as doubtless Keats did, the autumn flowers which Severn gathered for him by the way and put into his remembering hand.

Lying quiet at the last, as Severn tells us, with his hand clasped on the white carnelian Fanny Brawne had given him, when all other presences seemed to have departed from him, — Love and Ambition having for the last time visited him, — and when life itself, with her hand already on the latch, stood ready to depart, there lingered yet awhile beside him that old sense of loveliness that had so often, even from earliest infancy, visited and haunted his spirit — the loveliness and friendliness of flowers. Already, in some vision of his spirit, he was laid down in their green world he knew so well and loved. 'I feel,' he said, 'the flowers growing over me.'

V

The observations I have suggested are here touched on but lightly, and in

passing. I have made no profound study of them, or of the infinitely subtle psychology that without doubt underlies such hauntings of the spirit. I have but known these men from childhood and from early youth have watched with them in many watchings. If there be one boast left me when I also shall go down into the darkness to which they have so long lent splendor, it may well be that these I have loved and have cherished with a whole heart, and would have served them if I could, than Horatio not less eager: 'Here, sweet lord, at your service.'

But be all that as it may, I am yet persuaded that it is by some such means as I have here touched on that all biography of the better sort must in time be written. Turn where we will among the great, we find facts of date and birth and schooling and death and all outward circumstance to have been the lesser factors. All these Time at last — the only lastingly considerable biographer — rejects and throws away. That which Time retains as precious and imperishable is rather some fine essence of the spirit, some essential personality built up and moulded by preferences, predilections, and prepossessions of a most highly spiritual order. The loves, the desires, the dear delights of men; the returning dreams, the recurrent longings that will not be gain-said; the dead and long-lost dreamings that revisit the glimpses of our moon — these are indeed the spirits of us, and our immortalities.

Nor is it only as aids to a more just analysis of the great that these infinitely subtle influences may be considered. *Plus on connaît de langues plus on est de personnes.* If the knowledge of another language gives one another life, as it were, — makes of one yet another person, — what may not be said to be added unto us by the knowledge

— not the mere speculation, but the intimate knowledge — of another soul, and that soul one of the great ones of the earth?

This can be had only by an intimate companionship, not with the mere flagrant facts, but with the spiritual visitings, the dear desires and predilections, which haunt all rich lives significantly, perpetually, even as they haunt life itself.

For life is but an infinitely ancient abode, haunted by recurring presences surpassingly spiritual; as he knows who has seen death pass in and out of the ancient chambers in the night watches, or who has heard the autumn rains how reminiscent in patient woodlands, or who has been aware of lovely springs long-gone keeping tryst at certain seasons with the evening star in the twilight, or has felt them stealing back, ghostly and exquisite, when the April crescent hangs thoughtful and remote above dark apple-boughs.

In life as in lives, the presences move dark and dread or shining and lovely; and in the lives of the great as in life itself the shining and lovely would seem to be the more constant visitants. It is not to be forgotten that, though Banquo knocks his fearful summons, and the murdered Dane speaks with hollow mouthings, yet drifting forms dance no less gayly and delicately on midsummer nights in woody hollows by the moon.

It is noteworthy and remarkable that even those among the great whose lives have been sombre with tragedy have been visited — indeed they often more than others — by recurring influences of a most haunting beauty, like Beethoven who with ears dull yet heard high symphonies, and Milton who with sight closed to all outward loveliness saw yet in the darkened chambers a vision as of squadrons of bright-harnessed angels ranged in order ser-

viceable, and knew the pastures and the silent woods to be full of sweet voices and light steps: —

Oh, friend, I hear the tread of nimble feet,
Hasting this way!

It is of all such haunting and recurrent presences, be they dread or lovely, that he who most knows life is most aware, and that he who would know the lives of great men must be most sensitively observant. These are the things that must be watched for faithfully and with a whole heart and a single devotion: 'Here, sweet lord, at your service!' Leaving all prejudice or interest of our own, it is for us, in studying the lives of great men, to make their affair ours as wholly as may be; and to forget ourselves in a knowledge so much more dearly to be desired.

And by no means, I believe, may this be done so surely as by a patient

study of those high elections, those persistent hauntings of mind and spirit which have influenced and, it may be, in so large a measure directed the lives of all great men; giving their mind its bent, their personality its leanings; often guiding, it must be, their motives, and suggesting their high behaviors; laying upon them, as the ghost upon Hamlet, purposes and duties thence never to be avoided, inevitably to be discharged; lending to their speech its lovely and brodered figures, or to the work of the hand its so memorable distinctions, and to all their activities that which we call 'characteristic' — something particularly and peculiarly their own; some chosen and essential and precious manner of expression which, mortal though they be, lives on, surviving them; and which is not to be found elsewhere in its kind or measure throughout all the rich and inexhaustible ages.

MR. THORNTON

BY ARTHUR RUSSELL TAYLOR

THE man with the string tie looked — and was — precisely the sort of person to call a book 'meaty,' and he was riding in the back seat of the country carriage with a man likely to call a book 'inept.' Which means that neither could possibly understand the other.

It was the burying of Alexander Moffatt, who at Selby's Corners had for years been joining house to house and field to field, and now desisted from that intense and silent job. For

Alexander's neighbors the future life was something mixed with musical instruments and pervaded by æsthetic joys. Alexander did not in the least fit into that — would not, as the postmaster had once remarked in another connection, 'corroborate' with that. He had left — or relinquished — his farms, and, when severed from them, utterly dissolved.

The man with the string tie — minister of the Baptist Church at Selby's Corners — had 'preached the funeral.'

The difficulty of the situation had been considerable, and the dead Alexander's face, with its bull-dog expression and perfectly straight-across mouth, had not helped. Therefore the minister had been noisy and emphatic beyond his wont. He had heavily ground in the austere fact of mortality, and at the end had made the most of 'not slothful in business,' and the circumstance that Alexander had been a good provider. After this a quartette with a terribly projecting alto had sung 'One Sweet Day.'

The other man was Alexander's nephew by marriage, representing a niece by blood who was sick and unable to come. He was a city lawyer, and looked the part in garments, face and carriage. His wife had long since sloughed all the characteristics of the Moffatt *stirps*. Such things are always happening in America.

The sepulture of Alexander had impressed the proxy mourner as a fascinating clinic in folk-lore. At the house he had dimly recalled something of Kipling's about pagan rites and American middle-class burials, and something else of Spencer's about the need of a professional religious class to keep alive the sense of mystery in the breed. At the grave the service had been in charge of the Independent Order of Bisons. Their ritual had been stickily sentimental, and their chaplain had made more than one impressive reference to 'the diseased.' Then they had, man by man, deposited small white cloth cut-outs of buffaloes in the grave, and withdrawn.

'Just like the South Sea Islands!' thought Alexander's nephew. 'These people know about telephones and all that; but after all, it's about the same.'

Now, on the way back from the cemetery, the two ill-assorted passengers had nothing to say to each other. The

gulf between them so asserted itself as to discourage even talk about the weather. The driver turned conversational and came to the rescue.

'Well, Reverend Bowles,' he observed, 'Alick's gone to his reward, all right.'

The minister squirmed.

'Most too good to damn, an' yet hardly good enough to save. He give thirty dollars toward the new hose-cart an' helped on the uniforms for the silver cornet band. *You* know how he laid 'em all out at the big festival you had for foreign missions. An' yet, if he was after a farm, my, how anybody got stepped on that come in his way — widows or orphans or anybody! It's going to be some job for the Almighty to sift things out with Alexander.'

'Why should you think any Almighty must sift things out?' inquired the nephew by marriage.

The Reverend Mr. Bowles, delighted to have Alexander pushed into the background, and not displeased by a promising scent of battle, instantly unlimbered.

'The Word,' he answered in a tone pugnaciously pious, 'the Word. Romans fourteen and ten says we shall stand before the judgment seat, and Second Corinthians five and ten says the same and more, too; and Hebrews nine and twenty-seven tells how "it is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment." Then there's John's Revelation, which says right out, "The books shall be opened," — books, understand. See, too, Matthew twenty-five, thirty-one to end.'

Mr. Bowles felt it a happy circumstance that he had preached on this subject at Conference only the week before.

The driver was a happy man. At his livery and feed establishment he had heard that 'the new Reverend,' lately come to the Corners, was mighty in the

Scriptures, and that he owned above three hundred books. Would he put it all over this city chap?

'I see,' said the lawyer pleasantly. 'You get this out of certain old writings which are authority for you. Millions of other people, in blocks of varying sizes, get something quite different out of other old writings which are authority for them. Millions more of us get something still more different out of no writings at all. Are you entirely sure that all these millions are wrong, and that you alone and those with you have — excuse me — picked out the ace?'

Mr. Bowles had never preached about anything like this, and did not readily find a text. He came back, however, after a pause, with words averring that spiritual things must be spiritually discerned.

'I see,' said the lawyer again. 'You *have* picked out the ace. And when any one has done that, there's nothing more to say. Do you mind if I light a cigar?'

Mr. Bowles did mind, but did not say so; and he did not understand why, with his shots so well aimed and so vigorously sped, he did not feel more comfortable.

'Look here,' he began, 'Mr. — ah — Thornton.'

'Mr. Thornton, this blessed book,' — he held up his Bible, — 'written with the finger of God and declaring the whole counsel of God, says we shall all stand before the judgment seat and all give account. It tells of a worm that dieth not and of the wrath of the Lamb. It' —

'Oh, yes, I know,' interrupted the lawyer. 'It tells of a great many things like that, and what it says about them *may* take hold — doubtful, though — of three tenths of the present population of this country. You belong to the three tenths. The other

seven tenths of us quietly go our own ways, leaving you happy with the ace — which for us is really the two-spot. In this matter of the after-death,' — he blew a column of smoke in the air, — 'the seven tenths of us just don't know anything about it, — *anything*. We know we're here, and that's all. Even with the three tenths, or a good many of them, you'd find, if you were to peel off the wrappings, that all they really know and are sure of is that they're here. They would n't bet or stake their lives on anything more. Put them up against a crisis and see. Of course there are a few people, like Oliver Lodge, who think they've broken through into something, but' —

'Who,' heatedly demanded Mr. Bowles, finding his voice at last, 'who is Senator Lodge compared with the Apostle Paul?'

'The Apostle Paul remains faintly part of "the current prejudice," as John Morley once called it. He talks about judgment seats and somebody to stand before them after dying, and we respectfully let him talk, just as we respectfully go to funerals and respectfully listen to impossible things. You three tenths have the only opinion that is *organized*, — there it is, — but the real general *conviction* is miles and miles away from it. The bed-rock is, that we know we're here. When it comes to the scratch, that is all that the seven tenths of us — yes, and more — will bet on or stake our lives on. Put almost anybody against a crisis and see.'

The driver stopped his horses at the Empire Hotel, and left his passengers at that hostelry. Mr. Thornton, making ready for supper, repeated, 'We're here, and that's all.'

Mr. Bowles felt that he had been in conversation with a damned soul.

Down at the stable the driver made report to certain interested friends:

'The new Reverend is certainly hell on the Bible. What sent him to the ropes was the lawyer's gittin' him off the track — away from the subject. Their way, you know.'

The Empire Hôtel burned that night, making for Selby's Corners what the setting up of Angelo's David made for Florence — a new date from which to reckon time. The lawyer and the minister, who perforce had stayed over night, since the railroad's one daily train would not leave until morning, were the only persons sleeping on the third floor. Awakened by the yells of the entire population, they threw open their room doors, only to recoil before thick clouds of choking smoke. Thornton crept on hands and knees down the narrow hall to a window. Leaning out to breathe, he felt presently beside him another man, — the minister, — who in utter panic began to babble incoherent prayers.

'O God!' he shrieked, 'remember thine ancient mercies! Remember I'm in the ministry — a family, too, O God, you know that! I can't die — just can't die and go away from all I know to what I don't know! I've got work to do here — your work! Get me out of this, God — quick!'

'Quiet, man!' said Thornton. 'You want your head.'

'The stairs are gone,' wailed on the

minister, 'and we're thirty foot from the ground! There's fire belchin' out from the window under us, too! To die!' — the wail passed into an appalling screech — 'To die, die, die! Where are you — are you anywhere, God?'

The ends of a ladder pushed up through the smoke to the window-ledge. A roar of voices came from the crowd below, and one above all others: 'Quick, before it burns! Quick, for God's sake, quick!'

'On to it, you!' said Thornton to the collapsing Bowles. 'You have children and I have n't. Hurry!'

Bowles swung over the ledge, still babbling. He began to make his way down. Little flames were licking at the ladder's sides and rungs. Five feet below, he looked back at the window, and, as the craven self for a moment cleared out of his features, saw Thornton's face, with a look on it he never forgot — a look to last any man's life. He knew only that it was big — too big for him to understand.

'But you'll die,' he screamed as he descended. 'I'm to live, but you'll — die!'

'No!' called back Thornton, above the crackle and through the smoke. 'I'm up against it and I've changed my mind! I know I'm here, and more than here — more! I shall not die!'

And the building fell in with a crash as Bowles stood safe on the ground.

THE AXE-HELVE

BY ROBERT FROST

I've known ere now an interfering branch
Of alder catch my lifted axe behind me.
But that was in the woods, to hold my hand
From striking at another alder's roots,
And that was, as I say, an alder branch.
This was a man, Baptiste, who stole one day
Behind me on the snow in my own yard
Where I was working at the chopping-block,
And cutting nothing not cut down already.
He caught my axe expertly on the rise,
When all my strength put forth was in his favor,
Held it a moment where it was, to calm me,
Then took it from me — and I let him take it.
I did n't know him well enough to know
What it was all about. There might be something
He had in mind to say to a bad neighbor
He might prefer to say to him disarmed.
But all he had to tell me in French-English
Was what he thought of — not me, but my axe;
Me only as I took my axe to heart.
It was the bad axe-helve some one had sold me —
'Made on machine,' he said, ploughing the grain
With a thick thumbnail to show how it ran
Across the handle's long-drawn serpentine,
Like the two strokes across a dollar sign.

'You give her one good crack, she's snap raght off.
Den where's your hax'-ead flying t'rough de hair?'

Admitted; and yet, what was that to him?

'Come on my house and I put you one in.
What's las' awhile — good hick'ry what's grow crooked,
De second growt' I cut myself — tough, tough!'

THE AXE-HELVE

Something to sell? That was n't how it sounded.

'Den when you say you come? It's cost you nothing.
To-naght?'

As well to-night as any night.

Beyond an over-warmth of kitchen stove
My welcome differed from no other welcome.
Baptiste knew best why I was where I was.
So long as he would leave enough unsaid,
I should n't mind his being overjoyed
(If overjoyed he was) at having got me
Where I must judge if what he knew about an axe,
That not everybody else knew, was to count
For nothing in the measure of a neighbor.
Hard if, though cast away for life 'mid Yankees,
A Frenchman could n't get his human rating!

Mrs. Baptiste came in and rocked a chair
That had as many motions as the world:
One back and forward, in and out of shadow,
That got her nowhere; one more gradual,
Sideways, that would have run her on the stove
In time, had she not realized her danger
And caught herself up bodily, chair and all,
And set herself back where she started from.
'She ain't spick too much Henglish — dat's too bad.'
I was afraid, in brightening first on me,
Then on Baptiste, as if she understood
What passed between us, she was only feigning.
Baptiste was anxious for her; but no more
Than for himself, so placed he could n't hope
To keep his bargain of the morning with me
In time to keep me from suspecting him
Of really never having meant to keep it.

Needlessly soon he had his axe-helves out,
A quiverful to choose from, since he wished me
To have the best he had, or had to spare —
Not for me to ask which, when what he took
Had beauties he had to point me out at length

To insure their not being wasted on me.
He liked to have it slender as a whipstock,
Free from the least knot, equal to the strain
Of bending like a sword across the knee.
He showed me that the lines of a good helve
Were native to the grain before the knife
Expressed them, and its curves were no false curves
Put on it from without. And there its strength lay
For the hard work. He chafed its long white body
From end to end with his rough hand shut round it.
He tried it at the eye-hole in the axe-head.
'Hahn, hahn,' he mused, 'don't need much taking down.'

Baptiste knew how to make a short job long
For love of it, and yet not waste time either.

Do you know, what we talked about was knowledge?
Baptiste on his defense about the children
He kept from school, or did his best to keep —
Whatever school and children and our doubts
Of laid-on education had to do
With the curves of his axe-helves and his having
Used these unscrupulously to bring me
To see for once the inside of his house.
Was I desired in friendship, partly as some one
To leave it to, whether the right to hold
Such doubts of education should depend
Upon the education of those who held them?

But now he brushed the shavings from his knee
And stood the axe there on its horse's hoof,
Erect, but not without its waves, as when
The snake stood up for evil in the Garden, —
Top-heavy with a heaviness his short,
Thick hand made light of, steel-blue chin drawn down
And in a little — a French touch in that.
Baptiste drew back and squinted at it, pleased:
'See how she's cock her head!'

ABIGAIL ADAMS

THE PORTRAIT OF AN AMERICAN LADY

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD

I

THE wife of President John Adams and the mother of President John Quincy Adams is sometimes accused of being more man than woman in her temperament. This is a mistake. She was a woman and a charming one, even in an age when there was no offense in saying that women differed from men in their hearts as well as in their garments.

She had a large and varied life. Starting from a peaceful New England parsonage, where she learned the love of God and good breeding, she passed a quiet girlhood, then plunged, in her early married days, into the fierce, tumultuous vortex of the Revolution, managed her family and estate during her husband's long periods of absence, stood at his side in the presence of the sovereigns of Europe, reigned as the President's wife over the society of Washington, and shared the long post-presidential retirement in the Quincy home. She was always adequate to every situation, and said the word and did the deed that dignity and high patriotism required of her. But it is impossible to read her many letters and not feel that through it all she was charmingly and sensitively and delicately a woman.

She herself required and appreciated the softer elements of the feminine character. In England she complains

somewhat of the lack of these qualities. 'The softness, peculiarly characteristic of our sex, and which is so pleasing to the gentlemen, is wholly laid aside here for the masculine attire and manners of the Amazonians.' She herself is feminine in the deeper things of life, in the tenderness of her affection and in the bitterness of her mourning, when those she loves are lost to her, as in her profound grief over her mother's death. She is feminine, also, in those lighter trifles of fashion and dress which are supposed — by man — to form the larger part of woman's conversation and correspondence.

She was a thorough woman in her domestic interests — in that busy, often trivial care, which sustains the unconscious felicity of home. She looked after her husband's comfort as well as his greatness. In the midst of shrewd advice as to his moral bearing among those who were making the American nation, she murmurs a housewife's anxiety about his personal appearance: 'I feel concerned lest your clothes should go to rags, having nobody to take any care of you in your long absence; and then, you have not with you a proper change for the seasons.' She felt sometimes a little impatiently the tumult of nothings which makes up domestic life. Her health? She believes she has little health. 'Much of an invalid,' she calls herself casually; and elsewhere admits that her

'health is infirm,' and that she is not 'built for duration.' But, bless me, she has no time to think about health, or talk about it, or write about it. The machine must go as long as it will.

How apt and vivid is her account of the interruptions that puncture the whole course of her home existence! She rises at six o'clock and makes her own fire, 'in imitation of his Britannic Majesty.' She calls the servants—repeatedly—and notes that in future she will hire only those who will stir at one call. Breakfast gets on the table. She would like to eat it. A man comes with coal. A man comes with pigs. Another man comes for something else, and another. Meanwhile, where is breakfast? And what flavor has it? 'Attended to all these concerns. A little out of sorts that I could not finish my breakfast. Note; never to be incommoded with trifles.' You think you are reading Madame de Sévigné.

Yet she loves her home with all a woman's true deep affection. Men often claim a specialty in home-loving and decry a woman's restlessness. They do not realize that they shake off the burden of life when they enter their own doors. A woman takes it on. Yet few men's love is really deeper than a woman's for the home she has created and every day sustains. It was so with this lady. There are cares, indeed. But what is life without cares? 'I have frequently said to my friends, when they have thought me overburdened with care, I would rather have too much than too little. Life stagnates without action.' And though she saw and knew all the diversions of society and all the heights and depths of the great outer world, she clung steadfastly to the simplest maxim of a woman's heart. 'Well-ordered home is my chief delight, and the affectionate, domestic wife, with the relative duties which accompany that character, my highest ambition.'

And as she was a woman in her love of home, so she was thoroughly a woman in her love of her children and in her care for them. When they are ill, she watches at their bedsides with the tenderest solicitude, delights in their recovery, and mourns almost beyond consolation over those who are untimely snatched away. She herself superintends their early education, and most watchfully and thoughtfully. She does indeed regret her own lack of book-learning, because she has none to impart to her daughters; but perhaps, even in this regard, she was less deficient than might be supposed. She keeps little Johnny at her knee reading aloud Rollin's *Ancient History*, and hopes that he will come to 'entertain a fondness for it.' She vastly prefers Dr. Watts's *Moral Songs for Children* to 'modern frivolities of "Jack and Jill" and "Little Jack Horner."' Would she have liked 'Rollo,' I wonder, or would she not?

Whatever the value of her literary teaching, her moral lessons were as homely, as sturdy, and as lofty, as those of a matron of Plutarch. On this point she was fully supported by the resonant precepts of her husband. 'Root out every little thing. Weed out every meanness. Make them great and manly. Teach them to scorn injustice, ingratitude, cowardice, and falsehood.' But she needed no precepts from any one. Out of her own heart she taught these things; and her apostrophe to her son, when he left her for the great world, is simply the flower of lessons and influences established many years before: 'Dear as you are to me, I would much rather you should have found your grave in the ocean you have crossed, or that an untimely death should crop you in your infant years, than see you an immoral, profligate, or graceless child.'

If one wants evidence of this mater-

nal loftiness and maternal tenderness combined, one has only to open the *Diary of John Quincy Adams* and see how reverent, how affectionate, and how obviously sincere are the numerous references to his mother's care and devotion. 'My mother was an angel upon earth. She was a minister of blessings to all human beings within her sphere of action. . . . She has been to me more than a mother. She has been a spirit from above watching over me for good, and contributing by my mere consciousness of her existence to the comfort of my life.' — 'There is not a virtue that can abide in the female heart but it was the ornament of hers.'

Yet the younger Adams was not one inclined to overestimate human nature, even in those most nearly bound to him. His devotion to his mother's memory was as persistent as it was profound. When he himself had reached his seventy-sixth year, the mere hearing some of her letters read threw him into a state of almost indescribable excitement. 'I actually sobbed as he read, utterly unable to suppress my emotion. Oh, my mother! Is there anything on earth so affecting to me, as thy name? so precious as thy instructions to my childhood, so dear as the memory of thy life?'

We may safely say, then, that this was a true woman in her home and in her motherhood. She was a woman likewise in the freshness and vivacity and spirit of her social relations. When she writes to her granddaughter, 'Cultivate, my dear, those lively spirits and that sweet innocence and contentedness, which will rob the desert of its gloom, and cause the wilderness to bloom around you,' we know that she herself had cultivated these things with assiduity and success. She was in no way dependent upon society, and there were times when she distinctly shrank from it — when its duties were a bur-

den and its form and ceremonial a wearisome embarrassment. Her happiest, sunniest hours were no doubt passed with her husband and children in the busy retirement of her Quincy home. But at different periods of her life she was called upon to mingle in all sorts of social circles, the loftiest as well as the most brilliant, and everywhere she bore herself with the grace and ease and dignity of a refined and accomplished lady.

She had that essential ingredient of the social spirit, a woman's quick sense of the varied interest of human character and sympathetic insight into the workings of the human heart. And she had, also, a rare power of expression, so that her account of striking scenes and distinguished people has often something of the snap and sparkle of Lady Mary Montagu or Madame de Sévigné. How admirable, for instance, is her picture of Madame Helvetius, the friend of Franklin, ending, 'I hope, however, to find amongst the French ladies manners more consistent with my ideas of decency, or I shall be a mere recluse.' Or, for a briefer sketch, take that of Mrs. Cranch, who is 'a little smart, sprightly, active woman and is wilted just enough to last to perpetuity.'

And Mrs. Adams's thorough womanliness showed, not only in her personal relations, in her daily interests, in her social glitter and vivacity, but in deeper and more subtle sensibilities, which many true women are without. She had excellent control over her nerves; but the nerves were there and show through all her mastery. She would have readily admitted, with the heroine of Shakespeare, that she was

A woman, naturally born to fears.

Or, as she herself puts it, 'I never trust myself long with the terrors which sometimes intrude themselves upon

me.' The nerves responded to all sorts of other stimuli also. To art, perhaps, not so much. The early training of Puritan New England did not altogether fit nerves for æsthetic sensibility. Yet her enthusiasm over the opera in Paris is far more than a mere conventional ecstasy, and the possibilities of music for her are richly suggested in a casual sentence: 'I cannot describe to you how much I was affected the other day with a Scotch song, which was sung to me by a young lady in order to divert a melancholy hour.'

Nature touched her even more than music. The poets she knew were those of the eighteenth century, and her formal description has rather too much of eighteenth-century 'zephyrs' and 'vernal airs.' But it is easy to get through this to her real, deep love of bare New England pastures and wide meadows, and the homely countryside that had woven itself into her life. And as the nerves thrilled to old Scotch tunes, so they quivered and melted under the coming of May days. 'The approach of spring unstrings my nerves, and the south winds have the same effect upon me which Brydone says the Sirocco winds have upon the inhabitants of Sicily.'

In short, she was a shifting, varying, mercurial creature, as perhaps we all are, but she certainly more than many of us. 'Oh, why,' she exclaims, 'was I born with so much sensibility, and why, possessing it, have I so often been called to struggle with it?' One moment she is 'lost and absorbed in a flood of tenderness.' The next, 'My heart is as light as a feather and my spirits are dancing.' To-day she writes, 'I am a mortal enemy to anything but a cheerful countenance and a merry heart.' And then to-morrow, 'I have many melancholy hours, when the best company is tiresome to me and solitude the greatest happiness I can enjoy.'

So it can hardly be claimed that she was too stoical and too philosophical and too stern-hearted to be a woman.

II

But Mrs. Adams lived in a tremendous time. In her early married years her husband's political duties left her alone to do both her work and his in the midst of difficulty and danger. Later she was called upon to stand by his side through great crises of statesmanship, and to give him counsel in triumph and comfort in defeat. She performed all these functions nobly, and to do it required something more than the usual feminine contributions to domestic felicity. She had a woman's heart, a woman's nerves, a woman's tenderness. But little indeed of what a man requires to make his way in life was lacking to her.

She had a high and fine intelligence. Elaborate education she had not, nor any woman in that day. She herself complains that she was not sent to school, that ill-health prevented any systematic mental training, that reading and writing and the simplest arithmetic, with a few accomplishments, were all that was thought necessary for her or any of her sex. In later life she bewailed this state of things and urged that a wide and rational spiritual culture was as necessary and as suitable for women as for men.

But we all know that education does not make intelligence and that natural intelligence can supply almost everything that education gives to either man or woman. After all, schooling is but an inadequate and apologetic substitute for brains. Brains Mrs. Adams had, and needed no substitute. From her childhood her keen and active wit was working, observing, acquiring, rejecting, laying by for future use. She was always a wide reader, read and

quoted Shakespeare and Pope and the eighteenth-century poets and essayists. Above all, she read the Classics — of course in translation; even writers minor or less known, like Polybius. Plutarch she nourished her heart on, and when she signed her letters to her husband, 'Portia,' it was partly an eighteenth-century affectation, but much more that the iron of old Roman virtue had entered into the very tissue and fibre of her soul.

Also, her intelligence reached far beyond books. She had that penetrating, analytical instinct, which plucks wisdom from the actions and motives of man, and which especially lays the foundation of such wisdom in a close, dispassionate consideration of the observer's own heart. 'You know I make some pretensions to physiognomy,' she writes. The pretensions were justified. She saw many faces in her life, and read them attentively, curiously, and always with profit.

But the finest testimony to Mrs. Adams's intelligence is the letters addressed to her by her husband and her son. Both were men of wide and deep reflection. Both touched perpetually the gravest problems of statesmanship and of human conduct generally. Both discussed these problems with wife and mother as they would have discussed them together or with the wisest men of their time. Would this have been possible with any but a woman of the broadest grasp and keenest power of comprehension?

And the intelligence was progressive as well as vigorous. Mrs. Adams's energetic protest to her husband against the legal and political subjection of women in that day has been often quoted and justly praised. It is as dignified as it is energetic. 'That your sex are naturally tyrannical is a truth so thoroughly established as to admit of no dispute,' she says; and urges

such an adjustment of law as may check that tyranny. In religious matters there is the same broad, sober common sense. Mrs. Adams had been brought up in the strictest New England Calvinism, and always retained the intense earnestness of that creed and its disposition to try all things by the standard of conscience. But bigotry and intellectual cowardice were alike abhorrent to her, and she had no inclination to judge others harshly. 'True, genuine religion is calm in its inquiries, deliberate in its resolves, and steady in its conduct.' And besides common sense she infused into her piety something of that sunshine which was the sorest need of Calvinism and for want of which it perished. 'I am one of those who are willing to rejoice always. My disposition and habits are not of the gloomy kind. I believe that to enjoy is to obey.'

But vigorous and clear as Mrs. Adams's mind was in the abstract, its energy showed still more in practical matters, as was natural and necessary with the life she lived. We have seen that she could be perfectly contented with simple home-surroundings and regular pursuits. But she wanted neither sloth nor lethargy. 'Confinement does not suit me or my family,' she wrote to her granddaughter. And again, 'Man was made for action and for bustle, too, I believe. I am quite out of conceit with calms.'

She had her share of furious housewifery, and no sooner gets on board ship than she sets to work with 'scrapers, mops, brushes, infusions of vinegar, etc.,' to produce the neatness and order which she maintained daily at home without such appeal to violent measures.

And her domestic economy went far beyond mops and brushes. During her husband's long and necessary absences, she undertook, not only the ordinary

duties of wife and mother, but the general management of farms and property, and performed these functions most efficiently, as is shown by the commendation which she receives from her loving partner quite as frequently as advice. She makes purchases and sales, she hires help, she garners crops. Through it all she carries her own burden and avoids, so far as possible, filling her letters with complaint. 'I know the weight of public cares lies so heavy upon you that I am loath to mention private ones.'

In dealing with that greatest and ever-present and insoluble problem of married and all other life, money, Mrs. Adams herself asserts that she was thrifty and prudent. So do all of us, all man and womankind. But in this case I think we may believe the statement. There was certainly no niggardliness. The husband was too large for petty cheese-paring. 'You know I never get or save anything by cozening or classmating,' he writes; and his wife was like him. She maintained a sober decency and propriety in her own expenditure; and through all the cramped revolutionary time, when cash was even rarer than hope, she always kept and used the means of relieving those whose straits were worse than her own. But she understood thoroughly both the theory of economy and its practice. Few professional students would have analyzed financial conditions better than she does, in the long letter written to her husband in the early days of the war. And the practical strain shows in her simple statement, 'I have studied, and do study, every means of economy in my power; otherwise a mint of money would not support a family.'

Certainly without any intention of boasting, she herself, in her later years, sums up her usefulness to husband and children, when she is explaining to her sister the multiplicity of cares that

seem to hang around her as thickly in age as they did in youth. 'You know, my dear sister, if there be bread enough and to spare, unless a prudent attention manage that sufficiency, the fruits of diligence will be scattered by the hand of dissipation. No man ever prospered in the world without the consent and coöperation of his wife.'

As she had patience to endure want, so she had courage to meet danger. When those she loves are in peril, her heart feels 'like a heart of lead.' But for herself, sensitive as her nerves may be, there is a strain of heroism which swells and hardens at the touch of emergency. The anticipation of evils makes her doubt a little. 'If danger comes near my dwelling, I suppose I shall shudder.' But when her husband writes to her, 'In case of real danger, of which you cannot fail to have previous intimations, fly to the woods with our children,' we know, we see, that she would have had perfect presence of mind either to fly or to remain, as the wisest courage might have dictated. 'I am not suddenly elated or depressed,' she says; and again, 'I am not apt to be intimidated.'

Though she was far from given to self-commendation, she declares solemnly, that, if the men are not able to perform their duty to their country, the enemy will find the women to be a veritable race of Amazons. Nay, she even goes forth as a spectator and enjoys the most fierce, intense excitement known to man, the vision of a field of battle. 'I have just returned from Penn's hill, where I have been sitting to hear the amazing roar of cannon, and from whence I could see every shell which was thrown. The sound, I think, is one of the grandest in nature, and is of the true species of the sublime.'

Do not, however, set this lady down as one who would have taken a blood-thirsty delight in bull-fights or the

prize-ring. If she hearkened with a thrill of awed pleasure to the booming of cannon, it was because they were fired in defense of her country and of liberty. She knew well what her friends and fellow citizens were fighting for, and if she took a passionate interest in the struggle, it was because her whole heart and hopes were fixed upon the end of it. Her husband's letters to her contain much lucid statement and analysis of the methods and aims of the Revolution and hers are scarcely behind his in clear understanding and intensity of purpose.

She thought much and thought with broad intelligence on general political questions—liked to talk of them, liked to write of them. 'Well, you tell H. she must not write politics; now it is just as natural for me to fall upon them as to breathe.' She has no illusions about democracy, or about human nature; speaks at times even with cynical insight of its failures and weaknesses. The lamentable inconsistencies of statesmanship are not hidden from her. How many who were fighting for American freedom at that day had the courage to cry out that it was absurd for men who kept slaves to take up arms and fight battles in the name of liberty? Mrs. Adams had that courage.

Yet, in spite of the selfishness of politicians and the inadequacy of human ideals, this wise and energetic woman never faltered for a moment in her devotion to the cause of her country, never wavered in her hope. The warmth and the glory of her enthusiasm must have been a splendid comfort to her husband and to all who knew her. Her passion does, indeed, occasionally degenerate into bitterness against her enemies. Alas, we do not need recent examples to show us that this is too easy with even the wisest and the noblest. 'Those who do not scruple to bring poverty, misery, slavery, and

death upon thousands will not hesitate at the most diabolical crimes,' she writes, 'and this is Britain!' But she has the same noble scorn for folly and meanness and selfishness on her own side. 'If our army is in ever so critical a state, I wish to know it. If America is to be ruined and undone by a pack of cowards and knaves, I wish to know it. Pitiable is the lot of their commander.'

And her words of counsel, of confidence, of inspiration are never wanting. Her young brother-in-law longs to enter the army. She pleads and reasons with his doubting mother to make her permit it. Her husband is involved in an endless tangle of difficulty and danger. She would not have him shun an hour of it. 'You cannot be, I know, nor do I wish to see you, an inactive spectator; but if the sword be drawn, I bid adieu to all domestic felicity, and look forward to that country where there are neither wars nor rumors of war, in a firm belief, that through the mercy of its King we shall both rejoice there together.'

Nor does she urge others to sacrifices which she is unwilling to make herself. Foreign luxuries? Let them go. Plain milk makes as good a breakfast as sugared coffee. Not one of the comforts to which she has been accustomed but she will cheerfully renounce. If the men are taken from the fields, the women will do the work for them. She herself doubts her strength for digging potatoes, but she can gather corn and husk it. What she can do, she will do, that her children and her children's children may be free.

III

Mrs. Adams's interesting combination of a true woman's gentleness and sensibility with the masculine qualities called for by her time is best studied, as some of the preceding quotations indicate, in her relation to her husband.

To appreciate this relation fully, it is necessary to have some idea of his very marked and peculiar character. He was, then, a man of broad intellectual power, of keen insight into political and moral problems, of energetic and self-sacrificing patriotism. He commanded the respect of all by his dignity, his courage, his sincerity of speech and action, his entire honesty. But men did not love him, for he had not tact, he had not social charm, he bristled with egotism, and, like many egotists, he was morbidly sensitive, and showed it. I do not know any one sentence that much better depicts the man than the following. 'I have a very tender, feeling heart. This country knows not, and never can know, the torments I have endured for its sake. I am glad it never can know, for it would give more pain to the benevolent and humane than I could wish even the wicked and malicious to feel.' Try to imagine Washington saying that!

Also, John Adams was a man who found fault with everything and therefore naturally he found fault with his wife. Even his praise too often savors of patronage, and his advice is apt to carry a strong suggestion of criticism. Occasionally he flings out in undisguised displeasure. Although Mrs. Adams was the last person to complain of her health, he cannot resist a sarcasm about it. 'My wife has been sick all winter, frequently at the point of death, in her own opinion.' Her indiscretion in money matters, though at a time when discretion was almost impossible, provoked him to sharp reproof. 'How could you be so imprudent? You must be frugal, I assure you.' But the best is the incident of the young coach-horses, driven carelessly to church and causing a most indecorous disturbance there. Mrs. Adams was not present herself, but she authorized the proceeding, and the hus-

band notes, in hot wrath, 'I scolded at the coachman first, and afterwards at his mistress, and I will scold again and again; it is my duty.' Perhaps a husband to whom scolding is a duty is even worse than one to whom it is a pleasure.

Nevertheless, this husband, who could scold and be imperious and even tyrannical, like others, adored and revered and obeyed his wife, like others. How pretty are his compliments to her wit and intelligence, though he veils them under sarcasm! Of a certain acquaintance he says, 'In large and mixed companies she is totally silent, as a lady ought to be. But whether her eyes are so penetrating, and her attention so quick to the words, looks, gestures, sentiments, etc., of the company, as yours would be, saucy as you are this way, I won't say.' And there is no trace of sarcasm in the ample admission to his son that in all the vicissitudes of fortune his wife had been his help and comfort, while without her he could not have endured and survived. In a letter written to his granddaughter the same enthusiasm appears, even more nobly. He compares his wife to the heroic Lady Russell, who stood by her husband's side in times equally troublous. 'This lady,' he says, 'was more beautiful than Lady Russell, had a brighter genius, more information, a more refined taste, and [was] at least her equal in the virtues of the heart.'

An extensive correspondence, covering many years, reveals to us fully Mrs. Adams's relations with this companion of her long life, her love and anxiety and devotion and enthusiasm for the man to whom she early gave her whole heart and from whom she never withdrew it for a moment. As he rises in the world, becomes a guide and a leader, a prominent citizen, a great historical figure, she accompanies him in spirit always, with watchful care, with fruitful caution, with delicate suggestion. She

sighs over the necessities of state which part him from her. She slights, as we all do, great gifts of fortune that she has, and deplores those that are denied her. She hoped to have married a man, not a title, she says. A humble private station with a husband would have been sweeter than grandeur without one. Yet we know well enough that she would not have had him lose an inch of fortune for her comfort, and never woman developed more fully the grace and ease and dignity which great station requires than did she. The letter she wrote him on the day of his inauguration has been often cited and deserves to be. It is a noble letter. 'My feelings are not those of pride or ostentation, upon the occasion. They are solemnized by a sense of the obligations, the important trusts, and numerous duties connected with it. That you may be enabled to discharge them with honor to yourself, with justice and impartiality to your country, and with satisfaction to this great people, shall be the daily prayer of your A. A.'

And as she was perfectly adapted to share her husband's greatness, so she accepted with equal composure and dignity his comparative failure and downfall. She did not seek honors and glories, she says, and she is quite content to part from them. A peaceful life at Quincy, with him whom she loves, is all she ever asked for, and nothing can be more delightful than to have it given back to her. We know how much of sincerity there is in such declarations and how much of creditable and fine mendacity. In Mrs. Adams they were probably as sincere as they ever are. She was a sincere woman. But, though she was perfectly ready to accept her husband's defeat, she could not quite forgive those who, in her opinion, had conspired against him and betrayed him. Toward such political enemies her language is not wholly free from a cer-

tain ungracious, if pardonable, acerbity. Thus, she says of one who should have been beneath her contempt, 'I hear that Duane has got hold of my letter to Niles, and spits forth vulgar abuse at me . . . but the low sarcasms of these people affect me no more at this day than the idle wind.'

Even in regard to Jefferson her animosity was long a-dying. In early days she had known him well and admired and loved him. Then the fierce political contest which made him her husband's successor parted them. Between the two men the feud was soon forgotten, and the long correspondence of their old age, crowned by their deaths on the same anniversary of American independence, is one of the striking traditions of our history. But Mrs. Adams forgave more slowly than her husband. When Jefferson finally made a direct appeal to their former affection, she answered him with courtesy, but with a clear, vigorous, burning logic that showed how deep and unhealed the old wound was. 'The serpent you cherished and warmed bit the hand that nourished him.' Then she ends, as a Christian should, 'I bear no malice. I cherish no enmity. I would not retaliate if it was in my power.' But nobody is left in a moment's doubt as to how she felt.

Through all these accidents and floods of fortune it is easy to observe how great at once and how unobtrusive was Mrs. Adams's influence over her husband. She never dreamed of any vulgar domination, or desired it. She knew well the limits of her activity and his, and respected them. Her advice, when given at all, was given discreetly, tentatively, and without being in any way enforced, was left with time to prove its value. Time did prove its value, and in consequence the recipient of it came to look for it more and to depend upon it more than he knew; per-

haps more than even she herself knew.

Yet in all that concerned their personal relations, as indeed in all that concerned human nature, her knowledge was far finer and more delicate than his. It was just this exquisite comprehension of his character and temperament that made her advice and counsel of such constant utility. To be sure, her means of information were greater, as well as her faculty of insight. He had little reserve, with her at any rate; spoke out his needs and hopes and discouragements; made plain his strength and weakness; unrolled his heart like a scroll before her searching and tender scrutiny. This she could not do. She felt more than he those mighty, subtle barriers which seal the tongue and make it incapable of uttering what it yearns to utter. In one of her letters occurs this simple statement which says so much. 'My pen is always freer than my tongue. I have written many things to you that I suppose I never could have talked.' Yet even her pen is tongue-tied in comparison with his. Therefore it is evident that much of her is beyond his divination, while she sees clear into every corner of his heart, understands what affection there is, what power there is, what weakness there is, understands, just exactly the weight and significance there is in those scoldings delivered again and again from a sense of duty. Must we add that she saw all this, partly from finer vision and partly from greater eagerness, while he saw not only all that he was fitted, but also all that he cared, to see?

For she was a woman and her love was her whole soul, and it is a delight, after all these strayings in masculine by-paths, to return to the woman in her. She writes long letters on great matters,—domestic difficulties, foreign levies, questions of policy, questions of state,—but always in some brief sen-

tence there is the heart of the letter and the heart of the woman. It is annoying sometimes to stiff, starched John. 'I shall have vexations enough, as usual,' he writes. 'You will have anxiety and tenderness enough, as usual. Pray strive not to have too much.' When there is prospect of their letters being captured by the British and printed, his comment is, that they would both be made to appear very ridiculous.

Ridiculous! What does she care for being ridiculous? This is the man she worships and she wants him. At the very suggestion of his being ill, ten thousand horrors seize on her imagination, and she says so. All he writes her of state matters is very well. She is glad to hear it, hungers for it. But she hungers far more for those little tokens of tenderness which he has no time for giving. 'Could you, after a thousand fears and anxieties, long expectation and painful suspense, be satisfied with my telling you that I was well, that I wished you were with me, that my daughter sent her duty, that I had ordered some articles for you, which I hoped would arrive, etc., etc.? By Heaven, if you could, you have changed hearts with some frozen Laplander, or made a voyage to a region that has chilled every drop of your blood.'

Love her! Oh, yes, she knows that he loves her, after his fashion, but why does n't he say so, after her fashion? 'Every expression of tenderness is a cordial to my heart.' Again, 'I want some sentimental effusions of the heart.' The language is the language of Addison, but the want is the want of Eve forever. It murmurs through these letters of war and business, like a touch of bird-song on a field of battle.

Then, when we have got it thoroughly into our heads that this was a woman and a lover, we can end with her own splendid answer when she was asked how she bore having Mr.

Adams absent for three years in his country's service. 'If I had known, sir, that Mr. Adams could have effected what he has done, I would not only have submitted to the absence I have endured, painful as it has been, but I would not have opposed it, even though three years more should be added to

the number — which Heaven avert! I feel a pleasure in being able to sacrifice my selfish passions to the general good, and in imitating the example which has taught me to consider myself and family but as the small dust in the balance, when compared with the great community.'

OVER MY FENCE

BY LUCY ELLIOT KEELER

'How big is your garden?' asked the friendly traveler.

'Oh, about so big,' I replied, spreading out a handkerchief; 'this hem is a retaining wall over which little boys let themselves down on ropes; this hem is a close, high board fence along the top of which cats perambulate, sketching their unwelcome profiles against the sky; this hem is of old-fashioned pickets wreathed with vines, across which I serve and return snatches of conversation; and this hem is an ugly iron fence over which the world and I exchange prunes and prisms. I stand four-square; but the talk over the pickets is as different from the talk over the stone wall as the conversation over the iron fence is from remarks over the tight palings.'

The friendly traveler laughed and would know more; but, indeed, I knew no more myself. All four hems were born of the moment, and though, like other new-born things, they had the germ of growth, they were speechless. Even now they are only green adolescents, but proportionately irrepressible.

My earliest drawings showed no craving for variety. Always there was

a gabled house, with wings, over which spread the boughs of a tree, from which swung a swing, in which sat a child. Around the whole was a parallelogram done with pencil well wetted and fingers bearing on. The fence was the finishing touch, the frame. Over the fence was out. With the years, my microcosm has been circumscribed again and again as Emerson early told me it would be; but for myself microcosm and macrocosm keep identical centres, and travelers of the larger circumference turn many a friendly eye upon the old hemmed-in garden. For this the fence is responsible to a degree. Its few inches of width definitely separate street customs, costumes, manners, from those of private life. It is a physical hint to such characters as do not sufficiently recognize the existence of bells and knockers; and it bespeaks a touch of courtesy like the 'Miss' in front of one's name. Behind the stronghold of my pickets I can be incisive with my milkman, and accumulate courage to refuse to uproot herbaceous treasures for beggars quite as able as I to buy them; and I am less dragooned by imitators who

come with pencil and pad to copy working plans which I had lovingly evolved. A pet grievance! Why should people copy my flower-borders any more than my clothes or my wall-papers? On the other hand, the slight barrier of the fence invites a confidence and familiarity which would not otherwise be ventured. I can hardly imagine that the exclamation, 'You are the most ambitionest gal I ever saw!' or that other grateful, 'You're a leddy!' would have been addressed to me on the sidewalk.

My fences are not much to see, but they give me a great deal to think about. To relate their history is to spread out the map of several generations. Their bodily frames have changed, but the spirit of the individual remains the same. To these identical pickets our childish fingers clung for support as we walked. Through the horizontal bars of that fence's predecessor we thrust long boards, teetering away summer days, through neighborhood sieges of whooping-cough and mumps. Sitting on the roomy top of one of the white gateposts, I made my first conscious excursion into the field of ethics, as gallantly and conclusively as ever did Plato or Pascal. If fences could talk, what tales they would tell! One of the bordering streets might aptly paraphrase the *rue du Puits qui Parle* and become the *Street of the Talking Fence*.

A workman recently going by touch-ed post after post, *à la* Doctor Johnson down Fleet Street. Catching my smile, he said, 'I was setting these posts the day your father came running home to say that Garfield had been shot.' Instantly I saw the dear faces, the man with his post-digger, heard the startled talk, even laughed over the memory of a later incident of the day — an old darky stumbling in to say, 'Garfield's shot: I got to go back to slavery!'

The gates, too — for every post and picket of a fence escorts the qualified

straight to the gate: the gate one has swung on; the gates consecrated by many a mortal touch; the fadeless picture of the figure waiting there to draw you in; the click of the latch which announced some beloved presence; the processions grave and gay which have passed through — the old gates are trite and commonplace enough, but gilded with memory and association. With age even a fence gets more conformable. A new fence must be seasoned a little, and socialized, to be of use. Over my old picket-fence every kind of weather has passed and been passed upon. Vines hug its every foot, so that Time only adds to the perfect joy of it a crown of tendrils. With every morn it wreathes a flowery band to bind me to this earth of my forefathers.

I was weeding in the garden one hot morning, when a voice called over the pickets and I saw an old lawyer toying with a rose-spray. His face was crimson as the flower, his coat swung from over one shoulder, his collar had coyly slipped a button. My garden togs were drenched with hose-water, shoes and gloves caked with clay. 'A thing of beauty,' he began, taking in with one gesture the bright garden and its precious pair of beholders, 'is a joy forever. Its loveliness increaseth. It shall never —' down to the full stop. Another day I was training the rampant honeysuckle when a wordful acquaintance stopped to ask, 'And what are you doing now?' 'Doing? Why, fencing, of course!' And the phrase continues to fit. 'Why do not my daffodils bloom?' 'Starved, I suppose.' — 'What is the time to prune my lilacs?' 'The time to give away great bunches of bloom.' — 'My rhododendrons do nothing but die.' 'Then let them die and plant peonies instead.'

Sometimes, however, when I consider my time more important than the questioner's, it is, 'If you know

too much you will grow old too soon'; and I return to my Dutch hoe.

My fences have taught me a thing or two — for instance, the futility of most of our pity. Factory girls scan my flapping skirts and disheveled hair with curious eyes. I can see that they condole and would not take my job — I who am at that moment as radiantly happy as I ever get in this world. Girls from stores and offices regard me with more lenient eye. Some I know by name, but more by face and voice. We need no introduction. Why, as Kim asked, should I lose Delhi for the sake of a fish? They mail my letters for me, they send back the baker's cart, they tell me where the fire was, or the news just posted on the bulletin board. Then, 'requiting guerdon, cake for cake receive,' they smile gratefully over flowers and fruit, four-leaf clovers or bird feathers, which I pass over the fence. More than one has told me that, after a trying, fatiguing morning, she has gone out of her way to look over my picket-fence into the peace and shade of the garden. I recall one fat, rather commonplace little woman, whose brave sorrow and gallant misery I knew of, saying, 'I look and I look and I look; I go by and I go by.'

I often ponder the inexplicable ways of life: why I should be on this side of the fence and those girls, so brave, so bright, so pretty, on that; going so patiently to their work of wrapping bundles or showing buttons or crossing hands in telephone exchanges. It takes any occasional 'kick' out of me.

I have grown less afraid with the years of offering a bit of experience to these fence-friends. My own lesson in that came over these very pickets. I had been reading *The Riddle of the Universe*, amazed at its learning and stunned by its conclusions. It had upset me. One day along came an old family friend, a visitor in town. We

gossiped gayly over the fence; and then in answer to his question as to what I had been reading, 'Well, Haeckel.' — 'Oh, very interesting, brilliant, but of course he is rather discredited now.'

I wish that wise old student of books and men might know what a load his casual 'of course' rolled off my young shoulders. Anne Ritchie said that George Eliot told her that we ought to respect our influence. We know by experience how much others affect our lives, and we must remember that we in turn have the same effect upon others; that the least interference may at times avert a great calamity.

I often think of myself as a trout in a stream snapping up the queer morsels of fun that drift by. 'What a lovely day!' I ventured to a little blonde creature who looked at me like a timid bird. 'You bet!' came in basso-profundo tones that made me jump. 'Ancient Pistol, I do partly understand your meaning,' I murmured, aloud evidently, for 'Why then, rejoice therefor,' came back to start me flushing apology. One beshawled old lady, to whom a French phrase had slipped unwittingly out, repeated it, only with more subtly correct diction.

In addition to over the fence, some of these remarks are under the rose. When I gave a tramp-worker a new broom with which to sweep the sidewalk he looked at it admiringly. 'I always tries to do what ladies want. If they give me an old stub I take it and sweep. It takes longer and does a poorer job, but it's all one to me.'

I have noticed that any fence gives a feeling of protection to the speaker who talks over it, prompting him to frankness which he would not venture without that slight barrier, much as a child outside the lion's cage addresses it with bravado. Especially is this true in respect to the close back fence over which only the elevated passer-by can spy the

worker in the garden. With horseback riders, truck-women, expressmen, farmers on hayracks, and bespurred line-men,—those the Welsh call ‘folks,’—I am on terms of familiarity which is never abused when we meet in other localities. A fat vegetable woman stopped her horse and wagon one day to look over the fence. Me she acknowledged with a smile and a murmur about the pretty garden. Then, lifting her voice, ‘I have great respect for you, great respect!’ Eager to rise to the situation I begged her to come in sometime and see the garden. ‘I will do that.’

Next to family affection, health, and the love of work, does anything contribute so much to the pleasantness of life, restoring and raising our self-esteem, as the traffic in kind speeches? I often wonder why we are so chary of them. I have been guilty in dark hours of deliberately seeking the vicinity of the back fence, where incense rises with more or less regularity. ‘There is no yard like yours in town,’ a drayman called out one day after I had toiled with the hoe; ‘I say no yard like it in town.’ Another drayman who delivered a sack of wood-ashes lingered to ask what I was going to do with it; and the talk passed from potash for fruit trees and bulb-beds to the parks in the city from which the young fellow had come and where his mother lived—‘Such a good mother—she would love this garden—those pinies.’ I glowed with her vicarious approval.

Often when I quote something heard over the fence my family smile, knowing that the fence is my ‘Mrs. Harris’; but it is true that some of the most useful suggestions for my garden have come *via* the alley. I received a dissertation on the folly of ‘just black earth,’ from a great loose-jointed farmer whom I knew by reputation as one of the most profane of men; while how to prune grapes to cover the arbor was demon-

strated by one who stepped from his wagon on to my fence and so over. Few topics go untouched. ‘There are two kinds of pride, my mother says,’ floated down from a lineman untangling wires from my Napoleon willow: ‘the kind of pride that everybody ought to have and—well, just stinking pride.’ I trust I felt none of the latter when the ancient and honorable garbage-man, referring to his understudy, a youth of little wit, asked, ‘Is the gentleman that gets your swill satisfactory?’

Chesterton says that in the phrase ‘the common mind’ we collide with a current error. Most of the gossips at the elongated Dutch door of my high back fence are at first sight common; but the better I know them the more odd and interesting things come out. Sydney Smith said that Lansdowne looked for talents and qualities among all ranks of men, and added them to his stock of society as a botanist does his plants; and while other aristocrats were yawning among stars and garters, Lansdowne was refreshing his soul with the fancy and genius he had found in odd places and gathered to the marbles and pictures of his palace. I want to keep my perceptions alive enough to react swiftly and cannily to the stimulus of these gentlemen of the alley whose talk is so declarative of themselves.

Does a wall reveal, consciously or unconsciously, the owner’s mind? This eastern boundary of my yard is almost as *autochthonous* as myself. Unlike the fences, it has the primordial gift of care of itself; yet my own hands have laid and relaid and embroidered its worn old hem, seeking to add to its interest of association an absolute charm. The mountain people of Italy have a pretty phrase glorifying their own corner of the earth,—‘the patriotism of the campanile,’—and I adapt it to my own uplifted little bailiwick. ‘O Wall,’

I cry with the immortal players, 'O sweet and lovely Wall!' As one frank parent in Rostand's *Romancers* told the other, the wall flatters its owner; my personality would lose much without the wall; its removal would melt the glamour from the garden. 'There would be no more Pyrenees.' Its length is topped with summer brightness and winter evergreen. Down its face tumble sprays of roses and cascades of nasturtiums; ivies clamber up from below; and its farther end trails off into a dry wall tufted with happy alpines, ferns, and sempervivums.

The dictionary defines a fence as a structure of rails, boards, wooden or metal openwork; a hedge, stone wall, or ditch; any means of defence. Over the spelling of that last word I used to haggle, but since I visualize 'fence' aphæresis for 'defence,' I scorn a permissible *s*. Show me the fence you left, and I will tell you the sort of man or nation you were. Cherubini drew a chalk-line on the floor between the side of the room where he wrote his lovely music and the side where his children played noisily. So long as they obeyed the line of demarcation, Cherubini worked on undisturbed. Could any one confound this gentle soul with Beckford, author of the most brilliant Oriental romance in the English language, who built seven miles of wall, twelve feet high, round his estate? Dangerous as the heresy of fence may have been fifty years ago, I hold that the socialistic heresy of no fence is more dangerous still. It is good and healthful sometimes to be inclosed alone with trees and flowers, the sky, sun, stars, memories, dreams, and know that one's walls keep out the world. With the best will in the world to be a part of one's kind, the thoughtful appreciates the maxim, *Il faut se borner*, and limits himself accordingly. 'Thanks, courteous Wall, Jove shield thee well for this!'

If occasionally a person passes with 'fromness' in her eye, it is on the avenue alongside the iron fence. The give and take of verbal tennis over side and rear fences is here supplemented by a more conventional game. Men who go down the alley in khaki and toss a quip over the high fence, presently come up the avenue in fine garments and silently lift their hats.

You with a — yes, with a flute and a rose, or
may be an apple;

I with new Amyclean shoes and a robe in the
fashion.

I am myself infected, and sitting properly clad, shod, and coiffed on my front porch, am content, like Goethe, to see something going by; to ruminate rather than talk. My corner affords ample scope for a second *Comédie Humaine*; and my older eyes are wider open to society as it is mirrored *en passant*. Behind my iron fence I decide that I prefer many things to what one calls her fellow creatures. Persons are fine things, but as Emerson says, 'They cost so much: for thee I must pay me.' Why are bores at one's service night and day, and people of initiative always in a hurry? Ruskin knew how to save himself. The conversation got to ants. 'Ants, I like that, touching heads instead of talking.' The power to silence should be a weapon of de-fence, however, not of of-fence. I suppose that is fence which gives a feeling of fence. Just as a person walking round my square would perhaps look and act differently according to the fence over which I observe him, so I myself stand revealed or imagined, modified by the fence between — not mere fence, but iron fence or tight fence or vine-wreathed fence. This might be called the moral influence of fence. The fence itself has its variable climate; sees both sides of the question; is a happy fusion of opposites, wrong side and right side, inside and outside. Like Emerson's two riv-

ers, it keeps one course on the surface and another, more perennial, in the minds of men. As I look at my fences they are never the same fences, because there is always something different on the other side of them. Perhaps under such circumstances Spencer developed his profound exposition of life as the continuous adjustment of inner relations to outer relations: the more complex and expansive the response to environing influences, the richer the life.

One of my amusements in driving through the country is to note the variety of fences that the ingenuity of man has fashioned; and a ride through a book adds an occasional item. The old Schuyler house above Albany was, according to Mrs. Grant, surrounded one hundred-years ago by simple deal fence, on the posts of which were skeleton heads of horses and cattle in great numbers, used as bird-houses. 'Wrens enter by the orifice of the jaws, line the pericranium with small twigs, and lay their eggs in full security.' Conrad, in his *Heart of Darkness*, goes one further. 'About the agent's shanty in the jungle a dozen slim posts in a row bespoke a former fence, having their upper ends ornamented with round carved balls. On nearer approach the balls proved not ornamental but symbolic, striking, and disturbing. They would have been more expressive, those heads on the stakes, if their faces had not been turned to the house, the shrunken, dry lips smiling at some jocose dream of endless slumber — those rebellious heads looked very subdued on their stakes.'

The railings of iron with which Buffon surrounded 'my eldest son,' the Jardin des Plantes, in Paris, were forged in his own foundry. He often stayed in his beloved garden all night, going back to his château at dawn, scaling the flight of fourteen terraces, shutting the fourteen iron gates with a sonorous clang. Before Buffon, however,

fences enclosed French gardens. There is a charming print of Henri Quatre in a formal plat surrounded by a latticed fence, holding a nice large daisy at which he gazes attentively, while a group of women admire from without.

The fence has from its very nature rooted itself in the vernacular. Lowell laughed slyly at politicians, —

a kin' o' hangin' round and settin' on a fence
Till Providence pinte how to jump an' save the
most expense.

Congressmen still go home to 'mend their fences,' and in these exciting times of war endless persons have thrown their caps over the fence. Kent, the father of modern landscape-gardening, dissatisfied with the formal style in vogue, 'leaped a fence and saw that all nature was a garden.' We might paraphrase Franklin by saying, —

Some are fence-wise
Some are otherwise.

For me, then, fence-wise! To perceive what to fence out of this perplexing, fascinating thing we call daily life and what to fence in; to discriminate among our inherited fences which to conserve, adorn, and bequeath, and which to demolish; to discern that any situation may be stated in terms of fence (what is lack of time, for instance, but the fence we choose to establish); to play the game of fence — initiative and response — full-bloodedly; to be canny on material — wood, hay, stubble; on foundations — rock or sand; on gates padlocked or ajar or off their hinges; to know when to seek the fence for society and when for solitude; when it should be treated mystically and when mythically; when to bury out of sight half of its prescribed height as did the executors of Stephen Girard, or when to take it full leap like a trained hunter: only some working knowledge of these and of other things akin entitle Life's pupil to the degrees of Bachelor or Doctor of the Fence in this our Garden.

THE HISTORIAN OF WESSEX

BY HELEN THOMAS FOLLETT AND WILSON FOLLETT

I

It is perhaps unfortunate for Mr. Thomas Hardy, and still more unfortunate for criticism, that all general discussion of the Wessex novels tends to resolve itself into discussion of *Jude the Obscure*. *Jude* achieves, we are not forgetting, a singular emphasis among Mr. Hardy's works of fiction, both because it is the last, the terrible outcome of a long series of experiments, and because it has the sanction of its author's expressed approval. Hardy did indeed arrive at a forbidding unity of purpose, a misanthropy at once querulous and brutal. But he is so often identified with that extremity of his thought and feeling, not so much because it is traceable in him from the beginning as because its intensity is so great that it casts a sinister light backward over all that precedes it. If only for such factitious reasons, any fundamental criticism of Mr. Hardy has to begin with the celebrated pessimism of which *Jude the Obscure* is an ultimate expression, or, in the least favorable view, a *reductio ad absurdum*. But it is very important to remember that there is only one *Jude*. A critic who undertakes, with Mr. Chesterton, to classify Thomas Hardy as 'the village atheist . . . blaspheming over the village idiot' makes the mistake of rewriting *A Pair of Blue Eyes* and *Far from the Madding Crowd*, in order to prove that a great novelist was always the same person, and that he has always read the universe in the same dark light. Whereas it is our

point, by all odds the most important producible, that Mr. Hardy has been several persons in succession, so that to reject *Jude the Obscure* is by no means to reject the whole of Hardy. When we look for the element of consistency or continuity in Hardy, we find it in his art, not in his philosophy. The development of his art is a growth; that of his philosophy is a change.

The truthful critic must describe the pessimism of Hardy as simply the extension of his earlier temperamental bias toward appreciation of incongruity. Probably no novelist has ever had a keener appreciation of the incongruous for its own sake. The quaint home-made songbooks of his Mellstock choir, made up of sheets hand-ruled by the horny fingers of country artisans, wheelwrights, ploughmen, cobblers, and containing between the same covers the most bizarre extremes of pious and unprintably profane, can stand as an image of character, of life, and of the world, as Hardy tended from the beginning to see them. The incongruous mixture of elements in the same character; the incongruous domination of the strong or unified character by impersonal forces, Nature, Heredity, or simply Chance; pranks played on the helpless human soul by the mocking irresponsibility of the whole world-scheme — these are the familiar and characteristic appeals of Hardy after a certain point; and even from the first they are a vaguely implied destination.

The subtly pessimistic bent of Hardy's mind is shown in the group of

novels which may be called, for want of a really apt name, his idylls — such novels as *Under the Greenwood Tree*, *Far from the Madding Crowd*, *A Pair of Blue Eyes*, and *The Woodlanders*; a group not compressed into a few years, a recognizable 'period,' but scattered from 1872 to 1887, and interspersed with others less great, — as *The Hand of Ethelberta*, — and far greater, as *The Return of the Native*.

The figure of a cadence marred by a half-inaudible discord will serve to describe life as Hardy sees it in these tragicomic idylls, especially since it is in the endings of such books that he comes nearest to his later pessimism. *Under the Greenwood Tree* closes with the conversation of two just-married lovers, the husband exclaiming fondly over the perfect confidence they share and the impossibility of either's having a secret from the other, the woman coolly assenting even while she thinks, in the last phrase of the book, 'of a secret she should never tell' — a secret which, told, would discolor the entire future of their relation. *A Pair of Blue Eyes* and *The Woodlanders* both end with grave-scenes which show how Time has made — as is his wont — a laughing-stock of love.

Still more characteristic, because in the tone of humor rather than pathos, is the close of *Far from the Madding Crowd*. Farmer Oak has at last, after many vicissitudes, married Bathsheba, who resorts to him after all else has failed her. When the neighbors come to chorus their good wishes, the dominant strain is somehow not the serene contentment it seems to be. No one means to touch a discordant string; yet — 'Why, it might have been worse, and I feel my thanks accordingly,' is all Joseph Poorgrass can say. And somehow the reader can say no more; for Bathsheba's gift is that of a spent, an all but wasted self, worn out by the

stresses brought into her life by caprices and petty vanities.

All the novels of this group mingle light and shadow in somewhat the proportion of life. Their resultant taste is bitter-sweet, like that of life. If any one trait in them more irritates than pleases, it is the conscious effort to disentangle and accent the note of irony above its natural vibration. The reader experiences a lurking wonder whether, after all, the artist has given the goodness of life a quite fair chance. This wonder recurs most often in connection with the women characters, in the treatment of whom Hardy's insistence is always upon the lighter qualities. His judgments of women are censorious in the extreme; indeed, his favorite *motif* is the situation which might be one of ideal felicity but for a woman's failure in constancy or candor. Fancy, Elfride, Viviette spoil the future by white lies, deceits intrinsically petty but overwhelming in their consequences; Bathsheba fails through vanity or self-regard; Grace through inconstancy.

To these qualities of his unsparing analysis, Hardy adds an almost lyrical sense of the cruelty of Time, which makes beauty fade and love grow cold. No artist has ever had a more plaintive sense of the pathos of shriveled cheeks and whitened hair, or a less adequate sense of their dignity. We can think of no character in Hardy who promises an old age of ripened wisdom and contentment, fire-lighted ease and musing, placid retrospect. Most of them are victims of the irony that waits on the vows of lovers, who pledge themselves to eternity and, like Wilfrid Pole, forget before eleven o'clock of the morrow morning.

The mournful beauty of these idyllic books is so haunting largely because throughout their pages the possibility of happiness, though unfulfilled, is so vividly present and near. They are

marked by a sense of the insubstantial character of the wall that shuts men and women from their beatitude. Spare one trifling element of the ironic, let so much as a pin-point of light through the wall, and the characters can find their way to happiness; not otherwise. This is the latent cruelty of even these earlier and purer interpretations of life — a cruelty foreshadowed in such title phrases as *Far from the Madding Crowd* and *Under the Greenwood Tree*, wrenched from idyllic poems about the beneficence of nature to man, to be applied to idyllic novels about Mr. Hardy's favorite idea, the ironic contrast between nature and man.

II

Hardy always perceived, then, the ironies that make for humor or for the bearable degrees of pathos — 'Life's Little Ironies,' as he calls them in a familiar title. But it is not until nearly the end of his career in the novel that he begins to add these up into the great fundamental ironies that make for despair. We see his drift as a thing self-propulsive. The tendency grows by what it feeds on, progressing, not evenly but on the whole decisively, toward its own logical fulfillment. In the seventies Hardy found humanity in many ways a sorry spectacle, but still rather a lark; in the eighties, a forlorn hope; in the nineties, a desperate failure. When he wrote *Two on a Tower* his purpose was 'to set the emotional history of two infinitesimal lives against the stupendous background of the stellar universe, and to impart to readers the sentiment that of these two contrasting magnitudes the smaller might be the greater to them as men.' Ten years later his purpose would have been to engulf and extinguish the lesser magnitude. After 1885 he might have written a book called *Desperate Expedients*,

but hardly one called *Desperate Remedies*. By 1890 he is almost exclusively concerned with Man the Ridiculous — 'Time's Laughing-Stock.'

It is only at this last stage, where his sombre temperament vents itself in a black philosophy, that he becomes the exact antithesis of Meredith. Meredith's parting word, 'There is no irony in nature,' he would have turned at length into 'There is nothing but irony in nature'; he would have taken the 'Fifty years for one brave minute!' of Kirby the Old Buccaneer and given it the ironical inflection to make it mean all the accumulated good of fifty years existing for no better end than annihilation in one tragic instant. But not even Mr. Hardy can give us the right to identify him throughout with this eventual grim fixity of despair. An artist's meaning, after all, is less what he says than what he makes you feel; the malignant words in *Jude the Obscure* may deny, but they cannot destroy, the compassion evoked by such a tragedy as *The Return of the Native*.

We mean of course to face, not to obscure or belittle, the significance of *Jude the Obscure*. Incomprehensible as one may find a world in which men and women are destroyed, not through their weaknesses, but actually, like Tess and Jude, through their virtues, Hardy did create that world of evil principle, in which man is only a 'disease of the dust'; and one may not merely cover one's eyes with horrified protesting hands. Because that one book contains a great artist's final summary of man's tragic life, the consideration of it is on no account to be shirked.

The central fact of the nightmare seems to be that man's very powers of hope, of faith, of resistance have become agents of tragedy. The sad thing is no longer that the little evil in life can sometimes triumph over the great good: it is that the little spark of good

must linger unquenched by the flood of evil. The heart must keep on longing for fulfillments which exist only as illusions. Strength is more tragic than weakness, for strength means resistance, and resistance means only the prolonging of futile pain. There is no bitterness in the Wessex novels to be compared with the bitterness of this final paradox, that the one greatest evil in the cosmos is the goodness in man's soul. But for that goodness, the argument seems to run, we should not know evil as evil, or suffering as suffering. Jude, a man at the last gasp, is not even allowed to curse God and die with a shred of human dignity. Arabella, the most heartless of Hardy's women, conceals the fact of his death for several hours in order that she may finish a tawdry frolic with tawdry companions. Of Jude's faithless love of earlier days, it is said by Mrs. Edlin, a motherly soul: 'Well — poor little thing, 't is to be believed she's found forgiveness somewhere! She said she had found peace!' — on which note the drama might almost bearably have ended. But there comes Arabella's harsh retort, literally Hardy's last word in the field of the novel: 'She may swear that on her knees to the holy cross upon her necklace till she's hoarse, but it won't be true! . . . She's never found peace since she left his arms, and never will again till she's as he is now!' By this last word we are ushered into a cosmos where goodness is foredoomed, denied even a fighting chance, and made at length to crave oblivion as the sole thing left to believe in.

It is one thing to let the imagination enter that cosmos, and another to accept its conditions. The answer to such a last word as Hardy's depends on considerations somewhat abstract but, surely, not obscure. First of all, *Jude* is one illustrious example of a familiar artistic fallacy: the attempt to prove a

general truth about life by imagined facts. It is useless for Mr. Hardy to protest that life stacked the cards against Jude, when it is so very obvious that Mr. Hardy stacked them. 'By ten o'clock that night Jude was lying on the bedstead at his lodging, covered with a sheet, and straight as an arrow. Through the partly opened window the joyous throb of a waltz entered from the ball-room at Cardinal.' By such gestures — *Jude* is full of that machine-made irony — the case is tricked out in gloom. That particular gesture is Mr. Hardy's way of saying that life does not care what it does to the deserving unfortunate. But his proof is purely arbitrary — as arbitrary as if, at the opposite extreme, he had suddenly filled the lodging with Good Samaritans come in from the street to ask how they could help. The trouble is that his theory has become so important to him that he lets it first select and then discolor the facts. He overlooks the facts that do not fit the theory and distorts the ones that half fit it, instead of choosing the facts broadly for their human interest and letting them prove what they will.

Was it the late Samuel Butler who remarked that extremes alone are logical, but that extremes are always absurd? That Hardy should once have overlooked this truism is the more remarkable since he had formerly given an ingenious illustration of it. In recounting the summary execution of a young sheep-dog who had chased the sheep to their death, and was considered 'too good a workman to live,' Hardy calls the transaction 'another instance of the untoward fate which so often attends dogs and other philosophers who follow out a train of reasoning to its logical conclusion, and attempt perfectly consistent conduct in a world made up so largely of compromise.'

The logic of an inexorable pessimism

appears to be one of the absurdities denied to literature, not by the nature of pessimism as a philosophy, but by that of literature as an art. If it be asked whether optimism is not in its way as arbitrary as pessimism, the answer is, philosophically yes, but not artistically. For there exists in practical application of the two this gigantic difference: the optimist in literature leaves the powers of darkness really powerful, because the triumphant strength of goodness is exalted just in proportion to the forces it has to contend against, and his result is a balanced picture of life as a struggle; whereas the pessimist is restricted from telling the whole truth about the goodness of life, because at any cost he must make evil triumph over it. Consequently we view the singular spectacle of the pessimist leagued with the powers of darkness against the human hero, that their victory over him may be assured; and the struggle is not equal enough to produce tragedy in the true sense.

This is why all the greatest tragedies have been written by optimists — men who have enough faith in life to understand that it is good even when it does not seem so. The pessimist has not enough faith in life to understand that it is good even when it does seem so; and therefore he falsifies the immediate seemings of things in deference to his ultimate principle. But the proper concern of fiction is with the immediate seemings; and if it miss the truth about them, it has failed at the all-important point, the point of access to the reader. However adequate it may be as self-expression, it stops short of self-communication, without which the work of art dies at its source.

III

These matters go to the root of the tragic emotion. 'We can give good crit-

ical reasons,' says Professor Winchester, 'for our natural demand that a novel should, in some sense, turn out well. It may not end in sugared marital felicity, with "God bless you, my children," and ten thousand a year; but its total effect upon the emotions should be healthy and strengthening. Shakespeare's most terrible tragedies brace and hearten our spirits. They never leave us with a sense of mere horror, or with a discouraged or nerveless feeling. Their close is often pitiful, sometimes supremely and solemnly tragic; yet we shut the book with a feeling of the beauty and value of the great virtues. Such art solemnizes and fortifies our souls. It meets Aristotle's requirement for tragedy: "It purifies the passions by pity and fear."'

We have, when all is said, our lives to live; and art is very properly concerned with the terms of our living them. It is irrelevant, as well as paralyzing, to say that we are fools to live them at all, for we cannot think of ourselves as having a choice in the matter. Great tragedy is not moral justice, because it is essentially disaster to the good; but its appeal is to our sense of moral justice, since it makes us feel the abnormality of the destruction of good by evil. Let such disaster be presented to us as normal, a fulfillment of the world-purpose, and hope atrophies in the heart, the will is benumbed — the tragic emotion is gone. If *Othello* proves that jealousy is a terrible thing, it certainly does not prove that life is a terrible thing. If it did, it would entirely miss its point about jealousy; the smaller evil would be lost in the greater. So *Jude* misses its point about man's inhumanity to man by covering all human nature with mud.

If, at the last, we find Hardy thus offering us spurious tragedy without the compensations of tragedy, we have only to follow him backward and up-

ward to where the compensations are richest. To get from an abyss of impotent despair to a great height of moral indignation, we need go no further than to *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*. Jude is weakly good; but Tess is so strong that it takes the whole world to conquer and destroy her. She is an inspiring picture of the fortitude of the human soul expressing itself in the virtues of steadfastness, obstinate devotion, and self-effacement. Elsewhere the insistence is on the capacity of the world to inflict sorrows; here it is on the capacity of the soul to endure sorrows without being broken. Tess is the one resplendent example of her sex in the Wessex novels, a figure of solitary greatness. She has almost nothing of vanity, itching curiosity, or deceitfulness — the three Fates, almost the three Furies, of Hardy's women. She is 'a pure woman faithfully presented' in her struggle against all the impurities in the world. Her greatness of heart, her indomitable courage, her stubborn persistence in hope on the very borderland of despair — these give the approach to equality between the contending powers; and it is that approach to equality that makes the splendor of authentic tragedy.

The compensations of tragedy are likeliest to take, as here, the form of the moral or social emotions.

Poor wounded name! my bosom, as a bed,
Shall lodge thee, till thy wound be thoroughly
heal'd, —

in that mood of compassion Tess is imagined, and at that altitude the treatment is sustained — a far remove from, say, the superciliousness with which Bathsheba Everdene is drawn. Hardy performs his task here under an instinctive sense that there may be, that there indeed must be, something in compassionate understanding alone that can all but redeem the lost world. By such

appeals the heart is wrung, and its springs of pity are not dried. It is true, as Mr. Copeland once put it, that 'the historian of Wessex celebrated the three Fates until people shuddered to see the thread both spun and cut.' But it is further true that in this one instance the historian himself shuddered, and thereby humanized his message.

The critic owes it to Mr. Hardy to see that what brings him eventually to the mood of frozen despair is precisely his susceptibility to the moral emotions, the warmest, most expansive possible. The sense of sympathy cries out against the tragic in life; or, more philosophically, the sense of order protests against the waste in the world. The sense of order has only to be tender enough, to find itself lacerated at every contact with reality. If Hardy once gnashed his teeth at life, it was for no other reason than that life was hurting fellow creatures whom he loved. The trouble is, not that the feeling is misguided, but that it has overleaped the human power of expression.

It is this baffled humanitarian rage of the altruist that leads Hardy to the uttermost resort of his style, the personification of evil chance, or the massed injustice of the universe, as God. Hardy's smouldering indignation flames out, as in *Tess*, against man's inhumanity to woman, and its characteristic subterfuge, the 'double code'; but, more important, it flames out against the empty heavens, the inveterate mercilessness of the whole cosmic organization. The defiance sounds with a more austere dignity than in *Jude*, where the persistent note is querulousness. And the dignity comes through a characteristic resort of modern pessimism in literature — a species of pure symbolism, almost of pure poetry. Hardy knows that God does not exist as the object of either prayers or curses; his world is the world of naturalism,

the rationalistic world of George Eliot. But he adopts the imagery of despair, personifying the new meanings under the old names. He takes the personal God in whom he has ceased to believe, and turns him into a personal devil in whom he never believed. And at the end of the tragedy, as the black flag mounts the staff, we read: 'The President of the Immortals had ended his sport with Tess.'

This reversion to the old terminology is partly a habit of speech, like the profanity of some atheists; partly it is a baffled attempt to get beyond the point where language can go; most of all, it is a conscious poetic symbolism, a figure of speech perverse and sublime.

It is easy enough, on logical grounds, to ridicule this inverted theology, in which the best in human nature becomes the scornful judge of evil chance personified as God. Indeed, Mr. Chesterton has ridiculed it in these words: 'It has been said that if God had not existed it would have been necessary to invent Him. But it is not often, as in Mr. Hardy's case, that it is necessary to invent Him in order to prove how unnecessary (and undesirable) He is.' To which, long before it was written, Mr. Hardy neatly retorted by a precedent from King Lear: —

As flies to wanton boys are we to the gods;
They kill us for their sport.

But the one really decisive retort is, that to brandish one's fists at a heaven under which things chance as they did with Tess is essentially an ennobling gesture — whether by that heaven one understands a personally malignant God, the injustices of man, or simply the collective insensibility of things.

IV

However long we find it necessary to dwell on the elements of tragedy in

Hardy's genius, we are in small danger of forgetting that, after all, its most irresistible qualities are of the comic order. We turn to the realism of Hardy, and find the doleful philosopher an imitably comic artist. His realism is exhibited most, of course, in his command of folk-lore and the folk-spirit, his extension and specialization of George Eliot's early treatment of rustic life and character. The first to specialize rigidly in a provincial district marked principally by quaintness, naïve archaic oddity of speech and tradition, of custom and dress, he disinters a thousand charming odds and ends of the past. These range from whole institutions re-created bodily, such as the Mellstock choir, down to such curiosities as the 'two-handled tall mug' from which Gabriel Oak drank on his first evening at Warren's Malthouse — an ancient vessel, warm and crusted with ashes from the hearth, and called a 'God-forgive-me,' 'probably because its size makes any given toper feel ashamed of himself when he sees its bottom in drinking it empty.'

Much more important are the minor characters, the Greek-chorus bystanders in alehouse kitchens, at dances, rehearsals, weddings, sheep-shearings, christenings — such women as Bathsheba's attendant Liddy and the three dairy-maids in *Tess*, such men as Granfer Cattle and Christian, Joseph Poorgrass, the timid William Worm, and a dozen others. All these are delightful, most of them superlative; all have the undeniable stamp of authenticity. And they are intrinsically funny, as the clowns of Shakespeare are funny.

But we would speak primarily of the uses to which they are put; of what may be called the structurally comic element in the art of Hardy. He weaves together the lives of these rustic folk and the lives of his protagonists, who are likely to be from more cultivated, even from

exceedingly sophisticated classes. His heroes are often of the artistic and scientific professions. He is master of the astronomer, the architect, the artist, the writer or student of affairs, the teacher or preacher, the archæologist or historian, placed in rural solitudes on his holidays or his professional errands, and sharply characterized through his chance contacts with simple, naïve folk. These are used in turn for two purposes: for expository comment on the principal action, and effects of broad relief or comic contrast.

It is in this second, somewhat technical respect — where once more, by the way, we find an innate love of the incongruous explaining much — that Hardy may accurately be said to have drawn his structure from the Elizabethan play. In an age like the Late Victorian, of smooth-textured art more and more highly polished, this rough chiaroscuro of Hardy, an affair of broad belts of light and shade, especially denotes artistic virility. In the boldest of these contrasts there is a primitive hacked-out quality that recalls, of English comedists in prose, Fielding, Smollett, and Dickens.

One of the best illustrations of this matter is the series of five chapters culminating in the major crisis of *Far from the Madding Crowd*. Fanny Robin is an obscure girl whom Sergeant Troy has wooed and dashingly won; then his fancy for Bathsheba has diverted him, and his marriage to her has made him lose track of Fanny's plight. Troy and Bathsheba, driving, encounter her on the road, miserable and exhausted. We follow her painful and labored progress toward Casterbridge. Night comes on; she falls, but helps herself up and on with crutches improvised of sticks. With the aid of a stray dog, a powerful and kindly friend, she drags herself the remaining half-mile to 'the Union.' A man and a woman lift her up and help

her in. The next day Troy borrows money of Bathsheba. The next morning after that, just after Troy has started off, the news comes that Fanny has died in the workhouse. Bathsheba sends Joseph Poorgrass with a wagon for the body, for Fanny had once been the servant of her uncle. Meanwhile Bathsheba, who has been putting two and two together into an uncertain and complicated four, begins to suspect her husband's perfidy.

All this is of a prolonged tenseness, with the tension still to be increased; and it is at this point that Hardy interposes his emotional relief. The expedient is simple; but it suffices, and it is contrived so as to help the plot as well as the mood. Poorgrass, conveying the body through solitary woods at nightfall, finds his nerves in a tremor. The tapping of heavy raindrops on poor Fanny's coffin becomes at length too much for him, and it is with enormous relief that he approaches the Buck's Head. Mark Clark and Jan Coggan are there. Malt flows, tongues loosen; time glides. When Gabriel Oak comes looking for Poorgrass, he finds the party fuddled with drink. 'Coggan looked up indefinitely at Oak, one or other of his eyes occasionally opening and closing of its own accord, as if it were not a member, but a dozy individual with a distinct personality.' Gabriel drives on with the body. But he has forgotten to take the death certificate from Poorgrass, and the coffin is left, by Bathsheba's direction, in her house, instead of being buried at once. Gabriel lingers by the coffin long enough to erase the last two words of the chalk inscription on the lid — 'Fanny Robin and child' — in order to shield Bathsheba from the full knowledge.

This comic interlude of the tavern scene both serves the plot, by insuring yet postponing the revelation, and slackens the emotional tautness of the

reader, in order that the next effect may exert its full tug of contrast. The final thrust comes when Bathsheba, left alone late at night and obsessed by suspicions, makes up her mind at last to *know*. She opens the coffin. While she kneels by the bodies of mother and still-born child, her husband comes back from his unexplained errand. No need to explain now: the situation is beyond pretence, and, for the reader, almost beyond the pale of the endurable.

Tess of the D'Urbervilles may be, as a whole, the greatest of the novels; but Hardy never surpassed this sequence of five chapters, with its comic impediment so placed as to double the impact of the culminating scene. As in the best drama, each inexorable stroke tells for more than its intrinsic worth. The result shows all Mr. Hardy's distinguished powers working as one toward a predetermined artistic effect — his irony, his humor, his extraordinary narrative power, his sense of atmosphere, his compassion; and, one must add, that unsparing and unyielding love of truth as he sees it, that does more than anything to give him his place of intellectual honor among the great modern practitioners of fiction. But even that moral inexorableness would appear as so much diffusion and waste were it not for the use that, through the most rigorous artistic self-command, is made of it. All the elements *must* work as one, or none of them will work at all. The tremendous crisis, 'Fanny's Revenge,' could never have been swung in complete equilibrium to its tragic fulfillment except on some such precarious and delicate pivot of the comic.

v

Those readers who find Mr. Hardy everywhere, as in *Jude the Obscure*, a victim of his own ironic temperament,

seem to us to have overlooked several important aspects of his art, not least among them this impersonal economy which rules and explains his boldest contrasts. But we shall not have made a proportioned sketch, even within the present narrow limits, until we have reverted to an equally impersonal trait of his philosophy itself, as distinguished from his art — a trait which, more than any other, modernizes and vitalizes both philosophy and art, making them harmoniously one. We find in him from the beginning a certain scientific detachment of spirit which he was the first to bring conspicuously into the regional novel, and which is fully as important as either his structural genius or his irony.

For an expression of it in its earliest intensity, we have to go back as far as *The Return of the Native*, where for the first time he deserts the local color that is merely quaintness for the local color that is interpretation on the grandest scale. We do not understand *The Return of the Native* until we understand that its real hero is the *genius loci*. If we analyze the plot alone, we shall find it a tissue of improbable coincidences, a prolonged strain on the credulity. Like *The Mayor of Casterbridge*, it is a drama of retribution brought home to the sinner, and involving disaster to the innocent; and as in *The Mayor of Casterbridge*, the expiation is wrought out in a very elaborate and ingenious machinery of events. But there is this all-important difference: that the events in *The Mayor of Casterbridge* take place in the clear light of normal day, a compromising glare in which the plot seems as artificial as a mechanical toy; whereas in the earlier and greater spectacle the human figures move through a sinister gloom which discolours ordinary probability, and in which anything can happen. The personæ are puppets of the spirit or atmosphere of place,

creatures of the gloomy twilight that broods over the Heath, to work out with human pawns the moves of its inscrutable game. The first chapter, 'A Face on which Time makes but Little Impression,' raises a curtain on some mighty drama presently to be enacted in shadow. The opening is one of those stupendous effects of mood which can be compared only to such things as the first scene of *Hamlet* or the Prelude to *Tristan und Isolde*. Night and day struggle together in a sort of endless twilight.

And the heroine, Eustacia Vye, is a translation into flesh and blood of the dark spirit that presides over the waste where she lives. Night and day, light and shadow, mingle and struggle in her soul too. This parallel is not a fanciful one for criticism to draw: indeed, Hardy draws it at some length himself, in the chapter named 'Queen of Night,' and even extends it to his heroine's appearance. She is 'without ruddiness, as without pallor.' 'To see her hair was to fancy that a whole winter did not contain darkness enough to form its shadow.' Not that Eustacia is an inhuman symbol, an abstraction: decidedly she is one of Hardy's most real women, as Egdon Heath is one of his most real landscapes. But both the place and the woman are real with a faintly abnormal intensity; they are two pagans between whom exists a subtle accord. There is something more than a purely decorative harmony in Eustacia's love of darkness, her prowling at night, her stolen meetings with Wildeve at the edge of the dismal pool into which he throws his signal-stone. There is a still stranger fitness in her death in Shadwater Weir on a night when the heath has unleashed all its furies of darkness and storm. Thus the microcosm of personality is made a stage for the interplay of almost cosmic forces.

There is one more important aspect of this impersonal power of Hardy: his essentially modern faculty of taking scientific fact and utilizing it on a vast scale for effects of poetic grandeur. The obvious instance is *Two on a Tower*, where the characters are shown against the whole stellar universe, for ironic commentary on the somewhat petty terms of their human drama. A briefer expression of a somewhat similar concept occurs in *Far From the Madding Crowd*, in description of a clear night when 'the twinkling of all the stars seemed to be but throbs of one body, timed by a common pulse.' The greatest example of all, perhaps, is one which utilizes a different kind of scientific fact, the geologic. In *A Pair of Blue Eyes*, Henry Knight, scientist and scholar, loses his footing at the edge of the 'Cliff without a Name,' and hangs for some minutes precariously clinging on the rounded edge by a tuft of sea-pink. Time closes up 'like a fan' before him, and he sees himself 'at one extremity of the years, face to face with the beginning and all the intermediate centuries simultaneously.' Lost to all but the curving face of the cliff round and beneath him, and prompted by an imbedded fossil that stares at him from the rock, he re-lives the whole cycle of organic evolution on the earth.

The Hardy who could make so much scenic and emotional impressiveness out of the facts of a special science does quite clearly represent a generation beyond that of the rationalist George Eliot.

Criticism has been on the whole rather generous in providing points of view for the study of Mr. Hardy. But they all — historical, technical, or philosophical — fail us if we ask much of them. And we are brought back to the necessity of partly rejecting them all, and of defining our author very

largely in terms of himself. We do well, surely, to beware of the conventional tags and labels, the catchwords invented for dealing on the quickest, least costly terms with the Poes and Ainsworths and Oscar Wildes of literature, but proved to be least helpful here where there is more than we can see at any one glimpse or from any one angle.

There are some affairs which pay themselves the compliment of bursting any mould of formula into which one tries to pour them, whose distinction is, as we say, to 'defy analysis.' The great eighteenth-century novelists have this variousness and elusiveness; Scott and the great Victorians have it; Hardy has it also, to a degree that gives him his impressive character of survival from an age of grander dimensions than ours, an age of more burning creative intensity and of genius magnificently rioting. Even if the future should strangely overlook the greatness of such a man,

it could hardly overlook his largeness. Wherever he failed, he failed spaciously, grandly, and his very failures are more to be prized than the safe successes of lesser men; just as the desperately bad things in Thackeray are better literature, if worse art, than the unusually good things in Bulwer-Lytton. This general largeness or capaciousness, which we associate with tumultuous periods such as the Elizabethan, is especially marked in Hardy because his last fifteen years of creative activity in the novel fall in a period otherwise largely given over, except for Meredith, to the excellence of little things. And, quite apart from particular small merits and defects, it demands for him a special consideration. He looms, however jaggedly or unsymmetrically, over our modern landscape; he is a mountain that towers. We may, if we will, turn from the ascent; but at least we cannot help being in his shadow.

CRITICAL NOTES ON AMERICAN POETS

BY EDWARD GARNETT

ON opening a little volume, *Poems and Lyrics*,¹ by George Reston Malloch, one recognizes that our young English poets inherit advantages denied their American brothers. The English literary soil has been fructified by the germs of poetic associations since the days of Chaucer. Indeed, not only were the Elizabethans inspired by the riches of the mediæval world and the Renaissance, but elements of the rich compost of the buried civil-

izations carried into Britain by the invading Celts, Romans, and Teutonic tribes reappear in the literary magic of the Shakespearean drama. *Macbeth* and *King Lear* are the poetic fruit of cycles of legends. And to read our contemporary poets — Hardy, Doughty, Bridges, Yeats, Davies, Flecker, de la Mare, Hodgson, Sturge Moore, Lawrence, and the rest — is to recognize that in their literary blood courses sap from these ancient English roots ramifying in our literary soil.

¹ London: W. Heinemann. 1917.

Mr. Malloch's verses are no better, line for line, than most of the poems in *The Little Book of Modern [American] Verse*,¹ edited by Miss Rittenhouse; but one feels that many of the latter suffer from a thinness of literary *humus*. The effect of the majority of these American poets of a decade ago, as also that of the Transition poets of the sixties, — Stedman, Aldrich, — and of their successors, Gilder, Cawein, and the others, refined, sensitive, and conscientious as is their work, is too much that of a literary dessert, and too little that of the meat or the wine, the labor or the joy of life. Such work is an ornamentation, like the cut flowers on the table. One feels that Miss Rittenhouse's seventy poets have not so much created their own styles as selected them from imported English stock; and that when they mix in their native images, the effect is incongruous, as in the poem 'Lincoln' by Edwin Markham, where the moral grandiloquence flowers in rhetoric: —

Sprung from the West,
The strength of virgin forests braced his mind,
The hush of spacious prairies stilled his soul.
Up from log cabin to the Capitol,
One fire was on his spirit, one resolve —
To send the keen axe to the root of wrong,
Clearing a free way for the feet of God.
And evermore he burned to do his deed
With the fine stroke and gesture of a king;
He built the rail-pile as he built the State . . .

It is surely the borrowed or adulterated literary styles of the vast majority of American poets contemporary with Whitman, that have proved fatal to their claims in the eyes of this generation? It is therefore with curiosity that we turn to the 'New Poetry,' to the renaissance of poetry in America of which Mr. W. S. Braithwaite is a careful sponsor. His *Index of Poets, of Magazine Poems and of Volumes of Poetry* published in America in 1916, is so imposing as to abash a foreign

critic who feels that in offering, here, a few remarks, he necessarily remains in ignorance of verse of rarer quality than he has been privileged to examine. But the main conclusion that he draws from Mr. Braithwaite's Annual is that American poetry is in a vigorous state. Not only is the growth of the vine luxuriant, but there is plenty of body in the new, fermenting wine; though of fine bouquet, of high distinction of style, there is, as yet, not much evidence.

One must not ask too much at once. The main thing is that the poets should be fortified by public interest in the movement, and that the standard of critical taste should be raised. From a few magazine articles here and there one gathers that the reviewers are a little too busy confounding the geese with the swans, and the coteries too intent on crowning their own friends with laurels. With the spirit and aims of the innovators in *vers libre* one must declare one's self in sympathy. The old metrical forms cannot suffice the new impulses, and there must be continuous experiment, if a disastrous crystallization of form is not to fetter the poets, as the bardic poets of Ireland were fettered by their elaborate school-craft for many centuries. But bad taste is sure to parade in its pretentious *papier-mâché* mask.

Mr. Ezra Pound's *Personae*,² for instance, is a specimen of false poetic mosaic — pseudo-mediaeval *tesserae* set in sticky, modern cement that can never harden. Such stand condemned as style, by their adulterate jargon. Some reviewers have commended Mr. Pound's 'freshness of inspiration,' his 'immense vitality and passion'; but these are precisely the qualities nature has denied him. His *Canzoni*³ may offer us technical feats, but are they not bankrupt in feeling? Everything in

¹ London: Elkin Matthews. 1909.

² London: Elkin Matthews. 1911.

³ Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1913.

Mr. Pound's verse appears to us to be derived, or imitated, or cut out of old patterns. One is told, however, that he is at his best in translations from the Chinese.

Mr. Untermeyer, on the other hand, is rich in feeling but poor in artistry. Many of his pieces in *These Times*,¹ as 'The Swimmers,' 'On the Palisade,' 'A Side Street,' one reads with sympathy, applauding the truth and unconventional vigor of his sensations and impressions; but even when most successful he needs to concentrate and purify his verse and eliminate the dross from his metal. In 'Thirteen Portraits,' by his force of feeling he gets home on his human target with a satiric sabre-edge, and in 'Lovers' he has retold the old story of Love's satiety in a manner all his own. His ideas are bold, but he is too apt to philosophize and divagate, and mar his pictures with hasty, random strokes and coarse metaphors, as in his poem 'To a Weeping Willow,' where he speaks thus of the storm wind, —

You laughed a welcome to that savage lout,
I heard the thunder of his heavy boots.

Mr. Untermeyer shouts over-loudly of his unconquerable optimism, of his unquenchable faith in life. Is this a genuine temperamental trait? or is it that he needs must echo the popular American creed, and its 'red-blood' gospel? Walt Whitman shouted, too, but his giant lungs could carry over prairie and savannah to far continents. But is not Mr. Untermeyer shouting at the crowd from his literary window? In 'The Poet' he describes aptly enough the qualifications of the true poet, concluding, —

His soul is but a fragile glass,
Revealing what his age has been;
But it shall live, though all else pass,
For all of Time is seen therein.

¹ New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1917.

A fine illustration of the truth of the above stanza is offered us in a little booklet, *Chinese Poems*;² and from a score of exquisite little cameos I select one by a poet of the Pre-T'ang period, to compare with Mr. Untermeyer's method: —

Yellow dusk; messenger fails to appear,
Restraining anger, heartsick and sad.
Turn candle towards bed-foot;
Averting face — sob in darkness.

From Mr. Untermeyer's 'Truce,' a description, in seventy lines, of two lovers clinging together in the dusk of a winter's evening while watching from a city window the falling snow, we take the following lines: —

And as she smiled and snuggled closer there,
The dusk crept up and flowed into the room;
Softly, with *reverent hand*, it touched her hair,
That like a soft brown flower, seemed to bloom
In the deep-lilac gloom.
Kindly it came,
And laid its blurring fingers on the sharp edges
of things,
On books, and chairs and figured coverings,
And all at once clear and delicately wrought;
Then almost hastily,
As though with a *last merciful thought*,
It covered with its hand the sharp, white square
That stood out in the corner where
The evening paper had been flung, etc.

Note how the cheap, sentimental images that we have italicized clash and jar. Whereas the Pre-T'ang poet's picture, by its simple veracity of feeling, will endure to the end, Mr. Untermeyer, by smothering the essentials and emphasizing what is superfluous, has so weighed down his craft with heavy stocks and stones, that it has already sunk to the bottom of 'Time's Stream.' Thus the 'New Poetry,' however 'progressive' its practitioners may claim to be, is not necessarily an advance on the art of sixty generations back!

The test for American poetry to-day is, of course, simply the old twofold test — how does your vision enrich our

² Privately printed: London. 1916.

consciousness of man's life and nature's life? and what original effects of force and beauty in language does it communicate? When one turns to Mr. Edward Lee Masters's *The Great Valley*¹ one asks one's self, does one read it solely for the psychological interest of its human drama? Not entirely. For his poems, 'Gobineau to Tree,' 'Autochthon,' 'Hanging the Picture,' 'Lincoln and Douglas Debates,' highly original in their psychological insight, are more native, more individual in style, than Mr. Markham's 'Lincoln,' quoted above. But still, is not Mr. Masters growing in danger of becoming a little too fluent, too careless? In his *Spoon River Anthology* he struck out a form of psychological epitaph which, in grim terseness and pregnant irony of phrasing, rises superior to much bald atmosphere and ugliness. What did his vision accomplish for us? His acute insight cut through the dead flesh of sham morality and conventional ideals, probing the living impulses and hidden passions of a typical community of citizens. He pierced the joints of the armored mail of Pharisaism with its incrustated materialism, greed, self-complacency; and he cast the tragi-comedy of the life-stories of hundreds of men and women in the bronze of his psychological epitaphs. This was a great achievement, and his exposure of the ironical shams of life, flaunting in the headlines and glozed by the tombstones, will live in *Spoon River Anthology*, not only by his faith in truth and all that is humanly fine, but by the force of his caustic, naked phraseology.

The same insight, the same sane, generous humanity inspires *The Great Valley*, indeed in widening circles of vision; but the *form*, more prolix in narrative and reflection, has not the same finality. 'The passion and color

and grave music' which Mr. W. M. Reedy finds in it — do they find worthy form? Read 'Cato Braden,' an admirable sketch of a life's failure, and count how many of the lines are tedious, unnecessary. For example, —

He had in short a nature fit to work
With great capacity; had he combined
An intellect but half his nature's worth
He might have won the race. But many thought
He promised much, his father most of all,
Because he had these virtues, and in truth
Before his leaves unfolded with the spring
His mind seemed apt, perhaps seemed measured
full
Of quality, the prizes he had won
At Valparaiso pointed to the fruit
He would produce at last.

Not a line of these eleven is worth preserving. Read the hundred lines of 'Steam-Shovel Art,' a *conte* to please any lawyer; or the hundred and thirty lines of 'New Year's Day,' and consider whether these narratives would not be far more effective in prose. The psychological analysis in 'The Typical American' is as piercing as ever, but the *art* is too didactic, the metaphors too unchastened, for the piece to rank as fine poetry. And 'The Last Confession,' 'Marsyas,' 'The Desplained Forest,' 'Apollo at Phera'; 'The Apology of Demetrius,' 'The Radical's Message,' and various other pieces, fall to a plane that lies between poetry and prose. Grateful as one is for *The Great Valley*, for the wit and truth of its varied human drama, one feels that the form, generally, is scarcely worthy of the author's penetrating spiritual vision.

Has not the delicate voice of Mr. Frost's muse lost something of its timbre in *Mountain Interval*?² Every one knows that in a stretch of country there are certain fields, woods, meadows, which subtly allure one to return again and again to them in preference to others. The contours of the ground, the way trees break the sky-line, the

¹ New York. The Macmillan Company. 1916.
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² New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1917.

shape of a field, the curve of a road or a lane, are elating or comforting, whereas neighboring fields and copses seem uninspiring in comparison. Well, *Mountain Interval*, this stretch of new country, leaves me comparatively unresponsive. Is there not some flatness in the cadence of the rhythms, in the character of the verse; and less of — well, one must use the old word — beauty in spirit or in mood? It occurs to one that possibly Mr. Frost has evolved a new theory of verse, or, perhaps, that he has wed his old practice to some new method. Does he hold that one subject is as desirable, one word as beautiful, as another? But *Mountain Interval* shows that they are not. Though there are interesting poems in the book, as 'Snow,' 'Hyla Brook,' 'The Line Gang,' this admirer of *North of Boston* feels as though a gray sky had, there, succeeded the soft light and rolling clouds of a southwest wind. But nothing is so inconstant as weather: it breaks, and sun, wind, and sky will restore speedily the charm of Mr. Frost's landscape.

In *Men, Women and Ghosts*,¹ Amy Lowell supplies those very factors of fresh, sensuous imagery and emotional zest of which we note the comparative absence in American poetry of the previous decade. Miss Lowell has undoubtedly reinforced her agile, æsthetic instinct by a craftsman's care. Her choice of subjects and her way of approach show a culture truly cosmopolitan. There is little that she cannot do in the *genres* she has chosen, when she puts her mind to it. Has she not drawn admirable inspiration from Keats in 'Pickthorn Manor,' and from Byron in 'The Cremona Violin'? Note how near, both in spirit and method, is the clever 'The Hammers' to *The Ingoldsby Legends*. In psychological sureness in 'The Overgrown Pasture,'

¹ New York: The Macmillan Company. 1916.

as in 'Figurines in Old Saxe,' Miss Lowell's insight is not to be criticized. She has a light touch, is shrewd and amusing in observation, and is fertile in inventiveness. Brilliant is the term for *Men, Women and Ghosts* — praise which holds good when the book is put to the test of a third reading.

Her curious attempt to render the rhythms of music, like Scriabin's, in verse is indeed no novelty. It has been done long ago, perhaps more successfully, by Spanish poets not of high stature. Where are we to place Miss Amy Lowell? What gives one pause is her very versatility. She recalls a virtuoso whose rendering of Chopin and Scarlatti is equally accomplished. Has she a spiritual atmosphere and temperamental colors of her own? Perhaps we taste her individual quality best in 'The Dinner Party' and 'The Aquarium,' which open new vistas in the New Poetry, of finer import than does her prose poem 'Malmaison,' or her *vers libre*, 'The Trumpet-Vine Arbor' and 'The City of Falling Leaves.' Miss Lowell is too clever not to have observed that with each rereading of the three last-mentioned pieces the picture seems to dull, to grow rigid and stereotyped. This must give her pause. For the highest aim of poetry is to indicate the flux, the growth, the mystery of nature by the art of the concrete image. The greater a piece of literary art, the more inexhaustible is it in suggesting the springs and forces of life. The sharp limitation of 'decorative' poetry, and of such experiments in 'polyphonic prose' as 'Red Slippers,' 'Thompson's Lunch Room,' 'An Opera House,' and the like, is that the poet, in striving to convey to us the cunning appearance of things, secures surface at the expense of depth — and the result is æsthetic superficiality.

For this reason such psychological pieces, as 'The Cremona Violin,' 'The

Overgrown Pasture,' and 'The Dinner Party,' can be read and reread with pleasure when 'Malmaison,' 'Red Slippers,' and the rest simply tire us by their almost mechanical rigidity and spiritual poverty. And there is something wrong with an artistic method, surely, that leaves nothing to the imagination. The Chinese masters did not fall into this trap of mere cleverness. Miss Lowell, in her amusing, light, bright 'A Roxbury Garden' takes 370 short lines in her effort to give 'the circular movement of a hoop bowling along the ground, and the up-and-down elliptical curve of a flying shuttlecock'; whereas a Chinese poet, of the Pre-T'ang epoch, concentrates for us a marital drama, communicating both the essence and whole movement of a situation, in seven lines: —

THE EJECTED WIFE

Entering the Hall, she meets the new wife.
Leaving the gate she runs into former husband.
Words stick; she does not manage to say anything.

Presses hands together; stands hesitating.
Agitates moon-like fan, sheds pearl-like tears,
Realizes she loves him as much as ever —
Present pain never comes to an end.

Now here is a model which our Imagists would do very well to study. It follows the laws laid down in *Some Imagist Poets: An Anthology*,¹ with one important exception, 'Law 5. To produce poetry that is hard and clear, never blurred nor indefinite.' 'The Ejected Wife' is not *hard* but soft! soft as growing nature, as the emotion of love. Luckily neither Mr. Aldington, Mr. Flint, Mr. D. H. Lawrence, nor Miss Amy Lowell herself, lives up to this theory of 'poetry hard and clear.' How can they? They would forswear the genius of this English language if they did; and, indeed, are not the Imagists apt to go too far in that direction?

¹ Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1915.

Within the limits of his soundings of neurotic impulses and morbid moods, Mr. Conrad Aiken would seem to have succeeded admirably in his aim of weaving strange dream-moods and emotional obsessions into rhythmical patterns of ebb and flow and recurring flux. Psychologically *The Jig of Forslin*² is highly interesting. It reproduces with equal dexterity and sincerity, in rich variation, the amoral impulses and desires of adolescence when fevered emotion and thought leap up divorced from moral 'controls.' By steeping Forslin's dream-moods and imaginary actions in the atmosphere of the operatic and music-hall footlights, and passing abruptly from this artificial stimulation of the passions into the hard lights and sinister shadows of night streets and pavements, the author escapes the dicta of the moral censors, which have no jurisdiction in the plane of music, enervating, luring, thrilling, discordant. The verse is subtly rich in tone-effects and in inner rhythms, and Mr. Aiken, accomplished in his artistry, by his sharp critical sense preserves his equilibrium, and does not allow the riot of neurotic impulses to damage his perspective. *The Jig of Forslin* is indeed an original achievement, one valuable by its creator's sincerity, though it is impossible to say how much it may appeal to civilizations less artificial than that which has generated it.

No less interesting, indeed more remarkable by its curious experiments in a new technique, is *Goblins and Pagodas*.³ Mr. J. G. Fletcher's practice raises all the most perplexing questions together! Does he attain his ends in his 'symphonies' by the 'spirals' and subtle musical curves of his *vers libre*? His is the *allusive* method, and often one loses the trail and becomes

² Boston: The Four Seas Company. 1916.

³ Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1916.

irritated by his vague, windy transitions, by the clouds of colored verbal reflections that he flings lavishly on the page to convey his vibrating sensations and to create his atmosphere. If we wait patiently and watch these verbal rockets soaring and their trailing down, something beautiful will emerge. As an example note how his 'Golden Symphony' hovers and flickers for the first seventy lines, like a lantern-slide that cannot be got fairly on the screen; and lo! a fine, intensely imaginative effect breaks upon us with the line, —

The village drowns in the darkness.

Again, note in 'The Red Symphony' how his realistic images of a ship battering her way to port through an icy gale are reinforced and transcended by his recurring sensations of a city, seen on the sky-line, through the stormy sunset, given to the flames. In 'Poppies of the Red Year' Mr. Fletcher's imagination shows rare creative intensity, in the vision of the European towns and fields, delivered over to devastation and death and war's anarchy. One must salute such achievements. The criticism however, of the method, generally, is that it is prodigal of eccentricities and too impaired by affectations. Will a future generation style his method self-destructive through lack of concentration, grace, and directness of appeal? It certainly exacts much patient attention from the reader, and here again the best Chinese example is worthy of Mr. Fletcher's study. His recondite exposition of his technical procedure, which he identifies, on Professor Fenollosa's authority, with the practice of the poets of the Sung dynasty, need not be taken too seriously.

The charge of adulterated imagery certainly cannot be brought against Mr. Edwin Arlington Robinson's *The Man Against the Sky*.¹ Here we meet

¹ New York: The Macmillan Company. 1916.

a technique accomplished in its ease and certainty, indubitable psychological insight, a sequence of ideas and images that flow with the smoothness of a brimming river — yet withal an effect is produced of a narrative whose implications cannot be grasped in their entirety. Was there not less of mechanism and more of artistic chiseling in Mr. Robinson's earlier manner? for example, in the poems 'Lincoln,' 'Calverly's,' 'Miniver Cheevy,' given by Miss Rittenhouse? Though we follow easily enough poems such as 'Eros Turannos,' 'The Unforgiven,' 'Be-wick Finzer,' we confess we are puzzled by the intellectualized imagery of *The Man Against the Sky*. We find no centre in the composition. The fault may lie in our lack of sympathy with the highly intellectual appeal of Mr. Robinson's poetry, but our criticism, put shortly, is that his thought and imagery fall into over-symmetrical patterns, and that the attention is fatigued thereby, almost as if, indeed, one had been gazing through a kaleidoscope. Has not Mr. Robinson's polished manner stiffened, unconsciously, into a mannerism that binds too inflexibly his emotion and thought?

The genuineness of Sara Teasdale's simple lyrics is proved by the fact that we become infected by and share the emotions she communicates in *Rivers to the Sea*.² Her form seems to be born of her feeling. Her phrasing, though marked by no particular individuality, is happily adequate to reflect the light that flashes a woman's vision of the world, when she gains and loses love.

By the spontaneity of Miss Teasdale's poetic achievement we may measure the more ambitious appeal of Mr. Neihardt's *The Quest*,³ where both imagery and language are in a sense too

² New York: The Macmillan Company. 1916.

³ New York: The Macmillan Company. 1917.

'literary' to create a fresh poetic atmosphere. This we think is true even of Mr. Neihardt's best poems, such as the vigorous 'Nuptial Song.'

And if we are a little churlish to *The Quest*, shall we not show ourselves also irresponsible to the indubitable claims of Josephine Preston Peabody's *Harvest Moon*?¹ The title poem indeed moves us by its sincerity, and in it and some others, as 'The Neighbors,' the authoress tempers her high aspirations for the 'Life That Might Be' with a true vision of the lacerating irony innate in war's brutal fact. Perhaps the authoress's song soars a little too high into the poetic ether, in days when the women of fifteen embattled nations have abetted whatever their men-children have done — the slaying and the slain.

Even in *The Poems of Alan Seeger*² it is, perhaps, less the noble exaltation of such pieces as 'The Aisne' and 'Champagne, 1914-1916,' that will give the dead poet his place in American anthologies than the fact that they enshrine the spirit of one who for faith and honor's sake endured two years of self-imposed hardship and danger on the battlefields of France, 1914-1916.

Lack of space forbids discussion here, of the significant spectacle of

many hundreds of 'new' poets first finding voice in the actual shock of war. The American reader who desires to follow the contemporary movement in British poetry should procure the *Annual of New Poetry*.³ Perhaps the most interesting contributions to this volume are those by Edward Eastaway [Edward Thomas], whose poetic impulse was stimulated by the example of Robert Frost. Alas! Edward Thomas, whose sensitive Celtic vision of the magic of the English countryside is an abiding example of the riches of our poets' inheritance, now lies dead on a French battlefield. As a specimen of Thomas's intense communion with nature, let us quote, for the consideration of American poets, this exquisite little lyric: —

THE SOURCE

All the day the air triumphs with its two voices
Of wind and rain:
As loud as if in anger it rejoices,
Drowning the sound of earth
That gulps and gulps in choked endeavor vain
To swallow the rain.

Half the night too, only the wild air speaks
With wind and rain,
Till forth the dumb source of the river breaks
And drowns the rain and wind;
Bellows like a giant bathing in mighty mirth
The triumph of earth.

¹ Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1916.

² New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1917.

³ London: Constable & Co. 1917.

IT IS WELL WITH THE CHILD

BY MRS. SCHUYLER VAN RENSSELAER

THE word has come — *On the field of battle, dead.*
Sorrow is mine but there is no more dread.

I am his mother. See, I do not say,
'I was'; he is, not was, my son. To-day
He rests, is safe, is well; he is at ease
From pain, cold, thirst, and fever of disease,
And horror of red tasks undone or done.
Now he has dropped the load he bore, my son,
And now my heart is lightened of all fears,
Sorrow is mine and streams of lonely tears,
But not too heavy for the carrying is
The burden that is only mine, not his.

At eventide I may lay down my head,
Not wondering upon what dreadful bed
Perchance — nay, all but certainly — he lies;
And with the morn I may in turn arise,
Glad of the light, of sleep, of food, now he
Is where sweet waters and green meadows be
And golden apples. How it was he died
I know not, but my heart is satisfied;
Never again of all my days will one
Bring anguish for the anguish of my son.

Sorrow is mine but there is no more dread.
The word has come — *On the field of battle, dead.*

WAR NOTES FROM THE BIG DRAFT

BY MARGARET PRESCOTT MONTAGUE

I

THE TOUCHSTONE OF HOME

EVERY spring sees me come home to a little place among the mountains known as The Big Draft—a draft with us meaning a narrow valley or hollow. After a winter spent in various cities, the path of my existence gives over its wandering ways and paved streets, and turns unerringly back to the country and to home; to the intoxicating life and abundant peace of mountains, and to that little place out of all the world where I really belong. I return with my mind, like a distracted pedlar's pack, stored with all sorts of new impressions, new sights, and new ideas; and at the touchstone of home, of familiar surroundings, and of the large—and I sometimes suspect humorous—composure of mountains, the confusion of hastily gathered impressions clears itself, like the tangled threads in the fairy tale; the ephemeral and extravagant ideas of the winter's harvest vanish away, while the permanent things are transmuted into the foundations of life.

Different springs have seen me return possessed of different interests and enthusiasms, or in the grasp of some dominant event. Two years ago the rails beneath my train throbbed all the way home to the beat of a great catastrophe. Four horrified words met us just outside of Washington. The courteous old colored porter had established us comfortably, had taken off his cap and said, 'Well, I hopes you all has a pleas-

ant trip,' and we had started serenely enough; and then, at almost the first stop, those four words leaped from mouth to mouth through the train: 'They've sunk the Lusitania!' At station after station the horror grew. It seemed to brood over the whole country, over all the home-coming, over each well-known landmark. Every impulse of delight evoked by spring blossoms and smiling landscape was blighted by the stunned thought, *But they've sunk the Lusitania!* In the place of sunlit mountains, and the beneficent spring stretches of the Valley of Virginia, there swam instead before the eyes a cold gray ocean, with the bodies of drowned children tossed up and down, up and down, on its uncaring bosom. And more vivid than the cold gray ocean was the thought of the cold gray horror that had somehow broken into the world and found it possible to dress itself up in a nation.

This year I came home to war. I left Washington ablaze with flags. Every house flew its stars and stripes, and in anticipation of the coming of the French and English commissions, there was a frantic search for tricolors and Union Jacks. As my train pulled out of the city, the sharp war-finger of a searchlight pointed straight through the dark at it all across the Potomac Bridge. This was to be expected near Washington, but to wake the next morning to the April-gray of mountains with rifts of white shadbushes dotting them here and there, and to find soldiers guarding our own home

tunnel, was a distinct surprise. Somehow I had visualized the situation only in the cities — in New York, Boston, or Washington. But *our* tunnel with a guard! Why, that was real war! It was a step into action, a long stride beyond waving flags and shouting crowds. Suddenly it seemed as though all the *i*'s in 'hostilities' had been sharply dotted.

And afterwards, when I was settled at home in the Big Draft, war-talk met me at every turn. At the foot of what we call Dug Hill I met Old Reliable — an old man driving an old mule. He drew up, and we fell into talk — war-talk and food-talk.

'They're guarding the Big Spring up at —,' he told me. 'They was afeared some one would pizen it.'

I was astounded. When I turned my back on the cities, I had certainly expected to turn in on spy stories and poisoned waters.

'But why should any one want to poison *that* spring?' I cried.

'To *de*stroy the country,' he told me. 'That's what they done in the last war. I hope things don't git as bad as they was then. You would n't remember, but I do. Only er peck er corn to er man and er beast. But I tell you,' he added, suddenly confidential, 'ef yer want to buy things cheap go to —'s store. He's er new man — lives jest below, where they hed the fight [a battle-ground of the Civil War]. Oh, of course,' he added, turning to expectorate deprecatingly on the off side of the wagon, 'he ain't nothing but a very common man, but he sells cheap.'

If this be so, then blessings on the common man, think I!

Then, the war momentarily forgotten, Old Reliable looks at me appraisingly, and I hastily gather all the spiritual forces I possess to fortify myself for what I guess to be coming.

'You look well,' he asserts. 'I don't know when I ever seen you so fleshy.'

'But I don't want to be fleshy,' I protest feebly.

'I know,' he says regretfully, 'but you air.'

A little farther on I encounter another neighbor. She is all indignation over old man Saunders in the other Draft, who is said to be hoarding his wheat.

'Yes, *sir*! He's got er thousand dollars' worth er wheat held up — won't sell to nobody.'

She is irate also over a shiftless family in our own Draft, who raise nothing of their own.

'They ain't got er thing,' she affirms. 'Not er bean, not er potato — *not one thing*! Why, the President ought ter git after sech folks!'

I am sure I hope he will! I have a warm comfortable feeling within over the fact that our crib is full of corn. Corn in the crib is better — more wholesome, more patriotic, more playing one's part in the great game — than money in the bank these days.

'Things have got so bad that poor people can't hardly live any more,' she adds; and there is a note of real terror in her voice.

Another thing is happening in the Draft: we lost three plump and woolly lambs last week, all killed by dogs in one night. Every one has lost sheep by dogs this spring. The reason for this, they say, is the high price of food. People can hardly feed themselves, and therefore, dogs — half-starved — have taken to sheep-killing, who never before were guilty of such an atrocity. One despairs of making the city dweller realize the wrath and horror that the countryman feels toward a sheep-killing dog. Man-eating tigers hardly fill us with the same loathing. Sheep-tending is the noblest calling open to a dog. A wise sheep dog is as much above the average canine as a poet is above the average man, and as such he is loved

and respected. But let a dog forego this high possibility and take to destroying instead of preserving sheep, and he descends into the dark horror of a Jack the Ripper. We look to Mr. Hoover for many things — let us hope that the saving of the character of our dogs may be one of them.

Working among the lupins in my garden this afternoon, I was interrupted by the farmer who lives on the mountain just back of us. His eyes were snapping and dancing with excitement.

'They've got the first submarine,' he announced triumphantly. 'One of our merchant vessels sunk her — they told me at the post-office.'

I have seen his eyes snap over the excitement of a good peach crop, or over chickens (he says when he worked in a lumber camp he used to dream about having a chicken farm), but who ever expected them to snap over such a piece of news? And three short years ago, did I ever dream that, standing here in my little inland garden, submarines, those monsters of the deep 'half guessed, and gone again,' would present themselves as a vivid reality?

This man's brother — a young fellow of the fighting age — says, 'Yes, we ought to help France. It's a debt we owe. She helped us when we were up against it, and we ought to pay her back now.'

I am glad that out of all the various aspects of the situation this is the one that appeals to his sense of right and fires his imagination. Somehow I had thought that sentiment toward France belonged to our cities and to our more traveled folk. This young fellow ploughs and hauls and chops all day long; nevertheless, for the paying of this national debt of honor he is ready — cheerfully ready — to risk his life. And if you would know the value of that life, you should see him, in the spring dusk going up and down the

hills and over the green grass on his way to call on one of our beauties. I tell you he 'goes the way a god might go,' and the mere sight of his freedom and grace affords one a little inward leap of ecstasy over the joy of youth and love and life. What more may a man do than lay down his life for his friend, or for the friend of his country?

Everywhere one hears that America is not awake. The newspapers constantly affirm it; my city friends spoke of it gloomily, and to-day in the village shop the clerk behind the counter shook his head as he measured out yards of flowered cretonne.

'The trouble is,' he said, 'the country is n't awake yet — we don't realize.'

Well, when every one is so awake to the fact that we are not awake, I wonder if we are not really much more aroused than either we ourselves, our friends, or our enemies realize? A distinguished foreign critic was lately quoted in the papers as saying that America was either extraordinarily indifferent to the situation, or else was rising to it with a calm strength astonishingly beyond the hopes of even her best friends. May not those of us who love her dare to hope that the latter is the true conjecture? I do not know how the mass of the people feel. I wonder if any one really knows? What we know — reduced to its least common denominator — is the opinion of individuals, our own, for instance, or those of other individuals, either expressed by word of mouth, or habited in the solemn black and white of print; and from these, according to the slant of our own temperaments, we build up our conception of the opinions of the mass.

What is America as a whole thinking and feeling at this time? Again, I do not know. I know only that a few weeks ago, when I attempted in my

Sunday-school class, made up of young girls and older women, to hitch a rather dull lesson in Old Testament history up to the present miraculous times, I was astonished by the vivid, intense interest that fell upon the whole class. It reminded me of the stillness of a surprised wild animal when, though the creature is absolutely motionless, nevertheless one is aware that its whole body is keyed to an almost agonized consciousness of one's presence. The class made no comments (we are not as a rule very articulate in the Big Draft), but I knew I had gone down below the outward dead surface of things, and touched a spot that was quick with life; and they listened as they had never listened before to the return of Nehemiah, and the building of the walls of Jerusalem. Also I know — and I am proud, not ashamed to tell it — that when the Liberty Loan was offered, it was the cook in our household who first announced the intention of subscribing.

'Yes,' she said, sweeping very hard, and looking for some reason surprisingly happy, 'yes, seems like I can do that much anyhow.'

Nor shall I soon forget the entirely unlooked-for happiness of the day when we all invested in our bonds. Again we said very little, but it was a day when individual reserves were broken down, when every one looked pleased and friendly, and when the commonplace things of life, such as, what we should have for dinner, and when the garden ought to be weeded, — things which depend so much for their accomplishment upon the cheerful working together of all the members of a household, — went off easily and pleasantly. The heaviest and stupidest chariot wheels of life drove smoothly that day, all because of the oil of gladness and good fellowship engendered by the Liberty Loan.

And again, another thing I know.

A neighbor of mine in the Big Draft remarked to me the other day in quite a matter-of-course manner, 'America is the most wasteful country in the world.' Now, foreign critics have often told us this, and our own economists have tried to make us aware of it, but we in the Big Draft never knew it before. We never before lifted our eyes long enough from the home treadmill of things, or looked far enough beyond our mountains, to compare ourselves with other nations. It was not so many years ago, indeed, that a schoolteacher in the county next to ours wrote to an Englishman who had dropped down in our midst, for information in regard to his country.

'Is England,' she inquired, 'a Christian and civilized country?'

She also wished to know if, when crossing the ocean, you had to take your own 'vittles, or does the master of the ship furnish the eaten's? And when in England, if you want to stay at the house of one of the Lords do you have to pay, or do they take up with strangers?'

Therefore I am almost inclined to let that astonishingly wise remark as to the wastefulness of America stand as the summing-up of all that the touchstone of home brought to me this spring. Shall I? Or shall it be instead the reply of our own cook, — she of the Liberty Loan, — who, when questioned as to why she had not made a certain cake for a party, replied that she was afraid Mr. Hoover would not like it if she made too many.

Either remark is surprising enough, and sufficient evidence to us who have known this little corner of the world for so many years, of the coming into our midst of something new. The Big Draft is beginning to look beyond its mountains, is stretching out its hands to the East and to the West, to the four corners of the country, and even indeed

across the ocean. A man of the Draft remarked a little while ago that he wished to see a peace made by the Allies in Berlin. I am very sure that three years ago if you had asked this man where Berlin was, he would not have been able to tell you. *It is true that the younger ones among us had begun before the war to awake a little to outside things, but the sudden overturning of the world in 1914, and the situation as it is further brought home to us in 1917, has violently speeded up the slow drift that was breaking down our isolation, and bearing us out upon the tide of a larger life. And now I know that this is not a war merely of newspaper headlines and shouting cities: it is the war of the whole of America. The touchstone of home has told me so. Uncle Sam, that great sleepy, sometimes grotesque, often inert, giant, is waking up at last, is yawning and stretching out his mighty arms — and at the end of those arms are clinched fists.*

Yesterday's papers were filled with accounts of the landing of our first regulars in France. Have the gentlemen in Potsdam miscalculated once more? As Kipling puts into the mouth of the American spirit —

They know not much what I am like,
Nor what he is, my Avatar!

And more — much more — than this is true. If we here in the Big Draft, who have always lived and died so quietly by ourselves, are stretching out now to this larger life of our country, and through our country to the life of humanity in general, then surely little isolated places in all the world are doing the same. We have come at last to know that throughout the length and breadth of the globe all the nations are fearfully and wonderfully linked together; there are no longer any hermit nations among us. This year 1917 is the great nuptial year of the world. Here-

after, for better or for worse, the nations go forth together — and what God has joined together no man, not even a Kaiser, can put asunder. And out of this union a child shall be born unto us. No one country shall bring it forth, *but all the countries shall mother it* — even such among us as are old and well stricken in years. For at last the times are ripe for the coming of that child, and his name shall be called the Brotherhood of Mankind.

II

THE KINDLY FRUITS OF THE EARTH

Never was there such talk of food, of gardens, and of prices! To-day I found the cook glowering at a very small pile of beans.

'Look at them beans,' she exhorted me. 'Just *look* at 'em! That's *forty cents'* worth! *Beans!*'

She added the last word with that astonished resentment that one applies to the sudden social rise of a family one has known always.

And, indeed, nowadays many of our humblest vegetables have leaped to an arrogant prominence, forcing us to make a study of their habits and customs, and humor them with a deep respect. Here in the Draft we exchange bits of information in regard to them. 'Parsnips,' I am told, 'goes down before they comes up — leastways, that's what the old folks always used to say.' And garden pests — how passionately we discuss the cutworm! One neighbor affirms that if you take a cutworm and throw it 'behind-side foremost' over the garden fence all the other cutworms will leave. In theory this sounds simple, but alas! in practice it is so difficult to determine which *is* the behind-side of a cutworm.

Another neighbor offers a still more complicated method. 'Take nine cutworms,' she says, 'an' tie 'em together

in er string, an' hang 'em over er forked stick so's they'll blow round and round in the wind, an' then you kin jest *see* the path the others'll make gittin' out er the garden.' (I am tempted here to wonder if you took nine Prussian generals and tied 'em together in a string an' hung 'em over er forked stick so's they'd blow round and round in the wind, if *then* you might n't be able to see the path the rest of the Germans would make getting out of Belgium.)

But to come home again — one can never be sure how things are going to strike us here in the Big Draft. This same neighbor had never heard of Brussels sprouts. On its being explained to her that they grew little cabbages all up and down their stems, she exclaimed with a wondering pity, 'Why, the poor little things!'

To-day my cabbages are up! Ranks and ranks of them! Such a merry little green company, but terrible, I hope, as an army with banners. O proud Prussians! Are you to be beaten by cabbages? Hoist by your own sauer-kraut? And O prophetic Walrus! The time has indeed come when one talks of cabbages and kings in the same breath! And also, how vitally important have shoes and ships become, and why indeed *is* the sea so boiling hot? To call a person *mon petit chou* has heretofore always seemed to me a strange term of endearment, but now my friends are coming to regard it as my warmest expression of affection.

The churchyard around our little gray chapel has been put down to potatoes. This summer, when we pray that 'the kindly fruits of the earth may be preserved to our use,' I shall think of all the little green war-gardens over the whole country; and I do not doubt that out there in the democratic hilarity of out-of-doors, the potatoes down in the ground will wink their blind eyes at one another and whisper, 'Hey! Listen to

the humans prayin' for *us!*' I am not sure that potatoes order themselves with sufficient lowliness and reverence toward all their betters to be admitted into churchyards.

The thought of the real famine abroad is hideous, monstrous, and unspeakable; but for most of us here at home, the food-situation so far is only such as to take on a strain of romance. Of late our tables have been spread all too easily, and we have known none of the quickening zest of providing or procuring our own food. But now any little unexpected windfalls from the woods and fields come with a delightful surprise. I always feel, too, as if Mother-Nature bestowed them with a wink; as if she said, 'Here, take this, but don't let on to the Germans I gave it to you.'

Such, for instance, was the discovery of a swarm of wild bees in our own grove. With sugar soaring to such heights, and Mr. Hoover requesting economy in that direction, it seemed real treasure-trove to find the hollow arm of an old oak dripping with nature's sweets. Most of the Draft turned out to witness the hiving of the swarm. A neighbor who heretofore had figured merely as a plumber revealed suddenly an ardor for bees. Water-pipes, it appeared, was his profession, but bees his passion. We on the ground, canopied by the lovely green of budding trees, watched him ascend to giddy heights, bearing a smouldering torch and an empty keg, his head bound about with white cheese-cloth, his trouser legs tied discreetly down with borrowed handkerchiefs, while lumps of swarming bees fell all about him. As we were watching thus, before our admiring eyes his everyday plumber-self slipped gloriously aside and the real man shone forth. And what if the swarm so scientifically hived did 'take a notion' and all fly gayly away into

the green woods the next day? At least we had had a glimpse of the plumber's real self, and were, moreover, several pounds of honey to the good.

And greens — I always think Mother Nature winks these days when the cook's little grandson brings us a mess o' greens. Such oldfashioned, unpretentious little friends as poke, lamb's quarter, shepherd sprouts, dandelions, and wild buckwheat, are coming to their own again — that is, if their own is to be 'green herbs for the use of man.' Even the Department of Agriculture is sending out solemn bulletins on the subject, though I would willingly wager that a year or so ago any old woman in the Draft could have given the most learned agriculturist of them all points on the matter of 'po'k an' greens.'

We discuss the ethics of scraps passionately. Some of our men-folk would have us believe that scraps which are transmuted into pigs or chickens are not wasted, but we women refuse to be led astray by such dangerous doctrines. If the last half-million bushels of wheat are to win the war, — as we are told, — shall we cast such pearls before swine?

There is something very wonderful about this concerted attack upon waste, about these little war-gardens. We may have first instituted them for our own salvation, faced by exorbitant food prices; but now they are running out beyond the borders of self and of home into the four corners of the world, and into the wide country of humanity. The homely old gingham apron, flag of the housekeeper, is beginning, one may well believe, to stand for something

beautiful and new. There are some among us who are beginning to dream mad and glorious dreams of world-housekeeping, world-gardening — an international pooling of all the food-supplies, not only for the duration of the war, but for peace times as well. As our Stars and Stripes stand to us as the symbol of freedom, may not the bars and checks of our gingham aprons come to symbolize for us this international housekeeping, toward which the times seem to be urging us? If a League to Enforce Peace, why not one also to Provide Plenty? In so bountiful a world, whose kindly fruits are so cheerfully ready to serve mankind, why indeed should any little human being ever go hungry or naked?

About every experience of life, whether material or spiritual, there is always an *other-where-ness*, the fact that none of the things stop short in themselves, that all are gateways into a Something Larger, an ever-unfolding More. Truly, when one passes now through the homely portals of the gingham apron, and the kindly fruits of the earth, one is dazzled by the astounding country into which they open. So moved, indeed, am I by the vision, that, as the sun dips behind the mountains, and the soft romance of dusk enfolds the Big Draft, I am fain to steal across the dew-wet grass to my little cabbages, and calling upon them for this great crusade, consecrate them with an evening grace, —

'Bless, O Lord, this food to our use, and to the use of our Allies, and us to thy service in the great possibilities now unfolding before mankind!'

A RIDICULOUS PHILOSOPHER

BY A. EDWARD NEWTON

I

I AM not sure that I know what philosophy is; a philosopher is one who practices it, and we have it on high authority that 'there was never yet philosopher that could endure the toothache patiently.'

There is an old man in Wilkie Collins's novel, *The Moonstone*, the best novel of its kind in the language, who, when in doubt, reads *Robinson Crusoe*. In like manner I, when in doubt, turn to Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, and there I read that the fine, crusty old doctor was hailed in the Strand one day by a man who half a century before had been at Pembroke College with him. It is not surprising that Johnson did not at first remember his former friend, and he was none too well pleased to be reminded that they were both 'old men now.' 'We are, sir,' said Dr. Johnson, 'but do not let us discourage one another'; and they began to talk over old times and compare notes as to where they stood in the world.

Edwards, his friend, had practiced law and had made money, but had spent or given much of it away. 'I shall not die rich,' said he. 'But, sir,' said Johnson, 'it is better to live rich than to die rich.' And now comes Edwards's immortal remark: 'You are a philosopher, Dr. Johnson. I have tried, too, in my time to be a philosopher, but I don't know how; cheerfulness was always breaking in.'

With the word 'cheerfulness,' Edwards had demolished the scheme of

life of most of our professed philosophers who have no place in their systems for the attribute that goes furthest toward making life worth while to the average man.

Cheerfulness is a much rarer quality than is generally supposed, especially among the rich. It was not common even before we learned that, in spite of Browning, though God may be in his heaven, nevertheless, all is wrong with the world.

If 'most men lead lives of quiet desperation,' as Thoreau says they do, it is, I suspect, because they will not allow cheerfulness to break in upon them when it will. A good disposition is worth a fortune. Give cheerfulness a chance and let the professed philosopher go hang.

But it is high time for me to turn my attention and yours, if I may, to the particular philosopher through whom I wish to stick my pen, and whom, thus impaled, I wish to present for your edification — say, rather, amusement. His name was William Godwin; he was the husband of Mary Wollstonecraft and the father-in-law of Shelley.

Godwin was born in Cambridgeshire in 1756, and came of preaching stock. It is related that when only a lad he used to steal away, not to go in swimming or to rob an orchard, but to a meeting-house to preach; this at the age of ten. The boy was father to the man: to the end of his life he never did anything else. He first preached orthodoxy, later heterodoxy, but he was always a preacher. I do not like the

tribe. I am using the word as indicating one who elects to teach by word rather than by example.

When a boy he had an attack of smallpox. Religious scruples prevented him from submitting to vaccination, for he said he had no wish to run counter to the will of God. In this frame of mind he did not long remain. He seems to have been a hard student — what we would call a grind. He read enormously, and by twenty he considered that he was fully equipped for his life's work. He was as ready to preach as an Irishman is to fight, for the love of it; but he was quarrelsome as well as pious, and, falling out with his congregation, he dropped the title of Reverend and betook himself to literature and London.

At this time the French Revolution was raging, and the mental churning which it occasioned had its effect upon sounder minds than his. Godwin soon became intimate with Tom Paine and others of like opinions. Wherever political heresy and schism was talked, there Godwin was to be found. He stood for everything which was 'advanced' in thought and conduct; he joined the school which was to write God with a small *g*. All the radical visionaries in London were attracted to him, and he to them. He thought and dreamed and talked, and finally grew to feel the need of a larger audience. The result was *An Enquiry Concerning Political Justice*, a book which created a tremendous sensation in its day. It seemed the one thing needed to bring political dissent and dissatisfaction to a head.

Much was wrong at the time, much is still wrong, and doubtless reformers of Godwin's type do a certain amount of good. They call attention to abuses, and eventually the world sets about to remedy them. A 'movement' is in the air; it centres in some man who voices

and directs it. For the moment the man and the movement seem to be one. Ultimately the movement becomes diffused, its character changes; frequently the man originally identified with it is forgotten — so it was with Godwin.

Political Justice was published in 1793. In it Godwin fell foul of everything. He assailed all forms of government. The common idea that blood is thicker than water is wrong; all men are brothers; one should do for a stranger as for a brother. The distribution of property is absurd. A man's needs are to be taken as the standard of what he should receive. He that needs most is to be given most — by whom Godwin did not say.

Marriage is a law and the worst of all laws: it is an affair of property, and like property must be abolished. The intercourse of the sexes is to be like any other species of friendship. If two men happen to feel a preference for the same woman, let them both enjoy her conversation and be wise enough to consider sexual intercourse 'a very trivial object indeed.'

I have a copy of *Political Justice* before me, with Tom Paine's signature on the title-page. What a whirlwind all this once created, especially with the young! Its author became one of the most-talked-of men of his time, and Godwin's estimate of himself could not have been higher than that his disciples set upon him. Compared with him, 'Paine was nowhere and Burke a flashy sophist.' He gloried in the reputation his book gave him, and he profited by it to the extent of a thousand pounds; to him it was a fortune.

Pitt, who was then Prime Minister, when his attention was called to the book, wisely remarked, 'It is not worth while to prosecute the author of a three-guinea book, because at such a price very little harm can be done to those who have not three shillings to spare.'

The following year Godwin published his one other book that has escaped the rubbish heap of time — *The Adventures of Caleb Williams*, a novel. It is the best of what might be called 'The Nightmare Series,' which would begin with *The Castle of Otranto*, include his own daughter's *Frankenstein*, and end, for the moment, with Bram Stoker's *Dracula*. *Caleb Williams* has genuine merit; that it is horrible and unnatural may be at once admitted, but there is a vitality about it which holds your interest to the last; unrelieved by any flash of sentiment or humor, it is still as entirely readable as it was once immensely popular. Colman, the younger, dramatized it under the name of *The Iron Chest*, and several generations of playgoers have shuddered at the character of Falkland, the murderer, who, and not Caleb Williams, is the chief character. His other novels are soup made out of the same stock, as a chef would say, with a dash of the supernatural added.

Godwin had now written all that he was ever to write on which the dust of years has not settled, to be disturbed only by some curious student of a forgotten literature; yet he supposed that he was writing for posterity!

II

Meanwhile he, who had been living with his head in the clouds, became aware of the existence of 'females.' It was an important, if belated, discovery. He was always an inveterate letter-writer, and his curious letters to a number of women have been preserved. He seems to have had more than a passing fancy for Amelia Alderson, afterward Mrs. Opie, the wife of the artist. He was intimate with Mrs. Robinson, the 'Perdita' of the period, in which part she attracted the attention of the Prince of Wales. Mrs. Inch-

bald and Mrs. Reveley were also friends, with whom he had frequent misunderstandings. His views on the subject of marriage being well known, perhaps these ladies, merely to test the philosopher, sought to overcome his objection to 'that worst of institutions.' If so, their efforts were unsuccessful.

Godwin, however, seems to have exerted a peculiar fascination over the fair sex, and he finally met one with whom, as he says, 'friendship melted into love.' Godwin, saying he would ne'er consent, consented. Mary Wollstonecraft, the author of the *Rights of Woman*, now calling herself Mrs. Imlay, triumphed. Her period of romance, followed fast by tragedy, was for a brief time renewed with Godwin. She had had one experience, the result of which was a fatherless infant daughter, Fanny, and some time after she took up with Godwin, she urged upon him the desirability of 'marriage lines.'

Godwin demurred for a time; but when Mary confided to him that she was about to become a mother, a private wedding in St. Pancras Church took place. Separate residence was attempted, in order to conform to Godwin's theory that too close familiarity might result in mutual weariness; but Godwin was not destined to become bored by his wife. She had intelligence and beauty; indeed, it seems likely that he loved her as devotedly as it was possible for one of his frog-like nature to do. Shortly after the marriage a daughter was born, and christened Mary; and a few days later the remains of Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin were interred in the old graveyard of St. Pancras, close by the church which she had recently left as a bride.

No sketch of Godwin's life would be complete without the well-known story of the expiring wife's exclamation, 'I

am in heaven'; to which Godwin replied, 'No, my dear, you only mean that your physical sensations are somewhat easier.'

Thus, by that 'divinity that shapes our ends,' Godwin, who did not approve of marriage and who had no place in his philosophy for the domestic virtues, became within a few months a husband, a widower, a stepfather, and a father. Probably no man was less well equipped than he for his immediate responsibilities. He had been living in one house and his wife in another, to save his face, as it were, and also to avoid interruptions, but this scheme of life was no longer possible. A household must be established; some sort of a family nurse became an immediate necessity. One was secured, who tried to marry Godwin out of hand; to escape her attentions he fled to Bath.

But his objections to marriage as an institution were waning, and when he met Harriet Lee, the daughter of an actor, and herself a writer of some small distinction, they were laid aside altogether. His courtship of Miss Lee took the form of interminable letters. He writes her, 'It is not what you are but what you might be that charms me,' and he chides her for not being prepared faithfully to discharge the duties of a wife and mother. Few women have been in this humor won; Miss Lee was not among them.

Godwin finally returned to London. He was now a man approaching middle age, cold, methodical, dogmatic, and quick to take offense. He began to live on borrowed money. The story of his life at this time is largely a story of his squabbles. A more industrious man at picking a quarrel one must go far to find; and that the record might remain he wrote letters—not short, angry letters, but long, serious, disputatious epistles, such as no one likes to
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receive, and which seem to demand and usually get an immediate answer. Ritson writes him, 'I wish you would make it convenient to return to me the thirty pounds I loaned you. My circumstances are by no means what they were at the time I advanced it, nor did I, in fact, imagine you would have retained it so long.' And again, 'Though you have not the ability to repay the money I loaned you, you might have integrity enough to return the books you borrowed. I do not wish to bring against you a railing accusation, but am compelled, nevertheless, to feel that you have not acted the part of an honest man.'

Godwin seems to have known his weakness, for he writes of himself, 'I am feeble of tact and liable to the grossest mistakes respecting theory, taste, and character.' And again, 'No domestic connection is fit for me but that of a person who should habitually study my gratification and happiness.' This sounds ominous from one who was constantly looking for a 'female companion,' and it was to prove so.

It is with a feeling of relief that we turn, for a moment, from the sordid life of Godwin the philosopher, to Godwin the dramatist. He was sadly in need of funds, and, following the usual custom of an author in distress, had written a tragedy, for which Charles Lamb had provided the epilogue.

John Philip Kemble, seduced by Godwin's flattery and insistence, had finally been prevailed upon to put it on the stage. Kemble had made up his mind that all the good tragedies that could be written had been written, and had not his objections been overruled the tragedy *Antonio* would never have been produced, and one of Lamb's most delightful essays, in consequence, never written.

With the usual preliminaries, and after much correspondence and dis-

cussion, the night of the play came. It was produced at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane — what a ring it has! Lamb was there in a box next to the author, who was cheerful and confident.

It is a pity to mutilate Lamb's account of it, but it is too long to quote except in fragments.

'The first act swept by solemn and silent . . . applause would have been impertinent, the interest would warm in the next act. . . . The second act rose a little in interest, the audience became complacently attentive. . . . The third act brought the scene which was to warm the piece progressively to the final flaming forth of the catastrophe, but the interest stood stone still. . . . It was Christmas time and the atmosphere furnished some pretext for asthmatic affections. Some one began to cough, his neighbors sympathized with him, till it became an epidemic; but when from being artificial in the pit the cough got naturalized on the stage, and Antonio himself seemed more intent upon relieving his own lungs than the distress of the author, then Godwin "first knew fear," and intimated that, had he been aware that Mr. Kemble labored under a cold, the performance might possibly have been postponed.

'In vain did the plot thicken. The procession of verbiage stalked on, the audience paid no attention whatever to it, the actors became smaller and smaller, the stage receded, the audience was going to sleep, when suddenly Antonio whips out a dagger and stabs his sister to the heart. The effect was as if a murder had been committed in cold blood, with the audience betrayed into being accomplices. The whole house rose in clamorous indignation — they would have torn the unfortunate author to pieces if they could have got him.'

The play was hopelessly and forever damned, and the epilogue went down in the crash.

Over my writing-table hangs a dark oak frame containing a souvenir of this performance — the programme which Charles Lamb used on this fateful evening. It is badly crumpled, crumpled no doubt by Elia in his agony. No reference is made to the play being by Godwin except a note in Charles Lamb's handwriting which reads, 'By Godwin,' with the significant words, 'Damned with universal consent.'

Godwin bore his defeat with philosophic calm. He appealed to friends for financial assistance and to posterity for applause. But it was really a serious matter. He was on the verge of ruin, and now did what many another man has done when financial difficulties crowded thick and fast — he married again.

A certain Mrs. Clairmont fell in love with Godwin even before she had spoken to him. She was a fat, unattractive widow, and apparently did all the courting. She took lodgings close by Godwin's, and introduced herself — 'Is it possible that I behold the immortal Godwin?' This is flattery fed with a knife. When a widow makes up her mind to marry, one of two things must be done, and quickly — her victim must run or submit. Godwin was unable to run and a marriage was the result. Like his first wedding, it was for a time kept a profound secret.

An idea of Godwin and his wife at this period is to be had from Lamb's letters. He refers constantly to Godwin as the Professor, and to his wife as the Professor's Rib, who, he says, 'has turned out to be a damned disagreeable woman, so much so as to drive Godwin's old cronies' — among whom was Lamb — 'from his house.'

It was a difficult household. Mrs.

Godwin had two children by her first husband: a daughter whose right name was Mary Jane, but who called herself Claire — she lived to become the mistress of Lord Byron and the mother of his daughter Allegra; also a son, who was raised a pet and grew up to be a nuisance. Godwin's immediate contribution to the establishment was the illegitimate daughter of his first wife, who claimed Imlay for her father, and his own daughter Mary, whose mother had died in giving her birth. In due course there was born another son, christened William, after his father.

Something had to be done, and promptly. Godwin began a book on Chaucer, of whose life we know almost as little as of Shakespeare's. In dealing with Chaucer, Godwin introduced a method which subsequent writers have followed. Actual material being scanty, they fill out the picture by supposing what he might have done and seen and thought. Godwin filled two volumes quarto with musings about the fourteenth century, and called it a *Life of Chaucer*.

Mrs. Godwin, who was a 'managing woman,' had more confidence in trade than in literature. She opened a bookshop in Hanway Street under the name of Thomas Hodgkins, the manager; subsequently in Skinner Street, under her own name, M. J. Godwin. From this shop there issued children's books, the prettiest and wisest for 'a penny plain and tuppence colored,' and more. 'The Children's Book-Seller,' as he called himself, was presently successful, and parents presented his little volumes to their children without suspecting that the lessons of piety and goodness which charmed away selfishness were published, revised, and sometimes written by a philosopher whom they would scarcely venture to name. It was Godwin who suggested to Charles Lamb and his sister that

the *Tales from Shakespeare* be written. Godwin's own contributions were produced under the name of Baldwin.

Lamb writes, 'Hazlitt has written some things and a grammar for Godwin, but the gray mare is the better horse. I do not allude to Mrs. Godwin, but to the word grammar, which comes near gray mare, if you observe.'

It would certainly surprise Godwin could he know that, while his own 'works' are forgotten, some of the little publications issued by the 'Juvenile Library,' 41 Skinner Street, Snow Hill, are worth their weight in gold.

III

The years passed on. Godwin lived more or less in constant terror of his wife, of whom Lamb writes, 'Mrs. Godwin grows every day in disfavor with God and man. I will be buried with this inscription over me: "Here lies Charles Lamb, the woman-hater, I mean that hated one woman. For the rest, God bless 'em, and when He makes any more, make 'em prettier."'

As he grew older Godwin moderated his views of men somewhat, so that 'he ceased to be disrespectful to any one but his Maker'; and he once so far forgot himself as to say 'God bless you' to a friend, but quickly added, 'to use a vulgar expression.' He remained, however, always prepared to sacrifice a friend for a principle. He seemed to feel that truth had taken up its abode in him, and that any question which he had submitted to the final judgment of his own breast had been passed upon finally and forever.

This search for truth has a great fascination for a certain type of mind. It does not appear dangerous: all one has to do is thrust one's feet in slippers and muse; but it has probably caused as much misery as the search for the pole. The pole has now been discovered

and can be dismissed, but the search for truth continues. It will always continue, for the reason that its location is always changing. Every generation looks for it in a new place.

One night Lamb, dropping in on Godwin, found him discussing with Coleridge his favorite problem, 'Man as he is and man as he ought to be.' The discussion seemed interminable. 'Hot water and its better adjuncts' had been entirely overlooked. Finally Lamb stammered out, 'Give me man as he ought not to be, and something to drink.' It must have been on one of these evenings that Godwin remarked that he wondered why more people did not write like Shakespeare; to which Lamb replied that he could — if he had the mind to.

The older generation was passing away. Long before he died Godwin was referred to as though he were a forgotten classic; but there was to be a revival of interest in him, due entirely to the poet Shelley. The mere mention of Shelley's name produced an explosion. He had been expelled from Oxford for atheism. Reading revolutionary books, as well as writing them, he had come across *Political Justice* and was anxious to meet the author.

He sought him out, eventually made the acquaintance of his daughter Mary, by this time a beautiful and interesting girl of seventeen years, and in due course eloped with her, deserting his wife Harriet. Where was Godwin's philosophy now? we may well ask. At no time in his long life was Godwin so ridiculous as in his relations with Shelley.

In their flight, Shelley and Mary had taken with them Claire, Mrs. Godwin's daughter, who made after the runaways post-haste and overtook them in Calais, her arrival creating consternation in the camp of the fugitives; but they all declined to return. In such

scorn was Shelley generally held that the rumor that he had bought both Godwin's daughter and step-daughter for a sum in hand created no amazement, the pity rather than the possibility of it being most discussed.

Financial affairs, too, in Skinner Street were going badly. From the record of notes given and protested at maturity one might have supposed that Godwin was in active business in a time of panic.

'Don't ask me whether I won't take none or whether I will, but leave the bottle on the chimley-piece and let me put my lips to it when I am so disposed.' Such was the immortal Mrs. Gamp's attitude toward gin. Godwin's last manner in money matters was much the same: money he would take from any one and in any way when he must, but, like Mrs. Gamp, he was 'disposed' to take it indirectly.

Indignant with Shelley, whose views on marriage were largely of his teaching, Godwin refused to hold any communication with him except such as would advance his (Godwin's) fortunes at Shelley's expense. Their transactions were to be of a strictly business character (business with Shelley!). We find Godwin writing him and returning a check for a thousand pounds because it was drawn to his order. How sure he must have been of it! 'I return your cheque because no consideration can induce me to utter a cheque drawn by you and containing my name. To what purpose make a disclosure of this kind to your banker? I hope you will send a duplicate of it by the post which will reach me on Saturday morning. You may make it payable to Joseph Hume or James Martin or any other name in the whole directory'; and then Godwin would forge the name of 'Joseph Hume or James Martin or any other name in the whole directory,' and guarantee the signature by his own indorsement, and

the business transaction would be complete. Pretty high finance this, for a philosopher!

Not until after the death of Harriet, when Shelley's connection with Mary was promptly legalized, would Godwin consent to receive them. He then expressed his great satisfaction, and wrote to his brother in the country that his daughter had married the eldest son of a wealthy baronet.

If this world affords true happiness, it is to be found in a home where love and confidence increase with years, where the necessities of life come without severe strain, where luxuries enter only after their cost has been carefully considered. We are told that wealth is a test of character — few of us have to submit to it. Poverty is the more usual test. It is difficult to be very poor and maintain one's self-respect. Godwin found it impossible.

He, whose chief wish it had been to avoid domestic entanglements and who wanted his gratification and happiness studied habitually, was living in a storm-centre of poverty, misery, and tragedy. Claire was known to have had a baby by Lord Byron, who had deserted her; Harriet Shelley had drowned herself in the Serpentine; Fanny Godwin — his step-daughter — took poison at Bristol. The philosopher, almost overcome, sought to conceal his troubles with a lie. To one of his correspondents he refers to Fanny's having been attacked in Wales with an inflammatory fever 'which carried her off.'

Meanwhile, the sufferings of others he bore with splendid fortitude. In a very brief letter to Mary Shelley, answering hers in which she told him of the death of her child, he said, 'You should recollect that it is only persons of a very ordinary sort and of a pusillanimous disposition that sink long under a calamity of this nature.' But

he covered folio sheets in his complainings to her, counting on her sensitive heart and Shelley's good-nature for sympathy and relief.

With the death of Shelley, Godwin's affairs became desperate. Taking advantage of some defect in the title of the owner of the property which he had leased, he declined for some time to pay any rent, meanwhile carrying on a costly and vexatious lawsuit. Curiously enough, in the end, justice triumphed. Godwin was obliged to pay two years' arrears of rent and the costs of litigation. Of course, he looked upon this as an extreme hardship, as another indication of the iniquity of the law. But he was now an old man; very little happiness had broken in upon him, and his friends took pity on him. Godwin was most ingenious in stimulating them to efforts on his behalf. A subscription was started under his direction. He probably felt that he knew best how to vary his appeals and make them effective. So much craft one would not have suspected in the old beggar.

One thing he always was — industrious. He finished a wretched novel and at once began a *History of the Commonwealth*. He finished *The Lives of the Necromancers* and promptly began a novel; but with all his writings he has not left one single phrase with which his name can be associated, or a single thought worth thinking.

It is almost superfluous to say that he had no sense of humor. With his head in the clouds and his feet in his slippers, he mused along. Hazlitt tells a capital story of him. Godwin was writing a *Life of Chatham*, and applied to his acquaintances to furnish him with anecdotes. Among others, a Mr. Fawcett told him of a striking passage in a speech by Lord Chatham on General Warrants, at the delivery of which he (Mr. Fawcett) had been present. 'Every man's house has been called his

castle. And why is it called his castle? Is it because it is defended by a wall, because it is surrounded with a moat? No, it may be nothing more than a straw-built shed. It may be open to all the elements; the wind may enter it, the rain may enter — but the king cannot enter.'

Fawcett thought that the point was clear enough; but when he came to read the printed volume, he found it thus: 'Every man's house is his castle. And why is it called so? Is it because it is defended by a wall, because it is surrounded with a moat? No, it may be nothing more than a straw-built shed. It may be exposed to all the elements; the rain may enter into it, all the winds of heaven may whistle around it, but the king cannot,' and so forth. •

Things were going from bad to worse. Most of his friends were dead or estranged from him. He had made a sad mess of his life and he was very old. Finally, an appeal on his behalf was made to the government, the government against which he had written and talked so much. It took pity on him. Lord Grey conferred on him the post of Yeoman Usher of the Exchequer, whatever that may be, with a residence in New Palace Yard. The office was a sinecure, 'the duties performed by menials.' For this exquisite phrase I am indebted to his biographer, C. Keegan Paul. It seems to suggest that a 'menial' is one who does his duty. Almost immediately, however, a reformed Parliament abolished the office, and Godwin seemed again in danger; but men of all creeds were now disposed to look kindly on the old man. He was assured of his position for life, and writing to the last, in 1836 he died, at the age of eighty, and was buried by the side of Mary Wollstonecraft in St. Pancras Churchyard.

If there is to be profit as well as pleasure in the study of biography, what lesson can be learned from such a life?

Many years before he died Godwin had written a little essay on 'Sepulchres.' It was a proposal for erecting some memorial to the dead on the spot where their remains were interred. Were one asked to suggest a suitable inscription for Godwin's tomb it might be

HOW NOT TO DO IT.

In the ever-delightful *Angler*, speaking of the operation of baiting a hook with a live frog, Walton finally completes his general instructions with the specific advice to 'use him as though you loved him.' In baiting my hook with a dead philosopher I have been unable to accomplish this. I do not love him; few did; he was a cold, hard, self-centred man who did good to none and harm to many. As a husband, father, friend, he was a complete failure. His search for truth was as unavailing as his search for 'gratification and happiness.' He is all but forgotten. It is his fate to be remembered chiefly as the husband of the first suffragette.

What has become of the

Wonderful things he was going to do
All complete in a minute or two?

Where are now his novel philosophies and theories? To ask the question is to answer it.

Constant striving for the unobtainable frequently results in neglect of important matters close at hand — such things as bread and cheese and children are neglected.

Some happiness comes from the successful effort to make both ends meet habitually and lap over occasionally. My philosophy of life may be called smug, but it can hardly be called ridiculous.

ALSACE AND THE STEP-FATHERLAND

BY CHARLES WAGNER

I

I WAS only two years old when I left the town in Lorraine where I was born in 1852 and was taken to live in Alsace, remaining there until 1877. My earliest days, then, were spent in the province while it was under French rule, and I was still there to witness the Franco-Prussian War and the annexation of Alsace to Germany. Since 1877, when I took up my abode in France, few years have gone by without my returning to the country of my childhood; not a single day has passed without bringing me tidings of it through letters or newspapers. Some members of my own family, as well as a great number of friends and comrades of my youth, are still living there.

What I shall say of Alsace — what I shall tell of Germany's relations with the conquered province, and of the German policy toward its people — is the result of observations made by an educated man, Alsatian by birth, who knows France and Germany equally well. I am no politician; I am no manufacturer or merchant, economist or financier; and I cannot claim to speak with finality on these various points. The reader may find here, however, the sincere and conscientious statement of an honest man, who seeks justice above all else. Far from having condemned Germany without trial, I am one of those who, *before this present war*, esteemed and appreciated her, and would gladly have continued to do so.

First of all, it must be admitted that

the annexation of Alsace-Lorraine, brought about primarily for military reasons, proved to be a grave political mistake, developing into one of the most persistent sources of irritation in the whole world-situation. But for this false start, the entire evolution of international relations and alliances would have been changed after 1870.

As we have long been accustomed to see Germany act from reasons of self-interest, to the exclusion of all other motives, we may disregard the question of international law and all considerations of sentiment or justice; but even in looking at the question solely from the point of view of Germany's own advantage, we see that the annexation of Alsace-Lorraine ran counter to this advantage in its truest sense. Having been committed to this cardinal error, however, by military exigencies and for reasons connected with the mineral resources of the territory annexed, it should have been the first care of the German government to neutralize, as far as possible, the baneful aftermath. This involved a question of prime importance, far-reaching in its consequences, which would have been solved if Germany had set about the conciliation of Alsace.

But how conciliate a people passionately attached to their ancient mother-country? Could Alsace forget France? To suppose so for a single instant would imply a complete ignorance of the Alsatians and their firm, great-hearted and steadfast character. In order to conciliate Alsace, it was essential above

all things to understand her and her suffering — that sorrow resulting from the great violent fact of the separation, together with the painful severance of so many lesser ties. The country was passing through a serious crisis, comparable to a sickness. Kindliness, care, and *tact* were indispensable. Even in granting Alsace a peaceful existence, in allowing her to retain her customs and her two languages while subjecting her to a wisely administered, though in the main a severe, rule, it would have been impossible to conceal the fact that she had a master — a humane master, however, in no way arbitrary, and possessing sufficient psychological insight not to insist that she renounce her former affections and bestow her favors at once on the new conqueror.

It seems clear that the Germans realized that it was one thing to annex a territory, and another, and far more difficult matter, to conciliate the spirit of its inhabitants. They set about trying to gain the affection of the Alsations — but they made the stupid and thoroughgoing mistake of supposing that it was necessary, in order to win them over, to *germanize* them. To get on the good side of a people like the Alsations, the first essential was to allow them their liberty, to let them alone and give them such time as might be necessary to recover from the shock and regain their strength. Any attempt to hasten matters could only rouse such sentiments as are felt by a young girl whose suitor tries to force her to love him. Their first tentative efforts having produced just the opposite of the desired effect, the Germans, haughty and annoyed, declared, 'Wir wollen keine Liebe, nur Gehorsam!' [We wish no love — only obedience] — as if the first step toward bringing about voluntary obedience were not to make one's self liked! Germany, after committing the great initial mistake

of annexing Alsace against her own best interest, made a second one which only aggravated the first.

She now attempted to assimilate Alsace by sheer force, through germanization. To this end all sorts of means, ranging from the most comprehensive to the most petty, were employed. Of the former were the isolation of Alsace, so far as this was possible, the creation of a factitious atmosphere into which only news pertaining to Germany was allowed to penetrate, and the suppression of French in the schools. In the latter category figured the changing of the names of streets, the erasure of French words from signboards, the persistent campaign against French books, newspapers, flags, and traditions. All these measures, regrettable in themselves, were made much worse by the bitter spirit in which they were undertaken. And so there rose up between the Alsations and the Germans that sort of antagonism which exists between prisoners and their jailers.

How could good results be expected under such conditions? The methods of the Germans not only prevented the spread of conciliation among the Alsations who had been hostile from the start, but also made enemies among those who had at first been rather favorably disposed to them. The vexatious and nagging measures which were taken by the educational authorities to extirpate the French language were greeted with indignant protests. One of these, made by the old scholar, Edouard Reuss, is worth recording.

M. Reuss was a high authority in biblical science, enjoying an equally wide renown in Germany and in France. By virtue of his position as a prominent citizen of Strasburg and an eminent man of letters, he was chosen a member of the Commission of Education, which investigated all questions regarding the instruction of

the younger generation. After serving on this Commission for several years, he finally became disheartened at the pettiness displayed by the higher authorities in suppressing the French language. One day he rose in a full meeting of his colleagues and exclaimed, 'Meine Herren, Sie eckeln mich an!' [Gentlemen, you disgust me!]

Gradually the Germans began to incline toward tyranny. Conscious of their intellectual and administrative strength, and convinced of their economic superiority, they could not endure the idea that a small people, speaking their language, should not realize what advantages were being offered, and welcome the opportunity of being admitted into the glorious German Empire. In the full flush of their power, they became exasperated at the insignificant yet irreducible resistance which they met on all sides. They, who believed in the possibility of accomplishing everything by force, found themselves blocked, and, unwilling as they were to admit their mistakes, they began to suspect occult influences, French spies, and a host of non-existent things, when as a matter of fact they were merely paying the penalty of their first error and of that mistaken system which was daily bringing matters from bad to worse. They laid the blame on everything and everybody save themselves and their evil, wayward attitude.

II

The Germans might have learned their lesson simply by a little study of Alsatian history and the Alsatian temperament. Alsace, with its capital, the free city of Strasburg, was, as a matter of fact, a sort of republic, accustomed for centuries to ideas of liberty and democracy. To such a point did it possess the sense of self-government and

the reverence for independence, that Louis XIV, when Alsace became a part of France, gave to his governors the significant order: 'Ne touchez pas aux choses d'Alsace!' [Let Alsace alone!] Later, during the French Revolution, whose spirit Germany absorbed in the best sense of the word, Alsace was one of the most patriotic provinces. The military spirit was also very strong there. Napoleon's generals — Kléber, Rapp, Kellerman, and many others — as well as officers and soldiers without number, represented Alsace in the army. This spirit survived in the hearts of the Alsatians, who were conscious of their worth and did not take kindly to the idea of being restrained or reduced to servitude.

The basis of the Alsatian language, to be sure, is German; but the psychologies of the German and of the Alsatian are very different. The Alsatian is democratic, possessing withal a certain sense of reverence which makes him amenable to discipline. He has nothing of the obsequious in his make-up; he is stiffnecked, and rebels instinctively against the yoke. He may be obstinate as well, but on the other hand he is not arrogant when in authority, or haughty toward subordinates. By nature he is a republican in the best sense of the word.

Such are the history and the moral temper of the people on whom Germany tried to perform her experiments of denationalization, as though *in anima vili*. Is there anything surprising in the fact that she failed? More and more the Alsatian took refuge in his inner conscience and his *patois*. There was no commingling of the German society with the native society of Alsace. This German society forms an important element in the cities to-day and, thanks to the huge military garrisons, it makes a great show everywhere. It may deceive the visiting

foreigner into believing that germanization has made progress. All this is mere illusion; and when the Kaiser visits Alsace, he knows well that it is the Germans from Germany, not those from Alsace, who cheer his progress.

There was much criticism in France, especially after 1870, of the methods followed by the French in Alsace-Lorraine up to that date, and of the laxity in spreading the French language throughout that great territory. French was taught in the primary schools, it is true, but German was taught there as well. In the churches, preaching in French was the exception. Catholics and Protestants alike worshiped in German. Clergymen who were able to preach in French were rare — and even had they been more numerous, their congregations (in the country districts especially) would not have understood them. The religious instruction of children was carried on almost exclusively in German.

France made herself beloved, then, through the very freedom which she granted. The affection of the Alsations for the French mother-country was in direct proportion to the facilities she allowed them for living and speaking as they willed. Germany, however, through her system of suppression and extirpation of the French language, through her obstinate persecution of everything that was not German, simply succeeded in making the Alsations voice their hatred of her *in German*. It was in good German or in Alsatian dialect that they told her a great number of disagreeable, antagonistic things. Would it not have been better for her to have listened to sympathetic, agreeable things spoken *in French*?

The ancient Romans, who are supposed to have had considerable experience in such matters, practiced a method which was very generally successful. Newly conquered territories

were administered very strictly by them, from the point of view of external discipline. No seditious act was tolerated. Within the limits of this uncompromising rigidity, however, the people were allowed to enjoy a goodly degree of independence. Religion, language, and local customs were maintained unchanged. As a result, the people, who still remained happy in spite of the loss of their political independence, learned to accept their new condition. If Germany had abstained from nagging, — if she had not outraged the consciences of the Alsations and wounded their self-respect, — they would have ended by saying, like the sensible and just people that they are, 'We are not forgetting France, but we cannot say that Germany has made us unhappy.' This would have been no small gain, both for Germany and her interests, and for her relations with France. Who knows but that, in the long run, after the tension had grown less, Alsace might have served as a bond of union between the neighbors? With the spirit displayed in her Alsatian policy, however, Germany simply dug the gulf deeper from year to year, and separated more and more the two nations living on each side of it. One must have seen the daily workings of her hateful spirit to form some idea of the irritation and distress caused by it.

Let me tell a little anecdote in which I figured — an episode which kept a whole town seething for some days. It took place at Barr, at the foot of Mont Sainte-Odile. In 1875 I was called back from the University of Göttingen, where I had been passing a semester in the lecture-rooms of Ritschl and Lotze. My theological studies were ended and I was appointed vicar to old Pastor Nessler.

Among my other duties, I had to give religious instruction — in German, of course — at the *Realschule*. The old

pastor, who was sick and could not present me to the Director, Herr Cramer, a pure-blooded Prussian, said, 'Go and deliver your first lesson all the same; if the Director says anything, beg him to excuse me.'

I set off for the school without giving the matter further thought, and began my lesson. Sure enough, the Director visited the class-room; but instead of accepting the excuses I made to him on the part of the old pastor, he put me out of the building.

The old man, on learning what had happened, got up from his bed, all trembling with emotion, and was taken to the Mayor, who held jurisdiction over the schools. The Mayor, as well as the entire population of the town, was deeply attached to the pastor; the affront offered to the latter touched him to the quick. Director Cramer received a summary order to appear before the pastor and his vicar. He came, and had only the most empty excuses to offer. Overweening and brutal when he felt himself in authority, his manner changed instantly when he heard the voice of a superior.

It was this ugly spirit which prevented Germany from getting credit even for the good things she had to offer. The Alsatian, practical, keen, and capable of distinguishing the worth of things, did not fail to size up the inherent values of the German administration. The system of city government, the railroads, postal service, highways, municipal hygiene, and public works in general, were worthy of study, approbation, and often admiration. Germany's attitude, however, should have been more propitiatory if she wished to reap the benefits of all her work along these lines. She should have been less self-satisfied, less inclined to bestow pompous laurels on herself. From top to bottom of the social scale there was nothing but boast-

fulness. Certain German students, fearing that they were not sufficiently conspicuous, dressed in startling fashion and paraded the streets, preceded by huge dogs, and carrying walking-sticks with fantastic handles called *Renommir-Stock*. The whole situation is epitomized in that verb *renommiren*.

Such were the practices to which great Germany resorted in order to dazzle the little country of Alsace. The whole scheme fell flat, however. The Alsatian is sober-minded and reflective; he has an instinctive dislike for bluff, as well as for that which in German is aptly call *Schwindel*. When the Germans, then, grew drunk with the idea of their own worth, and went to all lengths of self-laudation, they harmed only their own cause. Instead of exciting admiration, they aroused the satirical instinct, the keen sense of the ridiculous, of the Alsatians, who avenged themselves on their overlords by laughing at them behind their backs and caricaturing them. The Germans, being excessively sensitive, completely lost their heads, like schoolmasters goaded to fury by the pranks of their pupils.

A whole literature, a full-blown comic art, were born of this conflict. Under its inspiration I wrote a fable several years ago, which I told for the first time in 1914, at Columbia University. Its title is 'The Battle of the Ox and the Flea.' This fable is on the way to become a prophecy. In the end, let me say, the flea conquers the ox.

III

One other cause which prevented the Alsatians from appreciating Germany lay in the fact that they were called on to pay the expenses of the conquerors' megalomania. The Germans had found the country financially prosperous, and they lost no time in drawing

heavily on this prosperity. A people forced periodically to contribute money for the greater glory of an empire that sees fit to give dazzling expression to its superiority by means of pompous buildings, may well form a liking for simplicity. Enormous and perfectly useless expenditures were made in Alsace out of sheer vainglory; and this mad extravagance was all the more regrettable in that it served to erect buildings in the worst of taste. The spectacle afforded by that newer part of Strasburg of which the Germans are so proud is a painful ordeal for the æsthetic sense. Everything is massive and graceless. These clumsy productions of an architecture that seeks to astound the spectator are indeed deadly sins against the serene laws of Beauty!

Let me say a few words concerning the impression made in Alsace by German customs. This impression, I regret to say, was a bad one. As the carrying on of the campaign of germanization fell further and further beneath the dignity of self-respecting men, the standard of the functionaries and representative officials of the Empire grew lower. The task which was theirs could not tempt people with any degree of personal honor. The result was that Alsace became the prey of a swarm of office-holders who were little respected in their own country. Heavy drinkers, makers of debts, loose in their private conduct, married to women who often paid little heed to household duties, these accredited pioneers of Germanism shocked and outraged the Alsations' sense of propriety. They could not reconcile themselves to seeing administrative officials or professors reeling home drunk late at night, making an uproar in the streets, and treating as imbeciles those who took exception to their conduct.

The pressure, moreover, brought to bear by the central German govern-

ment on the Alsatian populace through the intermediary of these undesirable officials, did not tend to raise the general moral tone. Imagine the situation of these people, restricted in every way by the domination of foreigners. It was impossible for them to be outspoken. They were forced to assume an appearance of docility in order to escape being treated as pariahs. Their children at school were not only taught history which was completely falsified in so far as the past relations of France and Alsace were concerned, but they were instructed to question their parents and get them to talk on this subject. Fathers were spied on by their sons. A general spirit of mutual distrust was the natural outcome of this system of espionage. In Alsace, when more than half a dozen persons were gathered together, it was almost impossible to discuss anything. The results of such a régime may be left to the imagination. The rascal prospered at the expense of the honest citizen. The skilled dissimulator made his way, while the man who could not lie readily or who disdained double dealing, was regarded with suspicion and let severely alone. The end of it all was that the inferior elements climbed into power, and the flower of the country was dispossessed.

The last few years before this great war, when I was traveling in Germany, I spoke without restraint to colleagues and friends concerning this sad state of affairs. They could not believe what I told them; they knew nothing about it. When I gave them facts and entered into details, they were filled with shame. Yes, in Alsace great Germany was little; she was *kleinisch* — petty.

I shall never forget the last of these visits, which I made in 1914. I was delivering at that time some pedagogical lectures on the subject of introducing a genial element into the moral

instruction of the young. I had furnished illustrations of my method in a volume of lessons, which was translated into German, entitled *Par le Sourire*. At Leipzig, Frankfort, and Berlin I spoke before mixed audiences of pupils and teachers, and addressed thousands and thousands of children in great churches. It gave me the greatest pleasure to speak familiarly with the instructors of this rising generation, as well as to commune directly with the souls of the children themselves. In spite of alarming symptoms which were more or less in evidence everywhere, I persisted in believing that the friendly contact of French and Germans on the common territory of scholarship could but bode well for the future, and possibly put off the terrible day of the conflagration.

Four months later we were awakened by the sound of battle-thunder. The German nation, blindly following its leaders, had laid aside the pacific campaign of expansion which had succeeded so admirably, and risked everything in the horrible game of war. Now, between us and those people whom I met on the most charming of meeting-grounds, where the souls of little children grow, there flows an impassable river whose waves are of blood: a torrent of crime and savage devastation. At the mere thought of it the heart of the disciple of Jesus is transfixed as with a sword. But from our agony God brings forth Light and Liberty.

IV

Those who ponder over these matters will discern one terrible fact — a fact which stands out as a great object-lesson to prove the vanity of brute force, the accursed nature of tyranny, the sure punishment of those who dare lay impious hands on that which con-

stitutes the sanctuary of human dignity. Consider now what a repercussion was necessarily caused in France by the increasingly ignominious treatment inflicted on Alsace by Germany, culminating in the deplorable Zabern incident, the scandalous nature of which caused a wave of indignation to sweep across all Germany. Unfortunately, the manner in which this protest was hushed up shows clearly to what an intoxication of power militarism had attained. Now its most hideous excesses could not be restrained or punished.

In spite of everything, however, God is witness that neither we Frenchmen nor our government would have resorted to war to deliver Alsace. We knew only too well what France and Alsace would suffer from such a war, in which, by the very nature of things, brothers and friends would be drawn into opposing camps and would murder one another. The tragic horror of such a prospect prevented us from wishing that this question should ever be settled by force of arms. Since Germany, however, has unchained this war and aligned against her all the living forces of free nations, one of the inevitable results of victory must be the ending of the Alsace-Lorraine scandal. The victim must be taken from those who have so long been torturing it.

How many young French and Alsatian heroes have died saluting the distant dawn of the Day of Justice! This day must be fulfilled. But no scales will ever be devised by man which can weigh the sufferings of Alsace; no measure can be found for the strength of soul with which she has borne the terrible trials that have been her portion since 1870. God alone, the incorruptible judge, the witness of hidden anguish, can make this appraisal.

HIGH ADVENTURE. II

BY JAMES NORMAN HALL

HAVING simple civilian notions as to the amount of time necessary for dressing, Drew and I rose with the sound of the bugle on the following morning. We had promised each other that we would begin our new life in true soldier style, and so we reluctantly hurried to the wash-house, where we shaved in cold water, washed after a fashion, and then hurried back to the unheated barrack-room. We felt refreshed, morally and physically, but our heroic example seemed to make no impression upon our fellow aviators, whether French or American. Indeed, not one of them stirred until ten minutes before time for the morning *appel*, when there was a sudden upheaval of blankets down the entire length of the room. It was as though the patients in a hospital ward had been inoculated with some wonderful, instantaneous-health-giving virus. Men were jumping into boots and trousers at the same time, and running to and from the wash-house, buttoning their shirts and drying their faces as they ran. It must have taken months of experiment to perfect the system whereby every one remained in bed until the last possible moment. They professed to be very proud of it, but it was clear that they felt more at ease when Drew and I, after a week of heroic, early-morning resolves, abandoned our daily test of courage. We are all Doctor Johnsons at heart. Laziness is a virtue only when we all practice it together.

It was a crisp, calm morning — an excellent day for flying. Already the

mechanicians were bringing out the machines and lining them up in front of the hangars, in preparation for the morning work, which began immediately after *appel*. Drew and I had received notice that we were to begin our training at once. Solicitous fellow countrymen had warned us to take with us all our flying clothes. We were by no means to forget our goggles, and the fur-lined boots which are worn over ordinary boots as a protection against the cold. Innocently, we obeyed all instructions to the letter. The absurdity of our appearance will be appreciated only by airmen. Novices begin their training, at a Blériot monoplane school, in Penguins — low-powered machines with clipped wings, which are not capable of leaving the ground. We were dressed as we would have no occasion to be dressed until we should be making sustained flights at high altitudes. Every one, Frenchmen and Americans alike, had a good laugh at our expense, but it was one in which we joined right willingly; and one kind-hearted *adjudant-moniteur*, in order to remove what discomfiture we may have felt, told us, through an interpreter, that he was sure we would become good airmen. The *très bon pilote* could be distinguished, in embryo, by the way he wore his goggles.

The beginners' class did not start work with the others, owing to the fact that the Penguins, driven by unaccustomed hands, covered a vast amount of ground in their rolling sorties back and forth across the field. Therefore Drew

and I had leisure to watch the others, and to see in operation the entire scheme by means of which France trains her combat *pilotes* for the front. Exclusive of the Penguin, there were seven classes, graded according to their degree of advancement. These, in their order, were the rolling class (a second-stage Penguin class, in which one still kept on the ground, but in machines of higher speed); the first flying class — short hops across the field at an altitude of two or three metres; the second flying class, where one learned to mount to from thirty to fifty metres, and to make landings without the use of the motor; *tour de piste* (A) — flights about the aerodrome in a 45 horse-power Blériot; *tour de piste* (B) — similar flights in a 50 horse-power machine; the spiral class, and the brevet class.

Our reception committee of the day before volunteered his services as guide, and took us from one class to another, making comments upon the nature of the work of each in such a bewildering combination of English and Americanized French that it is impossible for me to attempt to set it down on paper. For that matter, I understood but little of his explanation, although later I was able to appreciate immensely his French translation of some of our breezy Americanisms. But explanation was, for the most part, unnecessary. We could see for ourselves how the prospective *pilote* advanced from one class to another, becoming accustomed to machines of higher and higher power, 'growing his wings' very gradually, until at last he reached the spiral class, where he learned to make landings at a given spot and without the use of his motor, from an altitude of from 800 to 1000 metres, losing height in volplanes and serpentines. The final tests for the military brevet were three cross-country flights of from 200 to 300 kilometres, with landings during each flight,

at three points; and an hour flight at a minimum altitude of 2000 metres.

With all the activities of the school taking place at once, we were almost as excited as two boys seeing their first three-ring circus. We scarcely knew which way to turn in our anxiety to miss nothing. But my chief concern, in anticipation, had been this: how were English-speaking *élèves-pilotes* to overcome the linguistic handicap? My uneasiness was set at rest on this first morning, when I saw how neatly most of the difficulties were overcome. Many of the Americans had no knowledge of French other than that which they had acquired since entering the French service, and this, as I have already hinted, had no great utilitarian value. An interpreter had been provided for them through the generosity and kindness of the Franco-American Committee in Paris; but it was impossible for him to be everywhere at once, and much was left to their own quickness of understanding and to the ingenuity of the *moniteurs*. The latter, being French, were eloquent with their gestures, delightfully eloquent. With the additional aid of a few English phrases which they had acquired from the Americans, and the simplest kind of French, they had little difficulty in making their instructions clear. Both of us felt much encouraged as we listened, for we could understand them very well.

As for the business of flying, as we watched it from below, it seemed the safest and simplest thing in the world. The machines left the ground so easily, and mounted and descended with such sureness of movement, that I was impatient to begin my training. I half believed that I could fly at once, after a few minutes of preliminary instruction, without first going through with all the tedious rolling along the ground in low-powered machines. But before the morning's work was finished, I revised

my opinion. Accidents began to happen, the first one when one of the 'old family cuckoos,' as the rolling machines were disdainfully called, showed a sudden burst of old-time speed and left the ground in a most alarming manner.

It was evident that the chap who was driving it, taken completely by surprise, had lost his head, and was working the controls in a very erratic way. First he swooped upward, then dived, tipping dangerously on one wing. In this sudden emergency he had quite forgotten his newly acquired knowledge. I wondered what I would do in such a strait, when one must think with the quickness and sureness of instinct. My heart was in my mouth, for I felt certain that the man would be killed. As for the others who were watching, no one appeared to be in the least excited. A *moniteur* near me said, 'Oh, là là! Il est perdu!' in a voice so mild that I turned to look at him in horrified surprise. The whole affair happened so quickly that I was not able to think myself into a similar situation before the end had come. At the last, the machine made a quick swoop downward, from a height of about 50 metres, then careened upward, tipped again, and diving sidewise, struck the ground with a sickening rending crash, the motor going at full speed. For a moment it stood, tail in air; then slowly the balance was lost, and it fell, bottom up, and lay silent.

Now an enterprising moving-picture company would have given a great deal of money to film that accident. It would have provided a splendid dramatic climax to a war drama of high adventure. Civilian audiences would have watched in breathless, awe-struck silence; but at a military school of aviation it was a different matter. 'Oh, là là! Il est perdu!' adequately gauges the degree of emotional interest taken in the incident. At the time I was shocked

at this apparent callousness, but I understood it better when I had seen scores of such accidents occur, and had watched the *pilotes*, as in this case, crawl out from the wreckage, and walk sheepishly, and a little shaken, back to their classes. Although the machines were usually badly wrecked, the *pilotes* were rarely severely hurt. The landing chassis of a Blériot is so strong that it will break the force of a very heavy fall, and the motor, being in front, strikes the ground first instead of pinning the *pilote* beneath it.

To anticipate a little, in more than four months of training at the Blériot school there was not a single fatality, although as many as eleven machines were wrecked in the course of one working day, and rarely less than two or three. There were so many accidents as to convince me that Blériot training for novices is a mistake from the economic point of view. The upkeep expense is vastly greater than in double-command biplane schools, where the student *pilote* not only learns to fly in a much more stable machine, but makes all his early flights in company with a *moniteur* who has his own set of controls and may immediately correct any mistakes in handling. But France is not guided by questions of expense in her training of *pilotes de chasse*, and the best opinion appears to be that single-command monoplane training is much to be preferred for the airman who is to be both *pilote* and machine-gunner. Certain it is that men have greater confidence in themselves when they learn to fly alone from the beginning; and the Blériot, which requires the most delicate and sensitive handling, offers excellent preliminary schooling for the Nieuport and Spad, the very fast and high-powered biplanes which are the *avions de chasse* above the French lines.

A spice of interest was added to the morning's thrills when an American,

not to be outdone by his French compatriot, wrecked a machine so completely that it seemed incredible that he could have escaped without serious injury. But he did, and then we witnessed the amusing spectacle of an American, who had no French at all, explaining through the interpreter just how the accident had happened. I saw his *moniteur*, who knew no English, grin in a relieved kind of way when the American crawled out from under the wreckage. The reception committee whispered to me, 'This is *Pourquoi*, the best bawler-out we've got. "*Pourquoi*?" is always his first broadside. Then he wades in and you can hear him from one end of the field to the other. *Attendez!* this is going to be rich!'

Both of them started talking at once, the *moniteur* in French and the American in English. Then they turned to the interpreter, and any one witnessing the conversation from a distance would have thought that he was the culprit. The American had left the ground with the wind behind him, a serious fault in an airman, and he knew it very well.

'Look here, Pete,' he said; 'tell him I know it was my fault. Tell him I took a Steve Brody. I wanted to see if the old cuckoo had any pep in 'er. When I —'

'*Pourquoi? Nom de Dieu! Qu'est-ce que je vous ai dit? Jamais faire comme ça! Jamais monter avec le vent en arrière! Jamais! Jamais!*'

The others listened in hilarious silence while the interpreter, in despair, turned first to one and then to the other. 'Tell him I took a Steve Brody.' I wondered if he translated that literally. Steve took a chance, but it is hardly to be expected that a Frenchman would know of that daring gentleman's history, and how the expression, 'to take a Steve Brody' has enriched the language. In this connection, I remember a little talk on caution which was given

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to a few of us, later, by an English-speaking *moniteur*. It was after rather a serious accident, for which the spirit of Steve Brody was again responsible.

'You Americans,' he said, 'you are not afraid. When you go to the front you will get the Boche; but let me tell you, they will kill many of you. Not one or two; very many.'

Accidents delayed the work of flying scarcely at all. As soon as a machine was wrecked, Annamites appeared on the spot to clear away the *débris* and take it to the repair-shops, where the usable portions were quickly sorted out. We followed one of these processions in, and spent an hour watching the work of this other department of aviation upon which our own was so entirely dependent. Here machines were being built as well as repaired. The air vibrated with the hum of machinery, with the clang of hammers upon innumerable anvils, and with the roar of motors in process of being tested.

There was a small army of women doing work of many kinds. They were quite apt at it, particularly in the department where the fine strong linen cloth which covers the wings was being sewn together and stretched over the framework. There were great husky peasant-women doing the hardest kind of manual labor. As I watched them, I could not but think how the war is changing our centuries-old conceptions of woman's so-called sphere; how she is discovering her own abilities and adaptabilities. Drew went so far as to say that in the wars of the future she would fight shoulder to shoulder with the men; but he admitted later that the idea of mothers in the trenches was too horrible to be thought of. In these latter days of the great world-war, they are doing everything, surely, with the one exception of fighting. It is a sad thing to see them, however strong they may be, doing the rough, coarse work

of men, bearing great burdens on their backs as though they were oxen. There must be many now whose muscles are as hard and whose hands as horny as those of a stevedore. Several months after this time, when we were transferred to another school of aviation, one of the largest in Europe, we saw women employed on a much larger scale. They lived in barracks which were no better than our own, — not so good, in fact, — and roughed it like common soldiers. I realized then to what an appalling extent France must have sacrificed her men, and to what regrettable necessities the nation has been put that the war may be carried through to a successful conclusion.

Toward evening the wind freshened and flying was brought to a halt. Then the Penguins were brought from their hangars, and Drew and I, properly dressed this time, and accompanied by most of the Americans, went out to the field for our first sortie. As is usual on such occasions, there was no dearth of advice. Every graduate of the Penguin class had a method of his own for keeping that unmanageable bird traveling in a direct line, and every one was only too willing to give us the benefit of his experience. Finally, out of the welter of suggestions, one or two points became clear: it was important that one should give the machine full gas, and get the tail off the ground. Then, by skillful handling of the rudder, it might be kept traveling in the same general direction. But if, as usually happened, it showed willful tendencies, and started to turn within its own length, it was necessary to cut the contact, to prevent it from whirling so rapidly as to overturn.

Never have I seen a stranger sight than that of a swarm of Penguins at work. They looked like a brood of prehistoric birds of enormous size, with wings too short for flight. Most un-

wieldy birds they were, driven by beginners in the art of flying; but they ran along the ground at an amazing speed, zig-zagged this way and that, and whirled about as if trying to catch their own tails. As we stood watching them, an accident occurred which would have been very laughable had we not been too nervous to enjoy it. In a distant part of the field two machines were rushing about so wildly that it was evident the drivers of them were their unwilling slaves rather than their masters. There were acres of room in which they might pass, but after a moment of uncertainty, they rushed head-long for each other as though driven by the inexorable hand of fate, and met head-on, with a great rending of propellers. The onlookers along the side of the field howled and pounded each other in an ecstasy of delight, but Drew and I walked apart for a hasty consultation, for it was our turn next. In sheer desperation we kept rehearsing the points which we were to remember in driving a Penguin: full gas and tail up at once. Through the interpreter, our *moniteur* explained very carefully what we were to do, and mounted the step, to show us, in turn, the proper handling of the gas *manet* and of the *coupe-contact* button. Then he stepped down and shouted, 'Allez! en route!' with a smile meant to be reassuring.

I buckled myself in, fastened my helmet, and nodded to my mechanic.

'Coupe, plein gaz,' he said.

'Coupe, plein gaz,' I repeated.

He gave the propeller a few spins to suck in the mixture.

'Contact, reduisez.'

'Contact, reduisez.'

Again he spun the propeller, and the motor took. I pulled back my *manet*, full gas, and off I went at what seemed to me then breakneck speed. Remembering instructions, I pushed forward on the lever which governs the elevat-

ing planes, and up went my tail so quickly and at such an angle that almost instinctively I cut off my contact. Down dropped my tail again, and I whirled round in a circle — my first *cheval de bois*, as this absurd-looking manœuvre is called. I had quite forgotten that I had a rudder. I was like a man learning to swim, and could not yet coördinate the movements of my hands and feet. My bird was purring as gently as a cat, with the propeller turning slowly. It seemed thoroughly domesticated, but I knew that I had but to pull back on that *manet* to transform it into a rampant bird of prey. Before starting again I looked prudently about, and there was Drew racing all over the field. Suddenly he started in my direction as if the whole force of his will was turned to the business of running me down. Luckily he shut off his motor, and by the grace of the law of inertia came to a halt when he was within a dozen paces of me.

We turned our machines tail to tail and started off in opposite directions, but in a moment I was following hard after him. Almost it seemed that those evil birds had wills of their own. Drew's turned as though it were angry at the indignity of being pursued. We missed each other, but it was a near thing, and in the excitement of the moment, not being able to think fast enough, I stalled my motor, and had to await helplessly the assistance of a mechanic. Far away, at our starting-point, I could see the Americans waving their arms and embracing each other in huge delight, and then I realized why they had all been so eager to come with us to the field. They had been through all this. Now they were having their innings. I could hear them shouting, although their voices sounded very thin and faint. 'Why don't you come back?' they yelled. 'This way! Here we are! Here's your class!' They were having

the time of their vindictive lives, and knew very well that we would go back if we could.

Finally we began to get the hang of it, and we did go back, although by somewhat circuitous routes. But we got there, and the *moniteur* explained again what we were to do. We were to anticipate the turn of the machine with the rudder, just as in sailing a boat. Then in a moment we understood the difficulty. In my next sortie, I fixed my eye upon the flag at the opposite side of the field, and reached it without a single *cheval de bois*. I was so happy I could have kissed the Annamite who was stationed there to turn the machines which rarely came. I had mastered the Penguin! I had forced my will upon it, compelled it to do my bidding! Back across the field I went, keeping a direct course, and thinking how they were all watching me, and the *moniteur*, doubtless, making approving comments. I reduced my gas at the proper time, and taxied triumphantly up to my starting-point.

But no one had seen my splendid sortie. Now that I had arrived, no one paid the least attention to me. All eyes were turned upward, and following them with my own, I saw the minutest speck of an airplane outlined against a heaped-up pile of snow-white cloud. It was moving at tremendous speed, when suddenly it darted straight upward, wavered for a second or two, turned slowly on one wing and fell, nose-down, turning round and round as it fell, like a scrap of paper. It was the *vrille*, the prettiest piece of aerial acrobatics that one could wish to see. It was a wonderful, an incredible sight to me then. Was there anything, I thought, which man's unconquerable mind and daring could not achieve? Only seven years ago Blériot crossed the English channel, and a year earlier the whole world was astonished at the exploits of the

Wright brothers, who were making flights, straight-line flights, of from fifteen to twenty minutes' duration!

Some one was counting the turns of the *vrille*. Six, seven, eight; then the airman came out of it on an even keel, and, nosing down to gather speed, looped twice in quick succession. Afterward he did the *retournement*, turning completely over in the air and going back in the opposite direction; then spiraled down and passed over our heads at about 50 metres, landing at the opposite side of the field so beautifully that it was impossible for me to tell when the machine touched the ground. The airman taxied back to the hangars and stopped just in front of us, while we gathered round to hear the latest news from the front.

For he had left the front, this birdman, only an hour before! I was incredulous at first, for I still thought of distances in the old way. But I was soon convinced. Mounted on the hood was the competent-looking Vickers machine-gun, with a long belt of shining cartridges in place, and on the side of the *fusilage* were painted the insignia of an escadrille.

The *pilote* was recognized as soon as he removed his helmet and goggles. He had been a *moniteur* at the school in former days, and was well known to some of the older Americans. He greeted us all very cordially, in excellent English, and told us how, on the strength of a hard morning's work over the lines, he had asked his captain for an afternoon off that he might visit his old friends at B——.

As soon as he had climbed down, those of us who had never before seen this latest type of French *avion de chasse*, crowded round, examining and admiring with mingled feelings of awe and reverence. It was a marvelous piece of aero-craftsmanship, the result of more than two years of accumulat-

ing experience in military aviation. It was hard to think of it as an inanimate thing, once having seen it in the air. It seemed living, intelligent, almost human. I could readily understand how it is that airmen become attached to their machines and speak of their fine points, their little peculiarities of individuality, with a kind of loving interest, as one might speak of a fine-spirited horse.

While the mechanics were grooming this one, and replenishing the fuel-tanks, Drew and I examined it line by line, talking in low tones which seemed fitting in so splendid a presence. We climbed the step and looked down into the compact little car, where the *pilote* sat in a luxuriously upholstered seat. There were his compass, his speed-dial, his revolution-counter, his map in its roller case, with a course pricked out on it in a red line. Attached to the machine-gun, there was a most ingenious contrivance by means of which he fired it while still keeping a steady hand on his controls. The gun itself was fired directly through the propeller by means of a device which timed the shots to the minutest fraction of a second. The necessity for accuracy in this timing device is clear, when one remembers that the propeller turns over at a normal rate of between 1200 and 1300 revolutions per minute.

It was with a chastened spirit that I looked from this splendid fighting 'plane, back to my little three-cylinder Penguin, with its absurd clipped wings and its impudent tail. A moment ago it had seemed a thing of marvelous speed, and the mastery of it a glorious achievement. I told Drew what my feeling was as I came racing back to my starting-point, and how brief my moment of triumph had been. He answered me at first in grunts and nods, so that I knew he was not listening. Presently he began to talk, giving me dark

glances into that mysterious, moonlit mind of his. It was of romance again, the 'romance of high adventure,' as he called it. 'All this' — moving his arm in a wide gesture — was but an evidence of man's unconquerable craving for romance. War itself was a manifestation of it, gave it scope, relieved the pent-up longings for it which could not find sufficient outlet in times of peace. Romance would always be one of the minor, and sometimes one of the major causes for war, indirectly of course, but none the less really; for the craving for it was one reason why millions of men so readily accepted war at the hands of the little groups of diplomats who ruled their destinies.

It was impossible to follow him far. I had, as I say, only dark glimpses into his mind. But half an hour later, as we stood watching the little biplane again climbing into the evening sky, I understood, in a way, what he was driving at, and with what keen anticipation he was looking forward to the time when we too would know all that there was to know of the joy of flight. Higher and higher it mounted, now and then catching the sun on its silver wings in a flash of light, growing smaller and smaller, until it vanished in a golden haze, far to the north. It was then four o'clock. In an hour's time the *pilote* would be circling down over his aerodrome on the Somme front.

(To be continued)

BRITISH TACTICS IN THE WAR

BY H. SIDEBOTHAM

I

STRATEGY is the art of choosing the battlefield; tactics, the science of winning the battle. Strategy is half politics; for the right field of battle is that on which victory will give the highest proportion of political results to the expenditure of effort and of life, and the choice of the battlefield cannot be right unless there is a clear perception of the political ends of the war. And, therefore, because there is so much politics in strategy (using the term politics in its widest sense), the best strategists have commonly been, not men who were nothing but soldiers, but men of

imagination with a taste for soldiering. Cæsar, Alexander, and Marlborough were all men of this type.

Tactics, on the other hand, is half business. If two armies are fighting in exactly the same way and by exactly the same rules, the conflict is likely to be bloody and the results indecisive. The successful tactics, therefore, are usually those which break with old rules; and the same qualities which make a man a good engineer and a skillful inventor, or even a successful man of business, would probably make him a good tactician. In strategy and tactics alike, convention and dogma are the enemies of success.

The vulgar idea of war is that the victory is won by superior valor or other moral virtue. This, however, has very rarely been the case; almost all Western nations, at any rate, are equally brave, though the valor of some excels in obstinacy and endurance and of others in daring and *élan*. By far the commoner causes of victory and defeat are political or technical. Sometimes (to take the domain of tactics) it is a new weapon that wins victory on the battlefield, or at any rate contributes to the ease with which it is won; sometimes, as in the Roman and in Frederick's armies, it is superior discipline, greater physical fitness, and practice in manoeuvre that win the victory. More often it is some new formation of line. Those tactics commonly succeed best of all which are both new and adapted to the genius of the people using them. Thus the Boers in the South African War developed a highly original system of mounted infantry tactics by simply using their horses in war-time as they did going about their ordinary business on their wide sheep-farms; and similarly in the American wars the woodsmen made ideal skirmishers.

Political conditions, too, will influence tactics. For example, the French Convention, after the Revolution, found itself assailed by half Europe, without armies, without generals. The men could be obtained only by conscription, and there was no time to train the raw levies. But the French armies, because they were conscript, had one great advantage over the other European armies — their superior intelligence; and so it was that they came to adopt the characteristic formations of the armies of Revolutionary France — columns instead of the deployed line because these required less discipline and drill; and in front of the columns, and screening them from artillery fire, lines of skirmishers in open order,

which was the formation best adapted to the superior intelligence of the French.

The French officers had learned skirmishing tactics in the American War of Independence, so that the nascent American Republic may be said to have helped to preserve Revolutionary France. It was in the United States, too, that British troops learned the lessons which won them their victories in the Peninsular War, and helped them to overthrow Napoleon. The British military disasters in the American War of Independence naturally set our officers thinking, and they were ascribed to the lack of light infantry and to the three-deep formation. Sir John Moore, of Corunna fame, when he was in command at Shorncliffe camp, was the first to introduce the deployed line of two-deep instead of three-deep; and though at first the formation was resisted at the Horse Guards, it was adopted by Wellington in the Peninsular War. A general order issued by Wellington just before the troops landed in Portugal begins with the words, 'The order of battle is to be two-deep.' And so Wellington gave England what was justly described as the deadliest fire formation in Europe. 'The principal cause of our reverses in Spain,' says Marbot, in his memoirs of Napoleon, 'was the immense superiority in the accuracy of the British infantry's fire, a superiority which came from frequent exercise at the butts and also from its formation, in two ranks.'

The cause of Napoleon's failure to break the British squares at Waterloo was also tactical. The heads of the attacking columns were all shot away and the rear thrown into confusion before they could come to close quarters. The victories of the British infantry over the French in the Napoleonic wars were victories of the two-deep line formation over the columnar formation

which the French had been compelled to adopt owing to the political conditions immediately after the overthrow of the monarchy; and experience in America helped both the French to beat the Austrians and Prussians and the English to beat the French.

At the beginning of this war there was some hope that the British might repeat over the Germans their tactical successes over the French more than a hundred years before. The enemy had had very little experience of actual fighting under modern conditions (for everything had changed since the Franco-Prussian War), and the British had had a great deal: in the South African War especially they had had experiences which at many points presented a close parallel to those of the American War of Independence, which, as has been seen, taught them so much. In South Africa the thinning of the line had been carried to an extent previously unheard of. In the battle of Diamond Hill, for example, the Boers held a front of something like twenty miles for three days against attack by greatly superior numbers, with probably not more than five thousand men. In the same proportion the British army at Mons, numbering fifty thousand effectives, would have held easily the ninety miles between Mons and the sea at Dunkirk. The actual front at Mons was something like twelve miles, and if their flanks had been secure, the British army might have held the German attack there, as it did later at Ypres.

The calculation of the British War Office, therefore, of the breadth of line that might be held defensively under modern conditions in Europe by a given number of rifles, was not very far out. Mons was lost, not by the breaking of our line, but by the defeat of the French on our right and by the outflanking of our left. The fire tactics of

the British infantry, at any rate on the defensive, were shown by this battle to be far superior to those of any other army in Europe. Two facts, however, had not been sufficiently taken into account. The first was the amount of punishment that modern conscript armies will stand in the attack. The vulgar idea that the long-service soldier, by reason of his training, will endure more punishment than short-service troops, does not seem to be justified. In the percentage of casualties that they will stand there is very little difference between long-service and short-service men, and it is a great deal higher than any one had thought possible before the war. What long service does for soldiers is, not make them ready to lose their lives, but fit them better for saving them.

The conscript system, therefore, means, not only higher casualties (that is a matter of course, seeing that more men are employed), but higher casualties even in proportion to numbers. Thus, casualties which would have shocked the British army in South Africa, were perfectly normal in the German army from the outset of this war. Again, conscription gave Europe more men than it needed for a single battlefield. On the South African standard, or any reasonable modification of it, the armed millions of Europe would have sufficed to defend battle-fronts ten times the length of those actually held in this war, even at their greatest extension. With such enormous numbers of men to be employed, it ought to have been obvious from the first that the real battle-front would, on the West, be from the sea to Switzerland. Apparently it was not obvious to any of the combatants involved. The Germans invaded Belgium in order (among other reasons) to get a wider extent of front, sufficient to deploy their millions upon; but they made the suicidal mis-

take of not extending their line to the sea, which would have given them Ypres and the Narrows of the Channel in the first month. The British, too, left a gap of ninety miles between their left at Mons and the sea; and the French, exaggerating the possibility of Belgian resistance, for they must have known that Germany meant to go through Belgium, had a mere fraction of their army on the North. None of them was able to shake off at the beginning of the war the tradition of the old-fashioned battle-*'field.'*

The British theory of the length of line that the modern army could hold, though sounder than that of any of the armies in Europe, had one fallacy. It held true of the rifle in the peculiar conditions of South Africa, but it needed modification in the conditions of Europe, where the battle-front was the whole width of the frontier. But even in Europe it might have held true of the machine-gun. The real lesson of the South African War, applied to European conditions, pointed to the substitution of the machine-gun for the rifle. Had there been any one farsighted enough before the war to apply this lesson and to evolve a new tactical system of training the army in the light of South African experience, only with the machine-gun substituted for the rifle, it is conceivable that the British army, small as it was, could have held, not only the twelve-mile front of Mons, but a ninety-mile front from Mons to the sea. And had the French applied the same lesson, they need have had no misgivings on the score of insufficiency of men, at any rate for the purposes of defense. Half a million men properly intrenched could have held the whole French frontier defensively, and enormous reserves could have been accumulated in the rear, to deal promptly with a break-through at any one point. The problem of attack would then have

been insoluble at the beginning of this war, as most people in England said it would be, after the South African War. It was not the Allies but the Germans, in the trench war of defense that began in the winter of 1914-15, who were the first to apply the lessons of the South African War, with the modifications made necessary by European conditions. And even they did it nervously and half-heartedly.

There is plenty of evidence in German military writing of how greatly they were worried before the war by the problem of attack. They proposed to solve it by counting partly on the conscript's recklessness of life, partly on the effect of artillery fire. They had at the beginning of the war the same or a greater superiority over the British in number of artillery pieces that the British have over the Germans now.

The French were more fortunate than the British in the possession of the 75-centimetre piece, which is virtually a machine-field-gun in its principle; but even they were greatly inferior to the Germans in the number of their artillery pieces.

The surprise of the early part of the war was the employment by the Germans of howitzers of enormous range, firing a high-explosive shell which usually buried itself in the ground before bursting. Against troops in the open the ordinary shrapnel shell bursting in the air is clearly more deadly; and so long as we were on the defensive there was good reason for the preference for shrapnel which some have attributed to Lord Kitchener. The howitzer, with its long range and its high-angle fire, was evidently designed as a trench-smasher. The Germans knew the enormous defensive power of trench-lines with sufficient machine-guns, and the immense development of their artillery tactics in the form that it took was possible only because they had studied,

and acquired a most wholesome respect for, the power of defense in modern war. And yet, in spite of the long and careful study they had given to the tactics of the offensive, they failed to make them good as soon as the Allies too, on their side, had adopted the system of permanent trench-fortifications. In other words, they found the problem of the offensive insoluble.

II

Nothing is more striking in the history of the war than the success of field fortifications as compared with the failure of fortification by fixed works. The war opened with the rapid fall of fortresses in Belgium which had been thought impregnable. Liège, Antwerp, and Namur fell with almost ridiculous ease; and as though to show that it was the theory that was at fault, and not the men, Maubeuge, the great French fort, gave very little more trouble. In invading through Belgium the Germans were on the classic ground of Vauban, the great French engineer; and it seems strange that the French should have neglected the possibilities of defense, on ground which he had shown could be made impregnable.

But the success of the Germans in capturing the forts was only one other example of the way in which they had profited by English theory and experience. There had been two schools of fortification in the military thought of the last fifty years: a Continental school headed by the Belgian General Brialmont, and the English school, represented by Sir George Clarke, now Lord Sydenham. General Brialmont held that forts were to shelter the guns, Lord Sydenham that forts were best used to shelter the men. Lord Sydenham seems to have derived his ideas from the siege of Plevna in the Russo-Turkish War. The forts of Plevna were

small and inconspicuous, and the chief defenses of the town were the rifle-lines. He argued that the first necessity of artillery defense was mobility. If guns were put in a fort, especially if their position was advertised by a steel cupola, they served merely to draw the enemy's fire and their disablement was only a matter of time, perhaps of a very short time. The British principles of fortification were elaborate intrenchments — if necessary, miniature forts — for the infantry, and concealment for the guns, with arrangements for moving them about unobserved, from one point to another.

These are the principles which have been vindicated in this war. At the beginning of the war, the defenses of Verdun were on the usual continental model, and Verdun would have shared the fate of Namur and Maubeuge, had not General Sarraill, taught by the experience of the first month of the war, completely remodeled them on English principles.

It is odd after this vindication, that some passages in the later history of the war should have shown such a lack of understanding by the British government of principles that their experts had been the first to lay down. It came out in the report of the Dardanelles Commission that the speedy downfall of the Belgian forts was one of the chief reasons that induced the government to hope that it might carry the Dardanelles by purely naval attack. The naval guns were to do to the Dardanelles forts what the German 42-centimetre howitzers did to the Belgian forts. So indeed they did, as long as the ships had power to manœuvre freely in the open sea. Had there been troops to land, or if the fleet could have pressed its advance rapidly up the Straits without giving the Turks time to bring up their field guns and make intrenchments, the Dardanelles would have

been forced. As it was, although the fixed forts might be destroyed, the mobile Turkish artillery defeated the fleet's attempts to get command of the Straits. Both the downfall of the Belgian forts and the failure of the fleet to force the Dardanelles were victories of English principles of fortification.

III

In their air tactics the Germans made a grave mistake in exaggerating the military usefulness of the Zeppelin. When one balances its military achievement against the terrible embitterment which its blind attacks on noncombatants brought into the war, the net balance is very heavily against the enemy. Not until the war had been in progress for some time did the Germans discover that the best use for the Zeppelin was in reconnaissance at sea, and even there it was too much of a fine-weather craft to be constantly trustworthy.

One would have expected the Allies, who had developed the aeroplane as a reply to the airship, to have worked out its tactics much more carefully and completely than the Germans. Unfortunately this does not seem to be the case. Their idea of the principal uses of the aeroplane was as a raider and for reconnaissance. They did not grasp so clearly as the Germans its importance as an adjunct to the artillery. Before this war one of the advantages of trench defenses was the extreme smallness of the mark presented to hostile artillery fire. The Germans were the first to see how valuable the aeroplane might be in locating enemy trenches and in signaling the range to their artillery. At the beginning of the war, before the Allies learned to imitate them, these tactics were very valuable, and doubled the effectiveness of the artillery attack. It was another proof of the extraordinary preoccupation of the

German military mind before the war with solving the problem of attack. The prolonged study which they had made of this problem made them much less conservative than the Allies in their minor tactics. For example, the Allies continued to waste effort in the maintenance of their cavalry, a long time after it was obvious that cavalry was the least efficient arm for the military duties that it had hitherto discharged. It is doubtful whether the *arme blanche* will ever again be of much use, even in the pursuit of a disorganized and beaten enemy; the roughest of intrenchments, held by a handful of determined men, will break the best cavalry charge. The aeroplane is of ten times the value in completing the rout of a broken enemy. For mounted infantry tactics there is more to be said, but even these are best carried out, not by men on horses, but by men on motor-bicycles and in motor-cars.

The tactics of trench-warfare were exceedingly elaborate, but presented very few new or original principles. The old ideas of barbed-wire entanglements and the like were enormously improved, and the Germans, who had thought out the practice of trench-warfare much more carefully than we had, made much more thoroughgoing arrangements for the comfort of their troops than the Allies did. They are wonderful diggers, and their trench-systems were more like underground cities than field works. Reckless as the Germans could be in the expenditure of life in attack, — their tactics in the first battle of Ypres for example, were crazily incompetent in the waste of life, — they were very much more careful with their men in the trenches than we were, and their loss of life must have been much less than ours in the day-to-day incidents of trench-war. They attached much more importance to concealment than the Allies did, or

at any rate they succeeded better in training their men to avoid exposure. And in the choice of their positions for trenches they always preferred the higher ground, both for sanitary and for military reasons.

The English fondness for the bayonet was oftener a snare than a real advantage, for in bayonet-fighting the losses are likely to be more nearly equal than in fire-tactics. The revival of hand-bombs and grenades was foreseen by both sides from the incidents of the siege of Port Arthur by the Japanese; but their use, though unavoidable in close hand-to-hand fighting, was still an anachronism, and when the tactics of attack are really solved, they will disappear; for the end of tactics is to inflict the maximum of loss on the enemy with a minimum to yourself. This is not possible in hand-to-hand fighting, and therefore the first aim of the new tactics will be to avoid it.

When one reflects on the elaborate study that the Germans had given to the tactics of attack and defense, the wonder is, not that the Allies have made so little progress, but that they have made so much. The British, in the battle of Neuve Chapelle, were the first to show what could be done by artillery fire concentrated on a narrow section, and the Germans were not slow to imitate. They learned at Neuve Chapelle the lesson which they applied later to win the battle of Gorlice over the Russians. But the Allies in 1915 were not in a position to establish more than a very local ascendancy of artillery fire; nor had the new British army yet received the tactical training that was necessary if it was to succeed where the Germans had failed. The British attacks at this period were dangerous, but were apt to be shortwinded. The common German criticism of them was that they soon became *gemischt*; and the British were particularly unskillful

as yet in the consolidation of a position after it had been won.

All the more remarkable therefore was the achievement of the Allies in the Somme offensive. The German positions were far stronger than any that they had ever carried before, and the Allies were not able to do more than develop tactical ideas that were perfectly well known to both sides. And yet the British and French troops undoubtedly made a better job of their offensive than the Germans had been able to do since the trench-war began.

What was the explanation? And can we draw from it any assurance of probable decisive victory in the future? In the battle of the Somme, Sir Douglas Haig effected a penetration of the German lines on a front that was originally less than a mile wide. Had he driven the attack forward, the wedge would have narrowed to a point so fine that it would have broken off. This was always happening to the German attacks at Verdun. At Verdun the German plan was to drive in a number of wedges from various points on the circumference in the hope as it were of splitting the core of the defense by pressure from a number of points at once. The British plan on the Somme — it seems to have been adapted from the tactics of General Foch in the Arras region — was, having effected a lodgment, not to drive forward, but to work zig-zag, so widening the front of penetration. The progress as measured by miles was small, but it undoubtedly destroyed the theory of the impregnability of any fortified position; and if the attack could have been started three months earlier and if the weather in the late summer and autumn had been more favorable, the Germans might well have been driven back to the Meuse before the Christmas of 1916.

The success was due to the great preponderance of the Allied artillery, to

the superiority of its air-service, to a refinement and subtlety in tactics, but also — perhaps most of all — to the fact that the animal spirits of the British army were so much higher — *posunt quia posse videntur*. It seems an unscientific explanation of the victory, but Napoleon used to say that the moral was to the material in war as three to one, and the proportion still holds. The Germans were suffering from the discouragement of a war prolonged beyond all their expectations. Their military principle of attaining their maximum energy at the outset of war had led to an anti-climax. They had the sense that they were going down-hill. They were fighting, not to increase their gains, but to hold them, and the army was beginning to suffer inevitable reaction from its first confidence. The retreat of the German army between Arras and La Fère, which began this spring, was the deferred dividend on the battle of the Somme. And to take the full measure of that victory we must not merely reckon the six or seven miles of progress actually made in the latter half of last year, but must also add the ground covered this spring by the so-called voluntary retreat to the Hindenburg line.

IV

This year has been signalized by a new development of German tactics — new at any rate to the western front, where the lines had been rigid since the scurrying passion of the opening movements rushed like molten metal into a mould and there solidified. The battle of the Somme had shaken Hindenburg's faith in the impregnability of any lines, and he was particularly nervous of the Allies' growing ascendancy in material. He is a man of few and simple ideas. He had gained his reputation in the war of movement on the

East Prussian frontier by the employment of tactics like Hannibal's at Cannæ. He declined his centre and drew the Russians on to the narrow causeways between the Masurian Lakes, and then attacked them from the flanks. When, after the entry of Roumania, he succeeded to the chief command, he employed the same tactics on a larger scale. The Austrian centre in Transylvania was instructed to fall back while two fixed points, one at the western the other at the eastern end of the Roumanian frontiers, were firmly held. The principle was that of an elastic band between two fixed points.

Precisely the same plan was adopted by Hindenburg in France. Knowing that he could not hold his weakened positions on the Somme against attack, he withdrew his whole centre between Arras and the Aisne, and devastated the country, hoping thereby to create an artificial desolation like that of the Masurian Lakes and to hamper our attack. He proposed, when we had sufficiently involved ourselves in this bad country, to throw forward his flanks, — certainly his right flank, — and to this end he accumulated very large reserves. These tactics might have been successful if General Haig had not thrown himself on the German fortified positions in front of Arras and carried the Vimy Ridge on that memorable Easter Monday.

But one of Hindenburg's flanking movements was carried out, and it is now the chief danger in the whole war. This was the submarine campaign, to which Hindenburg attached so much importance that he was prepared to risk the hostility of America for the sake of it. Hindenburg, it will be remembered, is in full control of the German operations on sea as well as on land, and the submarine campaign, rightly considered, is a raid on the communications by which supplies from

England and the United States reach the army that is attacking him in France. It is a compliment to the dangerous character of the Allied offensives in France.

How Hindenburg proposes to work out his new tactical variation on the rigid trench-system is not yet clear. The progress of the British is satisfactory; already it nearly equals in depth the amount of ground won in the whole six months fighting on the Somme. But there is a marked falling off in the rate of the advance since the opening day of the attack. The rigid system of defense has this great drawback, that the exact positions are known to a yard. The Hindenburg line is an elastic area of defense rather than a rigid barrier. It has opportunities of surprise and concealment not possible in positions where the two sides have been facing each other without much movement for a couple of years. And at the moment of writing it looks as though the system might be likely to give us much trouble. But after the success on the Somme there can be no question of our ability to force any position, however strong, provided always that adequate supplies of munitions can be kept up.

There has been much discussion in the United States about the desirability of America's taking part in the Western campaign by sending an expedition. But as one reads the situation in England, men are not at this moment the first necessity of the Allies, nor will they be until next spring. The first necessity is to repel the attack that the submarine campaign is making on their communications. That cannot be done by an army. It is not even solely the business of the American navy coöperating with the British. The most important immediate contribution that the United States can make to the success of the Allied offensive, is in her workshops, in the studies and labora-

tories of her inventors, and, above all, in the vigor and independence of thought that distinguishes America's industrial system. Tactics, as was said in the beginning of this paper, are half business, and the cleaner the break they make with tradition, the more effective they are likely to be.

It is fairly safe to predict that for tactical reasons alone, not to speak of reasons of another order, this will be the last war in which the armies will be composed of the whole manhood of the nation. Universal military service is out of date, and although some officers whose career depends on its maintenance will struggle hard to retain it, the higher officers, whose business is to direct the strategy and tactics of a campaign, should be interested in its abolition or modification. War with armies of millions is becoming an impossibility, and if the institution is to have any chance of surviving, the size of armies will need to be reduced.

There is a passage in Von der Goltz's *Das Volk in Waffen* in which he looks forward prophetically to the time when some small highly trained professional army, that has evolved some new system of tactics, will sweep away the armed millions of Europe. A little more forethought, some bold and original thinking, and it might have happened even in this war. Even at its most progressive, the military art is more conservative than any other. It is an interesting exercise, and one that will be much indulged in in the next generation, to cast one's mind forward to a war in which science and mechanical equipment are adapted, as they should be in war as in other human activities, to economize human toil and human life. The army of the future will have an immense equipment in artillery; the infantry will be few in number but heavily armed, each man with a machine-gun, capable of holding a width

of front that otherwise would need a company armed with rifles. Trench-warfare, at any rate on the scale that has been witnessed in France, will disappear, for the aeroplane will overleap the trenches, and substitute a war of movement for a war of fixed positions.

The aeroplane will be used, not only as at present for reconnaissance work, signaling ranges to the artillery, for raids on communications, and for bombing a retreating army, but also for the transport, on a large scale, of infantry. One can easily imagine aeroplanes sufficiently large to carry fifty or even a hundred infantrymen. A hundred such planes could transport an army of ten thousand with incredible rapidity to any point behind the hostile line desired by the general in command. Such movements will make trench-lines obsolete. The whole art of war will have to be rewritten from its elements. The development of the uses of the aeroplane will change the strategical and tactical direction of the war, from a game comparatively elementary, like draughts, into an elaborate and complicated game like chess, with greater variety of moves and endless possibilities of fresh combinations. Such a game will be too difficult to be fought with millions. With proper use of mechanical invention a company of men will be able to do the work of a division in this war. We shall go back to the days of small professional armies of long training and high technical equipment; the

great general of the future will be he who is able to divine best all the possibilities of this new war-movement, and military power will no longer depend on numbers but on the genius of the direction and the technical accomplishment of a comparatively few human instruments.

Perhaps it was hardly to be expected that such a revolution should be effected in this war. A Napoleon of tactics might have done it; an Anglo-American general staff, with French assessors, working seriously and as honestly on the technical problems of war as the German General Staff has done, but with an originality and inventiveness that are denied to the German mind, might have realized the importance of the aeroplane, overthrown German militarism with its impossible system of universal service, and won this war with ease and with a minimum of suffering to the human race. The necessary changes in tactics would have been very little more than that effected by the Germans in substituting the submarine for the huge battleship as the effective weapon of naval power.

It may be too late now to make these changes. But the first power to make them in the future will undoubtedly be the leading military power. A curse of the military mind is its fondness for imitation and its conventionality. Wars are won, not by similarity of tactics, but by some boldly developed difference in tactics.

TWILIGHT AND DAWN

BY LIEUTENANT JEAN GIRAUDOUX

Sunday, September 6.

WE have been here since one o'clock, all five of us, in a beetfield strewn with sheaves of wheat — flotsam left high and dry by the wave of attack. We bind them firmly together and stack them; the day of fighting ends with the gestures of the harvester. Some sort of instinct, I suppose, makes us carry the sheaves to the farm-house at our right, where we stop to rest, the German machine-gun in the tree keeping watch over our huge shadows. Over yonder some one is creeping along: a man of the telegraph corps, followed by several comrades, twenty yards or so behind him. They have no water, they tell us, only Chartreuse.

News travels quickly on the battlefield. From time to time a new soldier comes crawling up to us, holding his hand before his face, protecting himself against the machine-gun as one shelters a lantern, and gives an account of what he has seen on the way: a corpse, a German, two wounded men. From every man who comes up we demand water; he eagerly hands over his canteen, but (bootless miracle!) we invariably find some dregs of cognac, or crème de menthe, or rum. Each newcomer's bayonet is still fixed: the last remnant of the charge. As he takes his place in the straw beside us, he removes it, with the innocent gesture of a woman taking off her rings at night; then flings himself down full length.

It is cold, but what utter repose! The men are smoking, taking great care on account of the straw. A cor-

poral (once a *masseur* at Vichy) is conscientiously kneading his comrades who have stiff backs. He is very popular: his services are preëmpted in advance, as he moves from sheaf to sheaf. He will not allow himself to be hurried, however. He amuses himself by telling each man the names of his various muscles.

A haystack is on fire over yonder. My neighbors, who are peasants, discuss its cost. I find out exactly what it is worth; also the value of a single sheaf of wheat — the one I am lying on, for instance. We chew a few grains of this wheat, and find it excellent. It would seem that we are in a rich countryside: splendid poplars, immense beets, abundant harvests. This battlefield of ours is no cheap affair. I hear the *masseur* say that he saw Michal's body; the bullet had taken him full in the heart. Why did it have to be the *masseur*, I wonder? Now there is no more hope.

Every now and then German voices come down the wind to us. A soldier comes in, standing erect; he makes the ceiling seem higher, and somehow it becomes easier for us to breathe. Another soldier recognizes me with a shout of joy, — 'Why, here's the sergeant interpreter!' — and questions me eagerly, as if he had been waiting for me to translate for him everything he had seen during the day. The conversationalists have already won the advantage over the quieter spirits, and are telling how they will never to their dying day forget the adventures of the

afternoon. They talk slowly, as one talks by the fire on a winter's evening. Dolléro, resting against my shoulder, is listening without moving a muscle to sentences that are stirring his heart to the very depths. Bernard, his chum, is dead; when the Germans advanced in the darkness, shouting that they were Englishmen, his cousin, believing them, stood up, then fell, never to rise.

The machine-gun, better aimed now, lets fly, the bullets grazing our caps. We stop talking. We are feeling the effects of all the liqueurs that have been passed around — *bénédictine*, *kirsch*, *cognac*. We press our lips to the canteen, then hand it to the next man. The alcohol showers all its hot kisses on us. The bullets whine. We think of the word with which we shall acclaim the first one that strikes us; it hangs on our lips, all ready for the impact, and back of it follows a whole procession of other words, waiting for the succeeding bullets.

A riderless horse gallops by into the night, dodging blows aimed at him, and drawing a rain of death from the shadows as he passes.

Now the wounded are calling to us from over beyond the poplars. We form patrolling parties: later we shall try to get to some village. The bolder spirits put the timid ones to shame, so that it is these latter who lead the way. We hear them talking as they stop beside the wounded men: —

'Don't make a noise. We're here. Do you see us?'

'Yes.'

'It's all right. You're not frightened any more?'

'No.'

Away in the distance we hear the colonel himself, answering in that cadenced tone which is the very voice of anguish.

'Do you feel badly, sir?'

'Yes.'

'Are we hurting you, sir?'

'No.'

And we carry away as many wounded as we can, as from a fire, to the rear of this crackling, smoking fringe of France.

We are off. Every fifty yards we let the colonel rest a little, and change places. Jeudit, who had lain close by his chief's side since he was wounded, carries his cap and his sword. He takes entire charge of the poor pale head: now he supports it with his hand, now he makes a pillow of a knapsack stuffed with straw. He wipes the colonel's brow, for he is hot; he draws a hood over his head, for he is cold. Each soldier, following Jeudit's example, lavishes his solicitude on an arm, a hand, or a shoulder, none venturing, in his boundless respect, even to think of his commander as a whole. The colonel, out of gratitude, divides himself between us.

'Jeudit! My neck! Dolléro! My arm!'

A big countryman stammers out a few words which he has been getting ready ever since we left the hay-mow: —

'Everything's going finely, sir; everything's going first-rate!'

The colonel smiles. He is trembling with cold. We take away the cloak of the man who has fewest straps to unfasten, and spread it over our chief. He is wandering a bit now.

'Shut the windows!'

'Yes, sir; we'll shut them,' answer the men.

He opens his eyes and sees the burning village. He murmurs, — speaking aloud to avoid thinking, —

'That fire hurts my eyes — it hurts my eyes.'

'We'll put it out, sir,' answer the men.

Cries come to us from out of the darkness on all sides — city-dwellers,

who call us by our rank, and peasants, who shout inarticulately. All differ according to the regiment to which they belong. 'Holà, holà!' call the men of the Loire country; those from the North, 'Lo, lo!' and the Bourbonnais, 'Voilà, voilà!'

'Voilà! my shoulder!' cries a voice.

The colonel shudders to hear this outcry from a man who is wounded in the same place as he himself.

'Take me too!' comes the voice.

'We can't do it, old man!'

'But you're taking somebody else!'

'It's the colonel.'

That gives him a moment of resignation. Whenever we can, we try to come to a halt close to a wounded man. He tells us all about his bad luck, his wound, and when we move on, he keeps silent. Then, after we have gone a little way, we hear him calling in torment, —

'Take me too, colonel! Take me too!'

We shout that we are coming back. Some of them curse us. Others innocently believe what we say, and give us directions for finding them again.

'I'm just to the left of the big haystack, near the hedge. Do you see? I'll light a match every now and then.'

'Bring that man along too,' says the colonel.

'Very well, sir,' answer the men.

We leave him lying there, but the colonel thinks a second stretcher is following along behind, and bites his lips the better to repress his anguish. From time to time an alarm is given: a riderless horse gallops up to us, but we barely touch him before he is off toward the poplars, only to come thundering back from the German hands that reach out for him. Wounded men everywhere. We feel glad when some sullen fellow refuses to look at us, or to answer our questions; glad, too, if they do not call us by name, as one poor man has just

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done, for to-night our names seem more rawly sensitive than our hearts. Occasionally we make a *détour* which the colonel cannot understand; it is to avoid a corpse. Every so often the big peasant, taken by a spasm of optimism, stammers out, —

'Everything's going finely, sir. It could n't be better.'

The fires die down, then flare up as if fresh fuel had been brought them. The four of us who are not carrying the colonel take the eight knapsacks, the eight guns, the eight cartridge-belts, stooping as we go to pick up a sword, another knapsack, thus making a heavier burden still for those who are to relieve us. From time to time the colonel bids farewell to some wounded man, and tells me to remember his name. They should have had short, simple names, however — names of week-days, like Jeudit. I have forgotten them all.

Monday, September 7.

'Get up, old man!'

A hand awakens me gently. It is a chaplain, who has discovered me in the depths of a broken-seated chair. He extracts me with difficulty, pulling aside the shattered slats, and helps me escape from the wreckage of yesterday.

'So the old Boches dropped you there, did they?'

The word 'old' is the only antidote that chaplains have been able to discover against the war. They say 'the old shell,' 'the old Crown Prince.'

'Come along with me. There's a cot in your colonel's room.'

At six o'clock I wake up again. Through a hole in the curtains I get a sample of daylight; it is bright and clear. The cannon are growling. Never has a traveler, arriving at a strange inn at midnight, felt greater curiosity and disquiet. Am I in a village? In a forest? Are we retreating? Have we been

victorious? I can get answers to all these questions merely by opening that door, and yet I do not hurry. I dress in the darkness, and with the clinking of my accoutrements things begin to come back to me. Over there, on the table, lie the objects Jeudit gave me in exchange for his knapsack: a cap with five stripes, a gold watch, a wallet. Never was a soldier's knapsack ransomed so dearly. The colonel is asleep in a white bedstead. His *croix d'honneur* is pinned to the curtain. I open the door softly and leave the room abashed, feeling out of place in so august a picture.

Outside, a long corridor, like that of a provincial hotel, with yellow doors opening off it. By the doors lie boots, swords — the belongings of wounded officers. On a high shelf are piled rubber boots and hats — the leavings of the farm-hands who used to live here.

'What place is this?'

It is the sort of question one asks when one's train makes a stop. The orderly does n't know.

'Is it much of a town?'

The orderly says that he arrived here only last night, and has no idea. He thinks, though, that it is very small.

He leads me to a wooden staircase. As I go down the winding steps I begin to see, in a great room, pale heads, sallow heads, bloody heads. The orderly pushes me on, and before I know what has happened I have wound down into the very heart of human anguish. The stretchers are fairly overflowing: they lie close-packed, and, in order to reach the door, I must walk all the way round certain wounded men who stare at me, longing to know who I am. I lose my way in a labyrinth which brings me up short before the impassable stretcher of a soldier who has fainted dead away. There is no going on; I have to return. The men of the medical corps gruffly ask me my

business — for even officers are forbidden to enter here. They move about, these doctors, silencing any man who tries to talk, so that one hears nothing but the groans. The wounded soldiers, uneasy as to the meaning of the pink or green labels they wear, watch for the label of each corpse as it is carried out, and turn pale or sigh contentedly according as its color does or does not match their own.

At the end of the room there is a glass door through which one sees into a kitchen where a strapping young woman is walking calmly to and fro. Every now and then she puts her face up against the glass, and all the wounded men with pink labels — the light cases — try to sit up and look at her. Wasps are buzz-buzzing against the panes. Every time some one cries out in pain, a shortsighted soldier puts on his glasses and peers about to see who it is.

On the road again. I am hunting for the flag which Flamond's company has just captured from the Germans.

Night is falling. Stray soldiers trudge along in the ditches; they look as if they were dragging the heavy-laden stretchers which follow two hundred yards or so behind. Along come some slightly wounded men; confident that help is at hand, they ask no questions. No dead men here, no dying: this part of the battlefield near the hospital is kept cleared, for sweet sanitation's sake. The haystacks and the hedgerows are robbed of their wounded, just as the lower branches of an orchard are stripped of fruit. One sees motionless groups: stretcher-bearers grow weary of their burden, lower it to the ground, and go back for a lighter one. Tired feet drag along; in the distance a spasm of coughing; country night-sounds.

All those who have been carrying on the day's fighting alone — muni-

tion convoy men, telegraphers — are streaming back to the village; you may know the countrymen by the way they say 'Good-evening' to you. Then one begins to meet fewer passers-by. The road shoulders itself up above the meadows, and there, far, far below me, spreads out the war-infested plain. From where I stand it already looks ravaged, with its ploughed fields in disorder, its scars, and all the odds and ends cast up by the earth when it covers dead men — caps, shoes — here a pair of suspenders spread out as if for sale, there a stiff hand reaching up out of a furrow. I plod along. The day is to come when, looking back on this solitary walk after years in the trenches, I shall have much the same feeling as if I had walked one evening on the surface of the waters.

Now we are on our way back, in three groups. The first is bringing Captain Flamond, dead with a bullet in his neck. His arms hang down, the fingers purple. Soldiers die with bloodstained hands, just as the fingers of dead writers are stained with ink. The men carrying him walk with broken step, just as they have seen the stretcher-bearers do. Next comes the group with the German flag. (The men were uncertain as to whether they should stretch it over the captain's body, but they had a vague suspicion that this might not be the correct thing. Should they spread it, *under* him, perhaps?) It is a great purple flag, black-starred, and decorated with a cross which we remove before the eyes of the prisoners who are following behind. I walk at the end of the procession with a *Fähnrich*, who is already trying to air his French. Artaud points to me and says that I have been to Berlin. After that the fellow sticks to me like a burr. He comes from Berlin, it seems. I say nothing, but the smell and the accent of Berlin remain with me.

It is midnight when we come up with Captain Lambert, who is writing to his daughters while waiting for the bread convoys to arrive. He used to send one letter for all three of them, but since yesterday each has taken on a separate existence for him.

'Are we ever going to get bread?' he asks.

All night long he will get up to put this question to cavalrymen, quartermasters, dispatch-riders, who will feel obliged to offer him some chocolate or the remnants of a sausage. The rifle-bullets are making a tremendous racket; we have stuffed cotton in our ears to keep the sound out — all of us except the captain, whom we see jumping up every now and then, turning pale, and then settling down again. His agitation seems a bit absurd to us, just as Ulysses' excitement amused the sailors whose ears had been stopped.

Now and again, a blade of grass comes to life for an instant beneath my hand, against my cheek, and quivers like a woman's eyelash. Again, suddenly awaking, I see peering down at me a new, unknown face, the very sight of which wearies me, as if I were in some way responsible for it — as if I had to imagine for the first time goodness, suffering, or sadness, according as the face is good, agonized, or sad. The cotton makes these strangers believe that we have ear-ache, that we are threatened with inflammation, or that our teeth are giving us trouble; sympathetic, yet annoyed that so much suffering must be, they go away, shrugging their shoulders toward God.

Four o'clock. Everything is silent. The burning villages, with no one to watch them, flickered out sullenly before dawn. Cold, dew, everything that can turn a man's limbs to stone, has showered down on us out of the night. The quiet is astonishing; I remember

the cotton in my ears and remove it, fearing that I have been reveling in an artificial stillness; but nothing is to be heard here save the tick of a watch, and over yonder a squeaking barrow. Never did day in war-time come on more noiselessly. Here and there, out of the ditches and furrows, men are stumbling up and rising to their full height, just as though there were no such thing as war; then, remembering suddenly, they crouch down again and try to straighten their cramped fingers out of harm's way. Not a word. No one wishes to give the day an excuse for beginning; no one will betray these hundred thousand men who are trying, in the dawn's glow, to pretend that it is still night; no one brushes the dirt from his uniform, or grinds coffee, or starts off to fetch water. Turpin is snoring again. Then suddenly the first cannon goes off, the shell goes wailing over our heads; and all is up with our little make-believe.

I start forth to wake my scouts, who are scattered far and wide, like a shattered compass. They struggle up, growling oaths that gather force as they go the rounds: '*Ah, vingt dieux! Ah, mille-dieux!*' Their faces show swollen, moist, greenish, as though it had been necessary, to make them sleep, to hold their heads under water — in the river of oblivion, perhaps. Poor heads!

'Why wake us?' they all ask. Then they remember that they still have a crust of bread; that a few sardines still remain in that open box hidden under a tree: this modest bait suffices to lure them back into war once more.

We have not even the poor consolation of relaxing and stretching our limbs: the general in person has just taken up this position at our cross-roads; his leopard-skin dispatch-bag, swollen with papers, lies on the ground, and he kneels beside it, fumbling, like a priest consulting the entrails for

omens. We are to attack, it seems. Major Gerard and his companies are to assault Nogeon.

The general takes each captain aside and shows him an order. All read quickly and bow assent, some smiling, others a bit pale, — all except Viard, who has to have the manoeuvre explained to him on the terrain itself, the general making him count the poplar trees as if he were doing the multiplication table. Perret, always methodical and paternal, draws his men round him and repeats the order to each one; such is his custom.

'So much the worse for you,' says he to a couple of late-comers. 'Now you won't know anything.'

Then he makes every man hand over to Dolléro the odds and ends taken from the Germans, which would mean sure death if he were to fall into the enemy's hands. Dolléro is soon covered with helmets, spurs, and white sword-knots, striped with green.

'What would they do to me if they took me prisoner now?' he remarks.

Captain Jean passes the order on to his favorites; Viard, to his sergeants; Perrin, to the most intelligent; then off we go, led, according to the company we are in, by friendship, rank, or cleverness. Half-way to Nogeon, a lieutenant of dragoons asks Perrin for two subalterns to help cut off the stream of stray soldiers who are going and coming between the poplar trees and Fosse-Martin. Mourlin and I are chosen.

We follow the ditches by the roadside, stopping stragglers and questioning them.

'Where are you going?'

'To the village.'

'What for?'

They reply, guilelessly, that they are going to rest; and when we order them to right-about-face, they look at us as if we were traitors. A little bit ashamed of ourselves, we offer them a swallow

of cool water. They drink, and, thinking they have got on the good side of us, set out again for Fosse-Martin. We take them by the arm, however, and swing them round toward Nogeon, which is in flames. They start off, the surlier spirits shrugging their shoulders.

We keep on our way, using the haystacks for shelter and dodging this way or that, according as the shells come from Puisieux or Vincy or Bouillancy. At the bottom of each stack we find something to eat — leavings of the early breakfast: here a scrap of bread, there a spattering of jam; since they cannot in decency present us with their wheat, the stacks offer what they have. A stack with a letter. A stack with an unexploded German shell, and, on the French side, the mocking emptiness of a wine-bottle. A stack from which two motionless boots stick out. Mourlin takes hold of one, I of the other; we pull, cautiously at first, but we can feel that the soldier resists and is unwounded. He wriggles. He is wondering what he will catch if it is a colonel — two colonels, perhaps — tugging at his legs. Out he comes. He has been asleep there since yesterday.

'Sneaks!' he says to us. 'How much do they pay you to do their dirty work?'

We let fly a box on the ears, a kick or two; he tries to defend himself, but gets a couple of whacks for his pains, and makes off toward the poplars, horribly offended.

Along the roadside lie yesterday's wounded, overtaken by dawn and its shrapnel before they could get to cover. Here and there a soldier helps himself along with his rifle, the stock under his arm, the muzzle to earth. Groups of three, their arms entwined, struggle ahead, the most severely wounded man in the middle. They turn very slowly when some one calls to them; like Lao-coön and his sons, they are hampered

and tormented by an invisible serpent. We pass a mere boy of a corporal who seems to have strange ideas as to the fate of wounded men, for he tries to give us a letter for his family. Over yonder lies a thread of blood which, instead of coming away from the fighting, leads toward it. Here are two soldiers of my regiment, greatly amused because the same bullet wounded them both — one in the head, the other in the foot. Mourlin sends them into convulsions of mirth by asking what the deuce they were doing together.

We pass a bearded fellow, in agony, who drops to his knees like a stricken beast when he reaches the end of his strength, and falls full length on the ground. A big blond trooper comes along, walking slowly and evenly amid all his limping comrades, and taking infinite care, for he has a bullet in his lungs. In spite of this he flings himself down when a shell lands near-by; then, inch by inch, he rises again, as slowly as a child grows. Here is a lieutenant with his skull laid open, whose hand, groping for his eyeglass, flutters near his brain. Behind the haystacks which have been found out by the enemy's artillery lie heaps of terribly wounded men who, for fear of offering a better mark, drive away newcomers, as from a raft at sea. Some have stripped off their tunics and march along in their shirt-sleeves, hoping that the Germans will not fire on them. Above all the groans a loud cry rings out: a wounded man has been hit a second time, and so there is a jet of fresh blood, a fresh vivid scream amid all this dull whimpering.

Then, all of a sudden, a regiment of reinforcements charges by in close waves toward Nogeon, sweeping the highway and meadows clear of wounded men for a minute, as if they had been miraculously healed and had fallen into step. Strange faces, all; and in war-

time one somehow thinks of every unknown soldier that he has no personal interest at stake — that he is fighting for you.

The shadows of these newcomers cower to the left, away from the sun, as they enter Nogeon; almost immediately the distillery sticks out tongues of flame. In ten minutes it is all ablaze with a sullen fire, the tall chimneys doing their best with the smoke, out of sheer habit. The soldiers emerge again and withdraw to the rear; they are followed by stragglers, — the braver spirits, and those who best resist the heat, — a crimson-faced rear-guard, leisurely withdrawing, and yielding the fire a bare ten yards. Out leaps a fellow from the very flames. Here comes another. That is the end. Glowing papers and embers whirl about, the soldiers taking pains to catch them and put them out with a clap of the hands when they fall near an officer, just as children catch moths to please the mistress of the house.

Again the little procession of stragglers begins to trickle along over to the right of Nogeon; we must once more stop the poor fellows who have found a pretext for seeking a bit of rest. We requisition the services of a little corporal of the 60th Regiment, a timid lad of twenty-two, who ventures to accost only the younger soldiers, and who, instead of shouting his orders, runs and plants himself in the way of the man he is trying to stop, like a dog. We meet some wily stragglers who pretend they have been sent for water, and have unfolded their canvas buckets. Others, more modest, ask only for a little shade. Here is a zouave who, to distract my attention, shows me a Prussian revolver and tries to lead me to a shell-hole a hundred yards away where, he says, a lot of dead Germans are still wearing their spectacles. It is my turn to resist now. Then come some older

men, with fine hard faces, who find it annoying to be sent about their business by two whippersnapper sergeants. One fellow takes his revenge by staring fixedly at the nose of Mourlin, whose sunburn has been concentrated there. (Every few minutes afterwards, Mourlin asks for my pocket-mirror.)

In this reflux there occasionally appears one of our own men, who says simply, 'So-and-so has been killed.' It costs one death, at least, to meet an acquaintance to-day. Here is a soldier, deathly pale, to whom I point out an aeroplane while slipping a rifle into his hand, just as one cajoles a child into eating soup. Now and then comes a scout, returning from the brigade full of hard words about the village, where he has found neither water nor bread — nothing but shrapnel and the general, who took him for a deserter and threatened him with his revolver.

We are holding the stragglers we meet now. Those who come up are amazed at being received as though we expected them, and take the places pointed out to them without a word.

'Forward, march!'

The lieutenant, who wishes to be rid of his horse, simply lets him go, and we advance. The bullets are flying lower and lower, so that we must crawl. Every so often a man gets wedged between two beets and extracts himself with difficulty.

Here we are at the poplars. We have fallen in with a company deployed as skirmishers, which receives us without enthusiasm in its ditch, for we have momentarily disturbed its comfort. The Germans are over yonder, thirty yards distant — among them a great hulking fellow who rises up every few minutes; nobody can succeed in sniping him. This interests us newcomers exceedingly. There he is: a gray-green back suddenly floats above the tops of the beets. Two shots go off; up he bobs

again. Many a Frenchman whose only sight of the enemy has been that poor jumping-jack. By evening, they get him.

All is quiet again. This is the hour when the first lines on both sides, worn out, form the only neutral zone in all the two countries; they mount guard only before battle. Let our second lines snipe at the German second line; let our cannon blaze away at their howitzers, let our civilians hate their civilians: we do not shoot. We reserve our wrath, rather, for a company of our own reinforcements, fifty yards behind us, which insists on taking us for wounded. The captain, greatly excited, shouts that he is coming to deliver us, and also keeps yelling, 'Vorwärts, vorwärts!' to stir up the Germans.

Mourlin, to calm them, yells still louder a German word which he wrongly believes to mean, 'Be quiet!' The two voices battle for the mastery, while the Saxons, fearing some trick, lie quiet before us, wondering what the French can be getting ready to do when they bellow forth in the Imperial language, 'Peace! Peace!'

Day has begun.

Tuesday, September 8.

The sun has set. A German aviator makes the most of the dying glow by coming to see what he can see just above my company. Full five minutes he wheels over us. He does not miss a single gesture. He can tell Von Kluck: 'Mourlin's nose is still sun-blistered; Dolléro is reading a letter which begins, "My heart's beloved"; Giraudoux is munching beets as he waits for night to bring up her reinforcements.'

We close our eyes, starting sharply when our drowsiness clashes within us against sleep itself. No trenches here; we leave on the earth nothing save the imprint of our bodies; above ground

we still find that resignation and confidence for which we shall later have to dig deep and still deeper.

Every now and then Jalicot shouts, 'Surrender!' to tease the Germans, who are unable to see the joke and reply, 'No, no!' in throaty French, so that there will be no possible mistake. Then, in their turn, they call on us to surrender, and we reply, in chorus, with one single word. They are annoyed: did they not answer us politely?

Midnight. We have sought sleep in a sort of pit, and those not on duty are joining us. Here comes the captain, the man of all men whom we are least eager to see, for he snores. All in a heap, our legs are pinned down by heavy legs; unknown arms — we prefer not to know whose — embrace us. Now and again one defends one's head stubbornly against a knee, a shoe, another head. Sometimes a newcomer, not knowing that weapons have been laid aside, drops down on us with his rifle. Violent and anonymous kicks are launched against an unfortunate leg which turns out to be the captain's. A soldier down at the bottom shivers, giving the whole living mass a feverish motion; two late-coming guests generously spread their cloaks over the whole crowded pit. An officer, on his rounds, orders us to get up; we answer not a word, whereupon he threatens us, so that our captain must needs stick out his head and command us, like the voice of our conscience, not to stir from our position.

From all four corners of the plateau the machine-guns are rattling like dead men's bones. One of our cannon is firing wildly in the direction of Germany. The bugle-blasts of the *chasseurs* ring out, then break off short, as though all the musicians had rushed forward to pick up a wounded man. One of the soldiers at the bottom of our heap tries to free himself; the others make themselves heavier, to keep him

quiet. He keeps moving convulsively, until, the resistance crushed out of him, he gives up.

One o'clock. We are returning to Fosse-Martin by the road — silent, sullen. Friendship keeps us close together, and each one leans on a comrade, but we have developed an unspeakable obstinacy. No one yields an inch to any one else. Dolléro tries to make me eat his remnant of bread.

'Eat this bread.'

'Keep it yourself.'

'You won't, won't you? Well, look!'

He throws it away; and God alone knows what bread meant to us that night.

'Throw it away. I don't care.'

Then he sees that the rheumatism in my shoulder is not improving, and insists on carrying my rifle. We struggle. He hurts me. I hurt him still more, it seems, for I can see the tears in his eyes.

The sky, the trees are dumb. Speech seems to have been torn from the far-flung brigades. Never has Night's silence been so breathless; those soldiers who rise for a moment to stretch their arms seem to be apostrophizing her in sign-talk. One wakes up suddenly, stung by the cold on some unprotected surface of wrist or calf or neck, and wraps a handkerchief round the spot as one dresses a wound. The man nearest the snoring captain whistles softly, not daring to touch him. A telegrapher has tangled a sleeping comrade in his wire; for a full half-hour he tries to work him free without waking him. Sleep everywhere — sleep, and that respect for life which one holds in times of peace. By way of reinforcement the dragoons, as soon as they have tended their horses, come and fling themselves down to the rear of us, forming a second snoring line of sleepers.

Four o'clock. I see a man who yesterday lost his dearest friend open va-

cant eyes, remember everything, and close them again. Sabots clattering down the road, greenish light, an acid breeze — a dawn-promise full of despair.

You get to your feet; you see the frontier marked out, so to speak, by that chain of exhausted soldiers. For a second a wave of ingratitude sweeps over you toward all those civilians back in France who are thinking of you. Why must they exist? But for them, war would be beautiful. Then comes repentance, and, out of sheer affection for them, you begin to think of yourself with a tenderness much like theirs. 'Poor old fellow,' you say to yourself. You call yourself by your first name. Courage flows back into you, and you steal the best rifle and the best bayonet from the men who are still sleeping.

A cheerful sergeant-major is waking his men by tickling them with spears of grass. 'Hey, old sport,' he says to each one, 'take a look at your watch.' The 'old sports' open yellow eyes and leaden mouths which seem to engulf the very morning. Then, in the dawn light, — a sundial without sun, — our matutinal cannon roars, while at the very same instant a big shell drops in from Germany, covering us with stones, dirt, and shreds of turf. The 'old sports,' stagger to their feet, cursing, and today begins.

A superb day. The sun leaps from cloud to cloud, gilding the one on which it rests for the moment. The sky is keenest blue. From those ash trees yonder the shells are bringing down showers of foliage; autumn is at work upon them, too, but to her touch the yellowing leaves yield only one by one. No orders as yet; that means an hour of idleness. The road is full of lightly wounded men who had no wish to get lost during the night, tramping gayly along now, each with his splinter of

grenade or bullet just under the skin, where one can feel it. Here comes Trinquard, shot in the left arm. In exchange for the news that yesterday we took a hundred prisoners, he hands me over a real live German whom he is bringing back from Puisieux. We play with the fellow a moment; he becomes tame, and is anxious not to leave us. When a shell drops near-by, however, he groans and bewails his lot. We shout to him to be silent.

'How can one be silent in such a war?' he replies.

Now we are meeting new convoy men, new drivers who are under fire for the first time. They scurry about, their eyes full of curiosity and dread, asking where the Germans are. Is it the Prussian Guard? What are the commonest wounds? Are we winning? They wear little gaiters such as one sees in countries where there are snakes; and, in the midst of our dull life, they lead all day long a fevered existence, their *plaques d'identité* very much in evidence, rushing here and there to help carry any one's bag, any one's rifle — new servants of the battlefield, with the names of children, wives, relatives, everything they have to lose trembling on their lips, unexpectedly distributing tins of sardines and pineapple, and falling flat at the faintest breath from a bursting shell, as if they were lighter than we.

An unscented breeze drifts in from the east; not one of our words will be carried toward the enemy, so we talk and laugh, heedless of noise. The air is light. We expand in the freedom of it all, advancing as skirmishers through the fields in order to prepare the coming assault. We visit the haystacks, and from each one, — just as one extracts a bullet from under the skin by pressing on each side of it, — we squeeze out a groaning German, wounded yesterday or the day before. 'There can be no vestige of doubt about

these fellows: did we not wound them ourselves? We have pierced their lungs, their heads, their thighs, or — by way of a little Christian lesson — the palms of their hands. Each one of them trails along behind a Frenchman — a little clumsier, a little weaker than his leader, but scarcely less calm. The lips of both are a trifle greedy and scornful, for they have just traded tobacco and are sampling it.

Our orders have arrived. The division commander has issued an urgent call for men who can speak Turkish. One need only know Turkish, it seems, in order not to be killed to-day. A mocking hope, this; for have we not been searching in vain in the depths of our souls for a single word — to say nothing of a whole language — which will be a talisman and give us the pledge of life? No one in our company knows Turkish; no one, in a prodigious effort to live, suddenly acquires it. Horn knows Danish, and offers himself rather hopelessly to the sergeant-major, who takes down his name. All day long he will be making trips to headquarters and coming back again — a poor spurned Hamlet.

'Bergeot knows how to talk the Auvergne dialect,' shouts Forest.

Each one then airs the accomplishments of his friends. Jalicot, we learn, speaks the language of the *Pions* of La Palisse; Charles knows Tunisian, Pupion the patois of Charlieu. Masseret makes sounds like a partridge, Dolléro imitates a motorbus. Then the captain whistles.

In five minutes we are off again toward the poplars. We get control of ourselves, we make everything ready; then, each man, as if he were taking the worst for granted, says good-bye to the captain in his best French, and calmly writes a last postcard, reading it over when he has finished, for mistakes in spelling.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

FAIRIES

It was, perhaps, the pair of green rompers that began it. They were not entirely green, but a crinkly line of green ran through the material. 'Fairy green,' I said to Spriggins as I held it up to him.

'F-f-fairy green'; he caught me up quickly. 'Wh-wh-why fairy green?'

'Because it's the fairies' color. The fairies love green — they always wear it.' Then I recited to him, —

'Up the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We dare n't go a-hunting
For fear of little men.
Wee folk, good folk, trooping all together,
Green jacket, red cap, and white owl's feather.'

Just as I finished, Miss Kitten came up and had to hear it all over again. Her blue eyes grew very serious. Not so Spriggins's; in his an impish light danced.

'I w-w-want the g-green rompers! I want the green rompers!' he shouted, waving the stuff.

'But if you have them, the fairies may get you. When people wear green, it gives the fairies power over them.'

'I d-d-don't care! I w-want the fairies to g-get me! I want the f-fairies to get me!'

He danced off across the grass, in wild glee, whirling round and round, and finally tumbling in a heap on the grass and rolling over and over, his copper-colored hair swishing about his face.

The rompers were made, watched over by the would-be changeling with restless eagerness. When they were put on, one golden day in July, and

little Spriggins raced off down the bright roadside, shouting, 'The f-fairies are g-g-going to get me!' it seemed to me that the fairies would show singular blindness to their opportunities if they let this one pass. It would, I thought, almost prove that there really were no fairies.

Spriggins's birthday was coming. 'Have a play,' the children begged; 'let's have a play!'

'What play?'

'Oh, just a play — any kind of a play! You can plan it.'

So I planned it. The children had a quaint way of coming to me now and then and saying, 'Mother, we're playing a game; will you make believe that you're our mother?' I was always willing to do this, and having had such practice, I framed the play along the same lines: I made believe I was Spriggins's mother. I made believe that I had to go away and leave him for a little while, and before I went I slipped on him a little tunic, of pale bright green — the fairies' color. I warned him not to wander away, and left him playing in the grass.

As soon as I had gone, out came a crowd of fairies, all dressed in green too; and when they saw a little green-clad mortal all alone, of course they danced round and round him, and sang to him, and begged him to join their band and be a fairy too. And of course he wanted to; so they put a flower-wreath on his head and took his hand, and whisked him away — away off into fairyland, which was the tall grass and weeds of the orchard.

Then, still making believe that I was his mother, I returned and found

my boy gone. An old witch, hobbling by, told me what had happened. But at twilight, she said, the fairies became visible, and if I could hide and lie in wait for them, I might seize one and hold it until they gave me back the stolen child.

I hid, the fairies trooped by, and I snatched one of the littlest — to wit, our Miss Kitten, very willing and cuddly and laughing softly all the time — and held her fast while I drove my bargain with her comrades. They disappeared into the orchard, brought back my Spriggins, received their own hostage, and with a last song melted away again among the tall grass and the long afternoon shadows of the orchard.

Now Spriggins himself, by reason of this play, — though his kidnappers were known to him as brothers and sisters and cousins and friends, — still felt himself ever afterwards, in a peculiar way, allied to those fairy bands of the woods and fields that he had never quite seen but always hoped to see. Not to have seen fairies proved nothing, of course. By the very terms of their being were they not invisible, save at certain magic hours? And those hours, as it happened, were always the ones when mortal children had fixed engagements with the sandman, which their mother would not encourage them to break.

Gradually there grew up among the younger children a certain tradition of fairy lore — how elaborate I do not know. Do we ever fully know the lore that is being woven by the children about us? We are lucky if we even catch a glimpse of some of its bright fringes!

Each child had his own fairy, a friend and protector, who came at night after he was asleep, and led him away to all manner of adventure. Among these guardian fairies there arose a certain

rivalry, sometimes friendly, sometimes tricky, as appeared when stories of the night were interchanged.

One of these stories I overheard. Spriggins began it.

'Stubbins,' he said, hugging his knees and rocking back and forth in an ecstasy of gleeful invention, 'do you know what a t-t-trick my fairy and I p-p-played on you last night?'

'What?' said Stubbins cautiously.

Stubbins was over a year younger, and had need of caution.

'Why, after you were asleep, my fairy and I came over to your crib and pulled the bed-clothes off you — all the bedclothes.'

Stubbins was quiet a moment, thinking hard. Then he said calmly, —

'Dat was n't any twick.'

'Wh-why not? Why was n't it?'

'Because — do you know where I was? I was n't dere at all.'

'Were n't you?' said Spriggins, too surprised and interested to see what was coming.

'No, ob course I was n't. I and my fair-wy were sitting way up high on de corner ob de porch, and we were watching you and your fair-wy all de time.'

With other children, who had not helped to create the tradition, they had occasional trouble.

'Mother,' said Spriggins one day, 'John Harrison says there are n't any fairies, and I've p-proved that there are, b-but still he says there are n't.'

'When was this, Spriggins?'

'Wh-when we c-came home from school.'

'And how did you prove it?'

'Wh-wh-why, I told him all the queer things that have happened — you know — how I lost my f-five cents and then found it again in that f-funny place, and nobody but a f-fairy *could* have p-put it there — and lots of things.'

'And what does he say?'

He says somebody else m-might have done it — and I can't make him b-believe — I just can't, mother.'

Sometimes I have wondered whether I ought to have let the fairy-lore go on weaving itself in those active little brains. And yet, I am not at all sure that I could have helped it if I had tried. For, if I set out to prove to them that it is not true — well, what is proof anyway? The cumulative weight of my experience. But the child has his experience, too, and already he has learned that it is very different from mine and tells him a different story. He knows that the world is big, and that life is indeed full of a number of things. Each turn in the road he is traveling brings so much that is new — why should he be surprised at anything? How can he tell what not to expect? When he is so often mistaken about what can happen, how is he, or anybody, to be sure what cannot happen?

I remember in my own childhood being told by other children that if we looked at a certain chair long enough, and wished hard enough, it would turn into a pony. Did I quite believe this? I cannot say, but I found it a pleasant thought to hold in the mind, and I remember spending many minutes gazing at the chair. And if the pony never came, what did that prove? Only that we lacked concentration.

To the children fairies stand for all the wonderful and unpredictable possibilities of life, for all the magic of it, its charm of unexpectedness. A child is a bit puzzled by the inevitable; in the fairy world it does not exist. In that world he slips away from the world of grown-ups, with its endless consequences remorselessly hounding the gay, irresponsible little-child doings. He loves the grown-ups and it is not from them that he wishes to escape,

but from their world, their difficult, unyielding world.

'To-night,' says Spriggins, with those impish lights in his blue eyes, 'to-night my fairy is coming for me, and I'm going away — away — away off, and m-maybe I w-won't come back, and m-maybe I will. I don't know, but I *think* I w-will.'

He has always been impressed by the big happy chances in life. His favorite rejoinder is, 'But it *m-m-might*, you know,' meaning that all wonderful things are always possible, and that we are nearer the pleasantly miraculous than my superior wisdom can quite realize.

Of course he makes regarding it no such cool generalization as this. His is a warm feeling, pricking through his myriad activities. His mind, bird-like in its movement and its swift precision of clutch, perches on now this and now that tangible twig of symbol. The fairies are such symbols, the 'magic stick' is another, and then there is the moon.

'Mother,' he said one night, in a rare and swiftly passing mood of depression, 'I am sad all my days because I don't have a magic stick — y-y-you know — a m-magic stick, that will turn anything into anything else.'

'I see, but I have n't any, so I can't give you one.'

'But y-you m-might find one — you *m-might*, you know.'

'If I find one I'll give it to you.'

'Mother, I know where they come from. They come from the sun. The sun is full of m-magic sticks, and it whirls round and round, and it t-tries not to let the magic sticks whirl off, but it can't help it, and they wh-whirl away, and f-fall down on the earth, and the f-fairies f-find them. And some day I'm going to find one. And th-then I can turn y-you into a m-monkey if I want to.'

'But you won't want to. You would n't want a monkey for a mother.'

'No' (with a delighted chuckle). 'I would n't want a m-monkey for a m-mother. Only I m-might — only I guess I would n't.'

Yes, I think the children may safely be left to their own bright imagining. About them, ahead of them, lies the world of hard fact, of hard convention. They are marching into it, with their fairy banners flying, their white owl-feathers a-cock. Later on they may choose other banners and other plumes; but banners and plumes we must all have, or how could we march at all?

Once only Spriggins urged me further than I was willing to go. A new plan had occurred to him, and he raced to me to share it, hair a little redder, eyes a little bluer, cheeks a little pinker than usual.

'O, m-mother! I've j-just thought of something! W-w-won't you make me a pair of g-g-green pyjamas? And then the f-fairies, wh-when they see me at night will surely steal me away! G-green pyjamas, mother! M-make me some green pyjamas!'

But there I have been quite firm. I will not make him green pyjamas. The risk seems to me too great.

ON THE MIXING OF METAPHOR

THE other day, while groping among the serious, and, I regret to say, little used, pigeon-holes of my brain, I discovered the materials for a paper of the 'uplift' persuasion, which seemed to me beautifully appropriate to the *Home, Heart, and Hope Magazine*. Unfortunately, however, my pen had not led gracefully forth from the impalpable dark of the mind to the daylight of writing more than a dozen impressive sentences, when I discovered that it had committed itself to the words,

'This leads me to pursue the following train of thought'; upon which, a little uneasy devil within me stirred, opened an eye, and questioned, 'Can one *pursue* a *following* train?'

Immediately the serious gray clouds of my uplift article broke away, and there swirled into view the vision of myself, pen in hand, hair flying, in mad pursuit of a train that forever followed after me. Round again, and round again! Here we were like the snake with its tail in its mouth. In that wild dance, 'Out flew the web, and floated wide' of my beautiful serious article, its 'mirror cracked from side to side'; and when the dust settled a little from the shattering of all my good intentions, I found myself face to face with that old enemy of mine, Metaphor, who was licking down his fur and squeaking out his usual protest about my having mixed him.

'Look here,' I said, 'I set out to write an article that should have made the world a sweeter and a better place, when *you* came blundering in with your nonsense about not being able to pursue a following train, and threw me right off the track. *Now* I'm going to settle with you once and for all.'

I spoke with more bitterness because Metaphor and I have been at odds for very many years. Our first difficulty dates from as long ago as my second little trembling book, in which I described the remorse of one of the characters over the unhappiness brought about by her own unkind words by saying, 'The old woman was appalled by the terrible stone which her tongue had set rolling.' Fortunately I myself discovered this before my little book went forth into an unkind and critical world; but for weeks I was haunted by a mental picture of an old woman busily rolling stones along with her tongue. My own tongue was lacerated by the thought. Therefore, on this occasion I

abandoned the serious article with a certain gladness while I attempted the settlement of Metaphor once and for all.

Alas! this is the unexpected habit of my pen. It can no more pursue one straight line of thought than a terrier can trot along the street without being deflected down every alley, and after every cat which offers. Its waywardness, indeed, reminds me of my youthful rides on an old horse of long ago. We children like to pretend we rode that horse; in reality we knew, together with the horse, and all spectators, that he rode us exactly where he pleased. At the cross-roads, where one fork led to the stable and the other to the house, we were sure to find, no matter how much we might have been set upon going to the house, that the only dignified thing to do — under the amused gaze of grown-up spectators at the house — was to pretend that the stable had all along been our intention. Those childish tussles at the cross-roads with old Sol (in which he always won) so early broke my spirit that I have never been able to keep my pen from taking the bit between its teeth and bolting after every fresh idea which appears.

And if here any reader objects that pens have no teeth with which to take the bit, I can only say that doubtless he is right, and that this by a happy chance restores that wayward quill of mine to the subject in hand — Metaphor, and all its mixings.

I would not have it supposed that I am at odds with all the figures of speech. On the contrary, with most of them I am on the best of terms; like Saul and Jonathan, we are lovely and pleasant in our lives. Apostrophe, allusion, alliteration — I use them all; even metonymy, synecdoche, trope, I sometimes manage, although it is true, as with certain of my acquaintances, I

am more familiar with their faces than with their names. My only quarrel is with metaphor. That figure appears to me to be as unbearably high-handed and dictatorial as a Hohenzollern. Particularly, it seems to mistrust me, and to be in a chronic state of apprehension for fear I should mix it.

But why should it set itself up as the only thing on earth that positively cannot be mixed? Plenty of other distinguished things suffer mixing without complaint. Look at pickles, for instance. Who ever heard of any pickle, no matter how exalted its station in life, making a fuss over being mixed? Then why should even the humblest of metaphors always assume this don't-touch-me air? Let an author's pen come anywhere near it, with the hope of its helping out a little in the decoration of ideas, and it is sure to give a nervous jump and squeak out, 'Now don't mix me, George!' — or Bill, or Sadie, or whatever the unfortunate author's name may be.

Metaphor's attitude, indeed, reminds me of that story of the insane gentleman who labored under the unfortunate impression that he was a glass pitcher, with the result that he was forever jumping away from people, exclaiming, 'Look out now! Don't break me!' This exceedingly fragile attitude toward society at last reacted upon the nerves of one of the other inmates, and suddenly pouncing upon the apprehensive gentleman, he slammed him violently against the wall, crying, 'Here now! We've had about all we can stand of *you*!' With the happy result that when the glass-pitcher person discovered that he was not shattered into a thousand fragments, he immediately recovered his sanity.

Now it seems to me that what metaphor needs is just some such firm and ungloved treatment. Undoubtedly its fear of being mixed has reached a path-

ological state: from having been merely an idiosyncrasy it has gone over into a phobia — an abnormal fear. Therefore, it seems to me that the only means of restoring its sanity and usefulness is for writers to combine to put it through a thorough and systematic course of mixing. Only when metaphor becomes resigned to seeing itself mixed from a figure of speech into a figure of fun, will its usefulness to the drivers of the quill be restored.

Dear fellow authors, in the furtherance of this much-needed campaign, and to set a good example — drawn somewhat from a classical model of the older rhetorics — I herewith send forth this little idea, like a young squirrel escaping from his cage, to navigate the sea of literature, sincerely hoping that it may bear much fruit.

MY ASSOCIATION HALL

How few of us can feel that our houses are true expressions of our own taste, any more than our characters are embodiments of the qualities we most admire! Both are cluttered up with hereditary odds and ends, good and bad, often mutually antagonistic and inharmonious, creating discords for which we are not responsible.

What a strange inchoate jumble my own living-room must present to an alien eye, yet how full of rich associations to an heir of the ages who sees the invisible threads which bind the incongruous objects into unity. The chaos is presided over by Great-aunt Deborah's old colonial highboy, which, I remember, always stood, an austere sentry, in the hall of the old Salem house. There, by the fireplace, stands an Italian marriage-chest which Cousin Elisha triumphantly imported from Florence, to be desecrated later as a wood-box. The Louis XV sofa, which a romantic family connection brought back from

Paris, with its pedigree tied to its graceful ankle, gives a Gallic touch to my auction-room; and as for the Georgian mirror in the crowded corner there above the old settle — whenever I glance in it to straighten my cap, I smile to think of the strange scenes it reflected when it hung over the mantel in Uncle Timothy's fairy palace during the brief period of his meteoric splendor. As I write, I am seated in a heavy black walnut chair, 'a bold upholsterific blunder,' which reveals Queen Victoria's proportions in every line. Yet how can I harbor the thought of banishing this seat of the mighty in which my grandfather wrote all his sermons? — though, to be sure, it forms but a quaint companion to the graceful Chippendale desk given to me at my own marriage by a friend now forty years dead.

I look at the pictures on my walls and realize that a critic of art would wince at the exhibition and condemn my naïve innocence in assembling so tasteless a medley; but what do I care for his artistic tortures? That uncompromising old Puritan, with his hard chin and 'granite lip,' once hung on Aunt Sargent's wall in the Plymouth homestead, and she used to tell me with pride that it had been called 'as good as a Harding,' as if praise could go no further! The engraving of the Sistine Chapel is just as fine to me as though it hung in solitary confinement (the form of capital punishment recommended by our latter-day æsthetic reformers). Of course I know that that queer old lithograph of Niagara Falls is just as poor as my daughter-in-law tells me it is, but *she* does n't remember how my father used to point to it with shy pride as a reminiscence of his wedding journey.

I realize that it is not the fashion nowadays to have likenesses of one's friends smiling at one from every do-

mestic nook and corner — I am told that such things are mere dust-catchers, and I suppose that if friends themselves were proclaimed to be obsolete survivals they too would be banished from the heart. But oh, the difference to me, in my solitary old age, if I could not smile back, through tears, at all those young companions of my youth clad in the strange garb of half a century ago!

And so, when knowing ones of the new generation talk about their 'period rooms,' and show me, as object-lessons, their own white-paneled drawing-rooms with one perfect painting set like a gem into the woodwork above the fireplace, their harmonious — though slightly severe — furnishing, their restful draperies, the note of restraint intensified by the ecclesiastical candle-lighted gloom, I feel like exclaiming, 'Why, but this is a self-made room; and though I look on it with the same respect with which I look on a self-made man, I, personally, am very glad that I had ancestors!'

Of course, these ignorant young perfectionists imagine that they are teaching me something when they show me the products of their brains and their pocket-books; but their houses are to me, 'icily regular, splendidly null, dead perfection, no more,' like Maud's face. Give me *character*, don't give me taste.

If our rooms are supposed to express ourselves, how can they fail to reflect some of the queer incongruous inheritances that go to make us what we are? If I have Grandfather Black's hot temper and Grandmother White's cool judgment; if I combine Uncle Robert's irony and Aunt Sarah's sensitiveness; if my disposition shows a strange blending of my parents' contradictory traits, how can I claim to be anything but a complex being whose inconsistencies like to express themselves individually? Yet when I emerge from my 'Association Hall,' as I have christened my own house, crowded with heirlooms good, bad, and middling, like my own un-beautiful character; and when I go to the harmonious drawing-rooms of my young friends, I can exclaim, with real conviction, 'Charming, my dear, charming! How exactly it expresses your own nature!'

It is true — as true as the criticisms your pained eyes reveal when they turn sadly away from my chamber of horrors which is, to me, so full of the tender grace of a day that is dead. But oh, if my tongue should utter the thoughts that arise in me when I look at your beautiful impersonal backgrounds, you would never give me a chance to commiserate you again! Having shown me the house, you would show me the door, for little as you like my room, you would find it better than my company.